

RADIO MIRROR

AND TELEVISION

DECEMBER • 25¢



Phyllis



Alice

Alice Faye and Phil Harris



**The Alice Faye-Phil Harris
HAPPY CHRISTMAS STORY**

WHAT DO YOU THINK—
Can They Stop The Music?



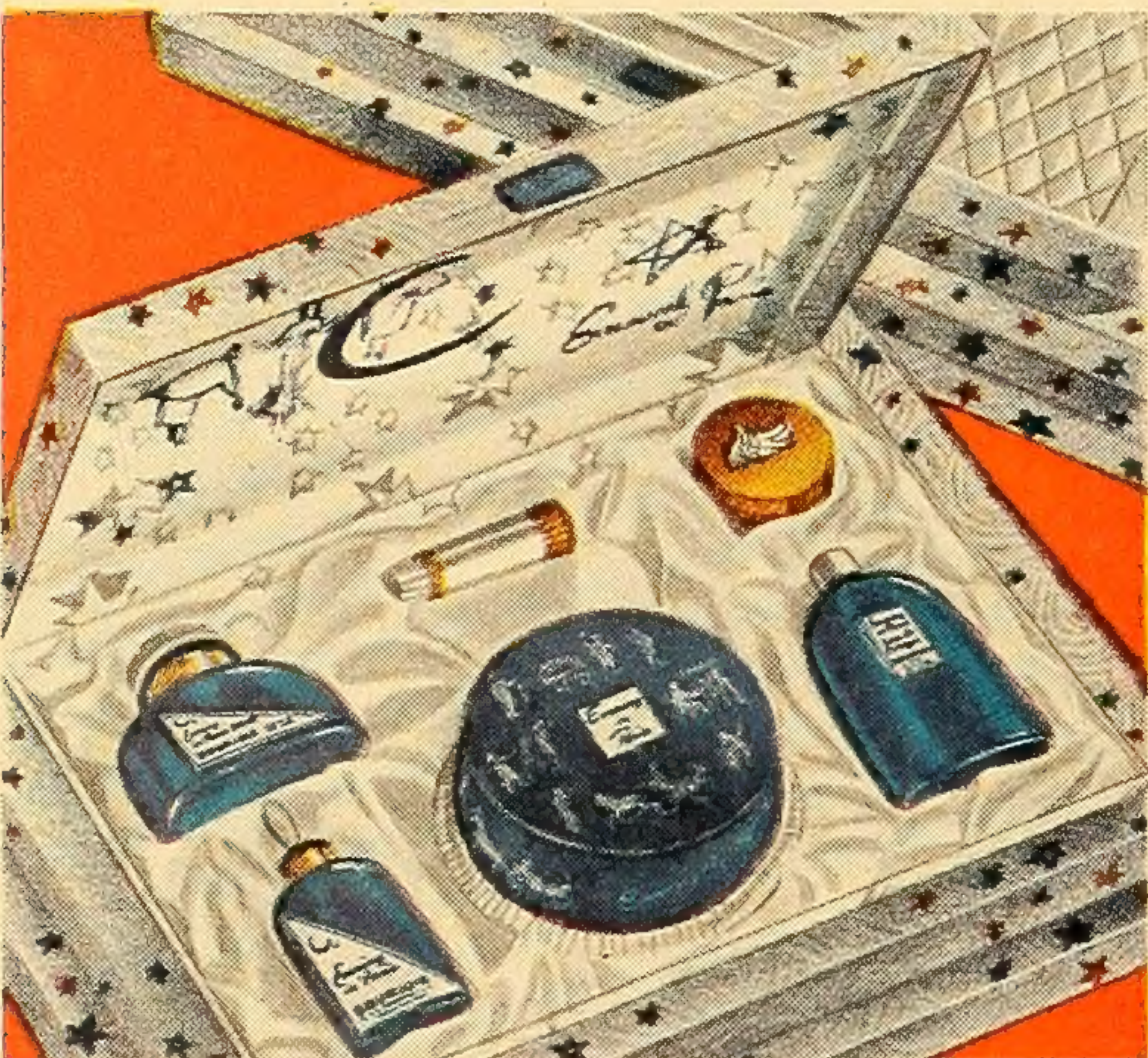
Evening in Paris Perfume, Eau de Cologne, Rouge and Lipstick in brilliantly decorated gift box **\$3.25**



Evening in Paris Perfume **75c to \$12.50**
Evening in Paris Cologne . **65c to \$1.50**
Evening in Paris Eau de Toilette . **\$1.75**



Evening in Paris Eau de Cologne, Mais Oui Eau Parfume **\$1.50**. Evening in Paris Perfume in Christmas tree **\$3.00**



Evening in Paris Perfume, Eau de Cologne, Sachet, Face Powder, Rouge and Lipstick **\$9.00**



Evening in Paris Eau de Cologne and fragrant Talcum—in handsome mid-night blue bottles. **\$1.75**

for your best beloved—
the best beloved fragrance
of all
Evening in Paris

BOURJOIS

Evening in Paris Perfume in purse flacon plus Eau de Cologne **\$1.50**



Festive gift box filled with Evening in Paris Perfume, Eau de Cologne, Rouge, Lipstick and Talcum **\$5.00**

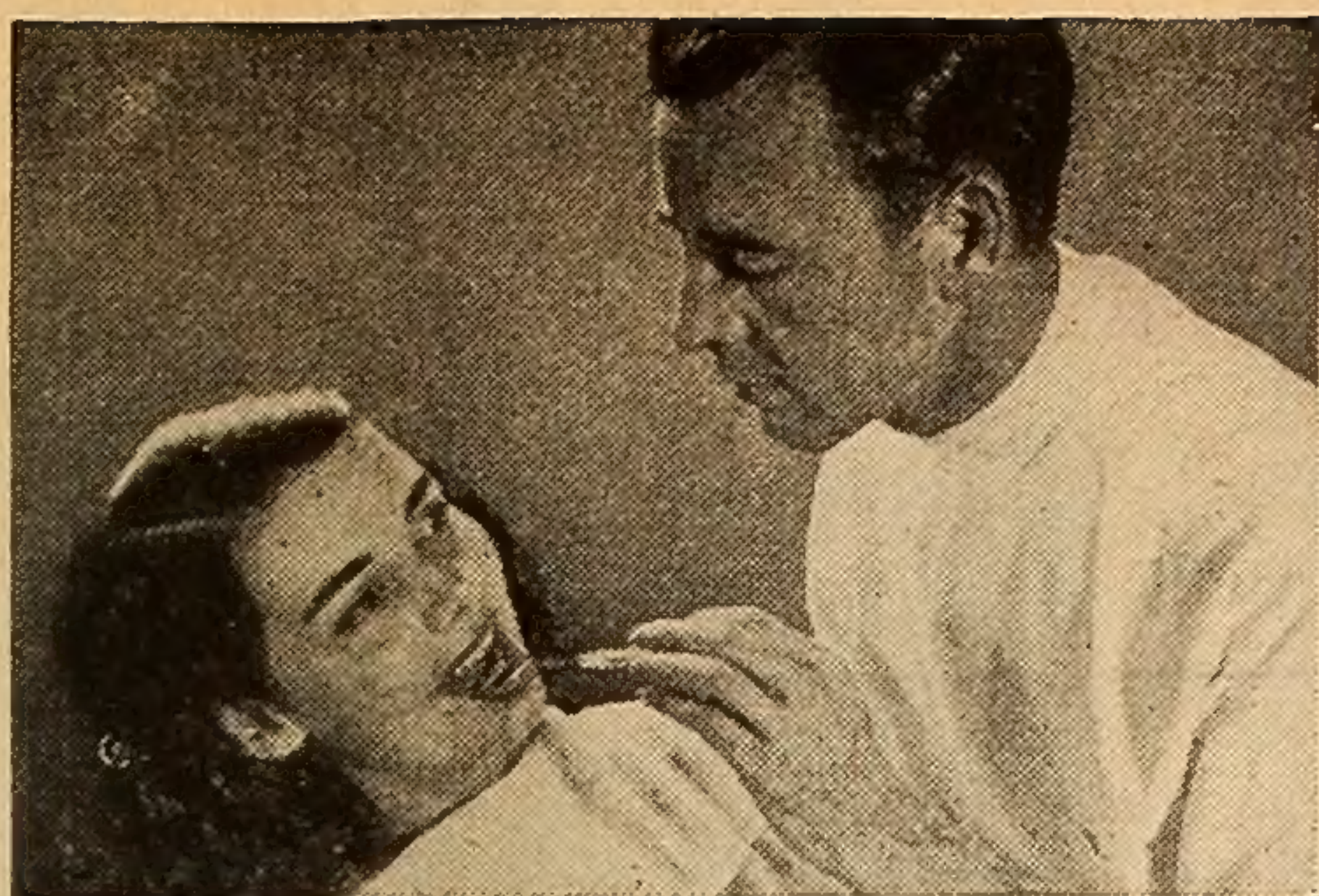


Evening in Paris bath accessories, beautifully packaged for Christmas—Eau de Cologne and Bath Powder . . **\$3.00**



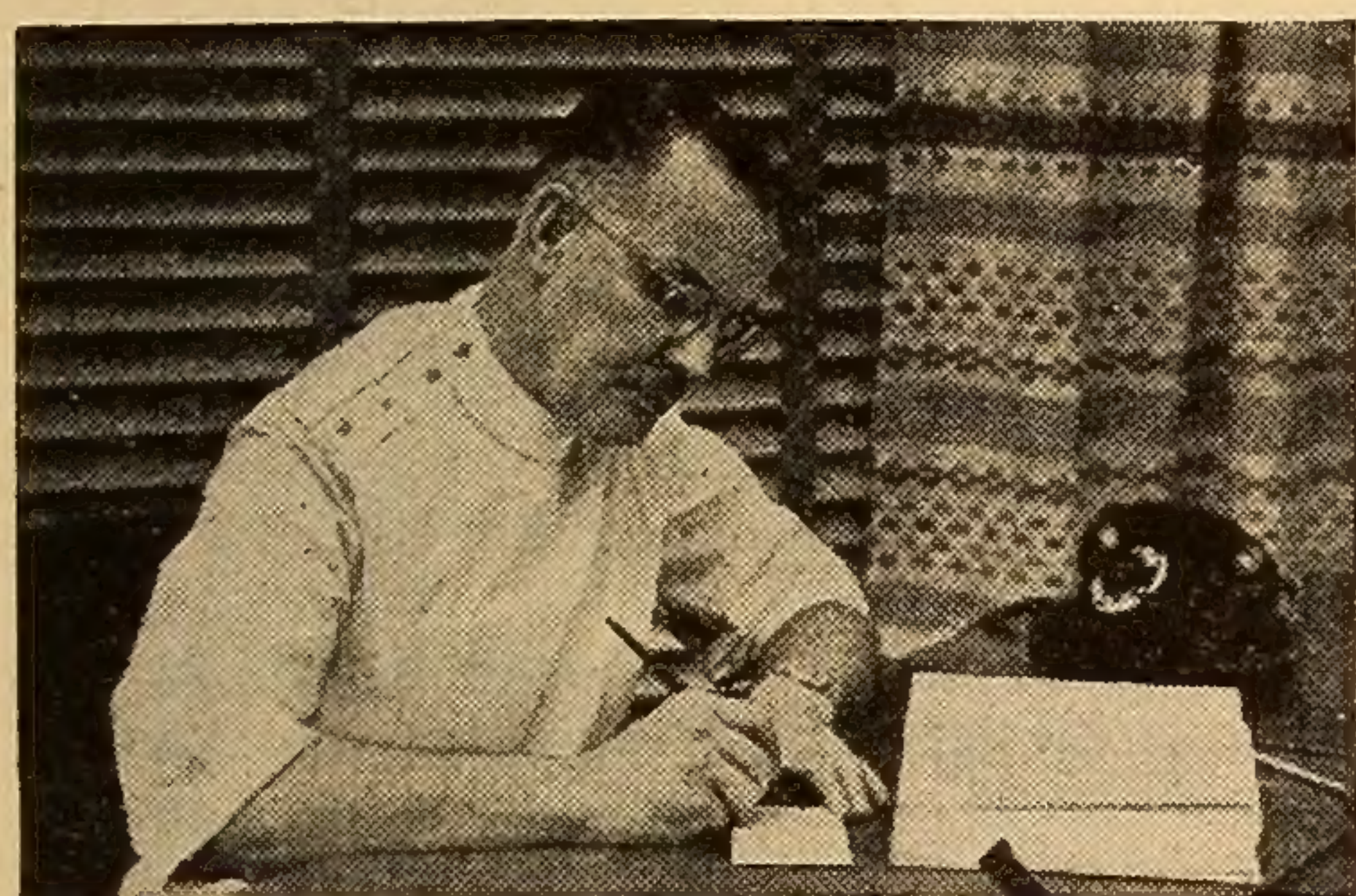
Evening in Paris Perfume, Eau de Cologne, Face Powder, Lipstick and Talcum in distinctive gift box . . **\$6.00**

(All prices plus tax)



DENTAL RESEARCH SHOWS HOW IPANA FIGHTS TOOTH DECAY!

Scientific research based on daily dental examinations now proves that every time, *any* time you brush your teeth with Ipana, it helps fight tooth decay by effectively reducing and *keeping down* acid-forming bacteria. *No other paste or powder is more effective for this purpose.* Moreover, Ipana helps remove sticky, bacteria-trapping deposits that invite decay.



DENTISTS SAY THE IPANA WAY PROMOTES HEALTHIER GUMS!

In thousands of recent reports from all over the country, 8 out of 10 dentists say the Ipana way promotes healthier gums. *Just as important as fighting decay*, for you can't have healthy teeth without healthy gums! Try dentist-approved Ipana care—for healthier teeth and healthier gums *both*.



HERE'S ALL YOU DO—EASY AS 1, 2:

*The Ipana way is doubly-effective. **1.** *Between regular visits to your dentist*, brush all tooth surfaces with Ipana after every meal. (Ipana's special alkaline cleansing formula helps prevent tooth decay—leaves teeth cleaner, brighter.) **2.** Then massage gums the way your dentist advises. (Ipana's unique formula stimulates circulation — promotes healthier gums. *Feel the invigorating tingle!*)



Product of Bristol-Myers

"Most tooth loss comes from gum troubles," say dentists.

Fight Tooth Decay and Gum Troubles Both!

New dental research proves you can help prevent tooth decay as you guard your gums—this doubly-effective Ipana way!*

Dentists warn that to save your teeth, you must protect your teeth and gums *both*.

For not only does tooth decay cause untold misery and expense. *Gum troubles cause even more tooth losses than decay*, say leading dental authorities. And gum troubles can strike anyone—even healthy teen-agers—with little warning!

Now you can help prevent tooth decay and gum troubles BOTH—with this dou-

*bly-effective Ipana dental care!**

For new dental research proves that Ipana's special alkaline formula effectively reduces and *keeps down* acid-forming bacteria—considered a major cause of tooth decay. *Ipana fully meets these standards for an anti-decay dentifrice.*

And Ipana is the *only* leading tooth paste specially designed to *stimulate gum circulation—promote healthier gums.*

SHE SAFEGUARDS TEETH AND GUMS BOTH THE IPANA WAY!



Lovely Barbara Snow of Long Island, N.Y., is one of thousands of popular girls who have proved the wisdom of Ipana dental care. As a successful junior model, Barbara knows that a smile of beauty depends not only on

healthy teeth, but on firm, healthy gums *as well*. So she follows the *Ipana way*—to fight tooth decay and protect her gums, too. Give *yourself* this same doubly-effective Ipana dental care. Get Ipana Tooth Paste today!

HEALTHIER TEETH, HEALTHIER GUMS—

IPANA for Both!



And refreshing Ipana leaves your breath cleaner, your mouth fresher, too!

Your loveliness is Doubly Safe



Veto gives you Double Protection!

So effective . . . Veto guards your loveliness night and day—safely protects your clothes and you. For Veto not only neutralizes perspiration odor, it checks perspiration, too! Yes, Veto gives you Double Protection! And Veto disappears instantly to protect you from the moment you apply it!

So gentle . . . Always creamy and smooth, Veto is lovely to use and keeps you lovely. And Veto is gentle, safe for normal skin, safe for clothes. Doubly Safe! Veto alone contains *Duratex*, Colgate's exclusive ingredient to make Veto safer. Let Veto give your loveliness double protection!

**Veto lasts and lasts
from bath to bath!**

DECEMBER, 1949

RADIO MIRROR

AND TELEVISION

VOL. 32, NO. 7

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Member of The TRUE STORY Women's Group

Coming Next Month



Molly Goldberg and family—in color—in January's Radio Mirror.

A new year, a new decade—and a new issue! Radio Mirror starts 1950 with a feature line-up that is as bright and shiny as anyone's set of New Year's resolutions. Leading the January parade is a brilliant and entertaining history of radio. It's the first installment of a great story that will take you from the early days of wireless to the present development of an industry for which the word fabulous seems too mild an adjective. You won't want to miss the beginning of this new series—or any of the chapters that will follow in future issues.

* * *

Next month's other features are exciting, too—a color portrait of the Goldbergs—The Bronx's most beloved family—Molly, Jake, Rosalie, Sammy—and their friends; an account of those famous Breakfast Club Christmas parties, written by a woman who should know all about them—Mrs. Don McNeill; and a visit to the Jean Hersholts (Dr. Christian by any other name). You'll also find a report on Dunninger, the television mentalist, whose feats astonish some, annoy others but never fail to go unnoticed. And there's a surprise feature in January that'll be a regular part of your 1950 Radio Mirror. As a hint, it can be said that this new feature will be not only pleasing but profitable as well.

* * *

Daytime Diary, your Radio Mirror Bonus guide to daytime dramas, will be back in January, along with all the other regular features—the Bonus Novel (next month's will be a fictionization of This Is Nora Drake); Joan Davis; Ted Malone; Nancy Craig; and the countless interesting regular departments that make Radio Mirror your favorite way of keeping up with network activities. January's issue goes on the newsstands Friday, December 9th. Happy New Year and happy reading!

*Now! Toni Home Permanent
twice as easy—twice as fast*



Which Twin has the Toni? (See answer below)

new SPIN curler cuts winding time in half—makes it double-easy!

New exclusive Toni SPIN Curler grips . . . spins . . . locks with a flick of the finger. *No rubber bands!* All plastic, patented! Nothing to tangle up in your hair! *Tiny teeth firmly grip* hair-tips so even the shortest ends become easy to manage! *Easy-spin action*—built right in—rolls each curl up in one quick motion! *Snaps shut!* Assures a better, longer-lasting curl. Winds more hair on each curler. Makes winding twice as easy—twice as fast! Now it's easier than ever before for any woman to wind perfect curls.

gentle TONI lotion gives you the most natural-looking wave ever!

It's the same gentle creme lotion that has given more than 67 million lovely permanents. So gentle—so fast. No other home permanent waves hair faster yet leaves it so soft and lustrous, so easy to set and style. Try this exciting Toni with new SPIN Curlers and see how quickly . . . how easily . . . you give yourself the most natural-looking wave you've ever had!

SPECIAL COMBINATION OFFER



**\$300 VALUE
ONLY \$2⁹⁹**

Toni Refill Kit. Guaranteed to give the most natural-looking wave ever—or money back! **\$1⁰⁰**

Complete Set of new Toni SPIN Curlers. No more rubber bands! Makes every wave from now on twice as easy! Reg. Value. **\$2⁰⁰**

Included in this offer—Toni Creme Rinse to give your Toni wave romantic softness!

"Now we're both Toni Twins," says lovely Lila Wigren at the left. "When I saw how easy it was for Ella to give herself a Toni with the new SPIN Curlers I decided on a Toni Home Permanent, too!"

She's tops in her class in the big league now—but glamorous, talented Margaret Arlen, WCBS women's commentator, started at rock bottom in radio.

She got into the business via a small station in North Carolina. A secretary at first, she was graduated to a women's reporter job at eleven dollars weekly. But she is glad she had that grass roots start—says it gives her a realistic, "two feet on the ground" balance in a job that keeps her going at a fast pace from early morning until late night. It's fascinating, all right, but not all glamorous.

Miss Arlen's working day starts early, since she is on the air Monday through Saturday at 8:30 A.M. After the program, she breakfasts with her guests of the morning and members of her staff. The rest of the morning is spent answering listeners' mail. Even lunch becomes a business matter, too, with Miss Arlen meeting interesting personalities who are likely to appear on the program.

Afternoons usually call for conferences with station and advertising executives, program guests and her assistants. Activities are intensified when the show is spearheading a civic or patriotic drive.

Dinner and a "first night" or an advance movie screening usually close her activities for the day. Even these are in the line of duty, for Miss Arlen often gives reviews or interviews entertainers on her broadcasts and her guests are frequently stars of local hits.

Bedtime finds Miss Arlen still pursuing broadcast material—reading a best seller. If the book is good, like as not, the author will be asked to visit the Margaret Arlen Program.

The daughter of a Baptist minister, Miss Arlen was born in Edenton, North Carolina. She majored in psychology at Meredith College, Raleigh, North Carolina. There, an interest in singing, piano, organ and speech was responsible for her desire to get into radio.

The number one "break" in her career came in October 1943, when she started with WCBS. Since then, her rise has been rapid and spectacular. However, her position as New York's outstanding women's commentator doesn't awe Miss Arlen. "I have no desire to do more than I'm doing now," she says. "I'd only like to do it better."

She's doing just that, all the time.

WCBS's Margaret Arlen has often been cited for her patriotic and civic activities.



HEAD OF THE CLASS



On the Margaret Arlen Program (Monday-Saturday, 8:30 to 9 A.M.) Miss Arlen interviews actress Corinne Calvet. (Man is John Bromfield, the star's husband.)

MAN TROUBLE?



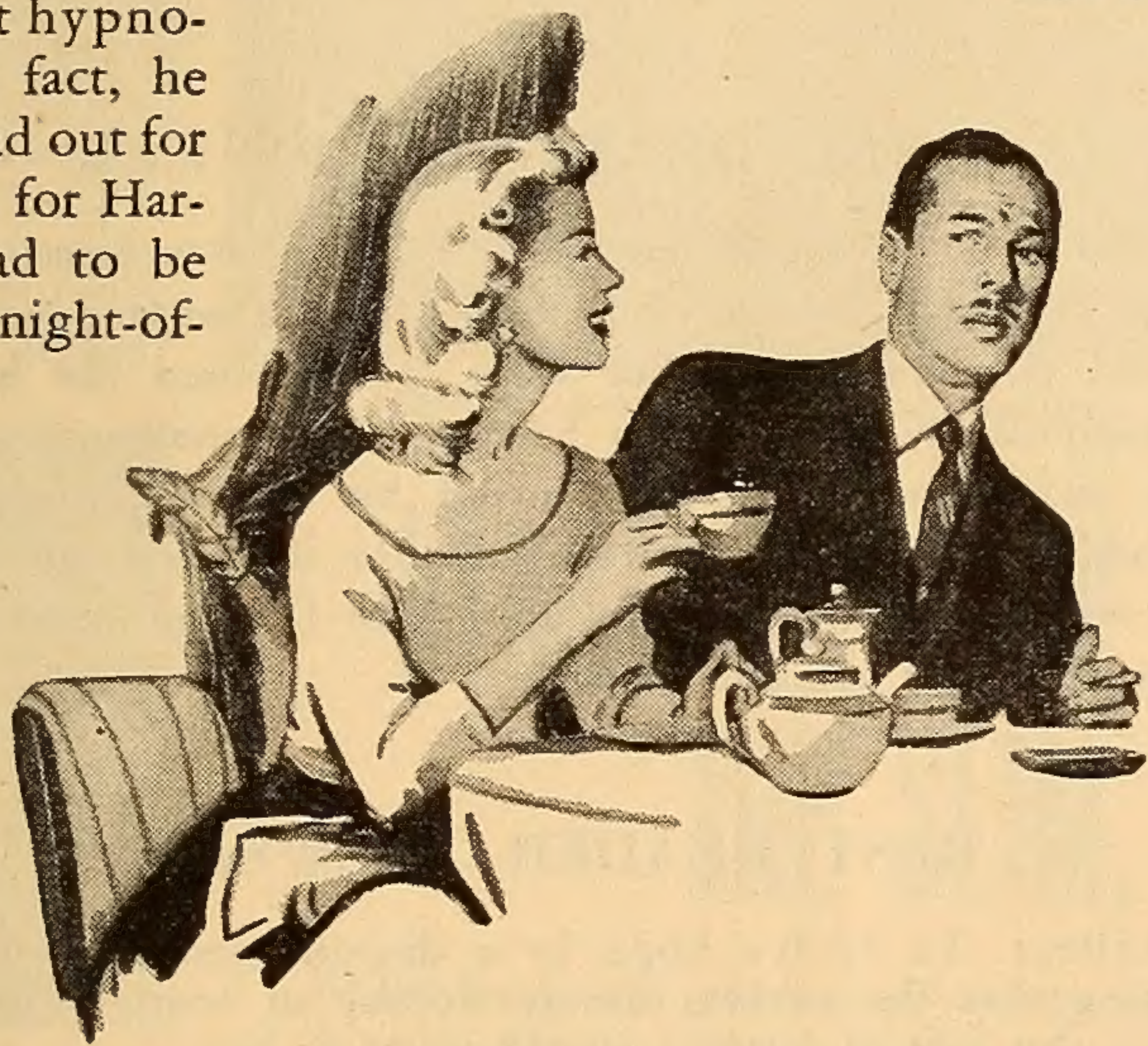
A darling goes to her doom.

Coming down the stairs she looks and feels like a femme fatale. Ha-ha-ha! Before the party's half begun her new boy friend will have her back on her own doorstep, and she'll spend many a day wondering why*.

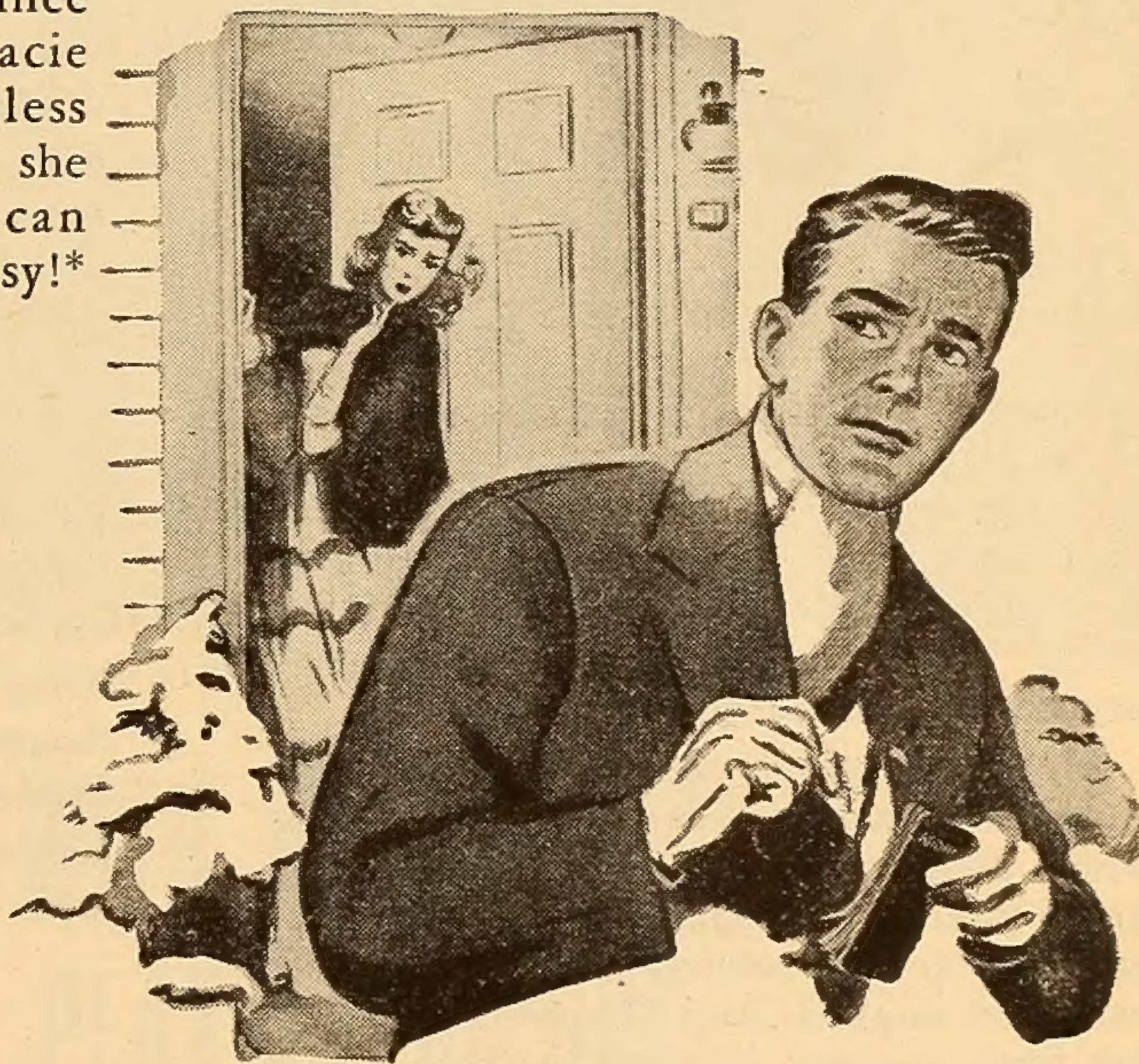


What's she got that I haven't got? Janie just couldn't get it through her pretty little head why Bob preferred to let her sit by herself while he danced half the night away with that little snip of a Gray girl. Bob had plenty of reason . . . but, obviously, he couldn't mention it* to Janie.

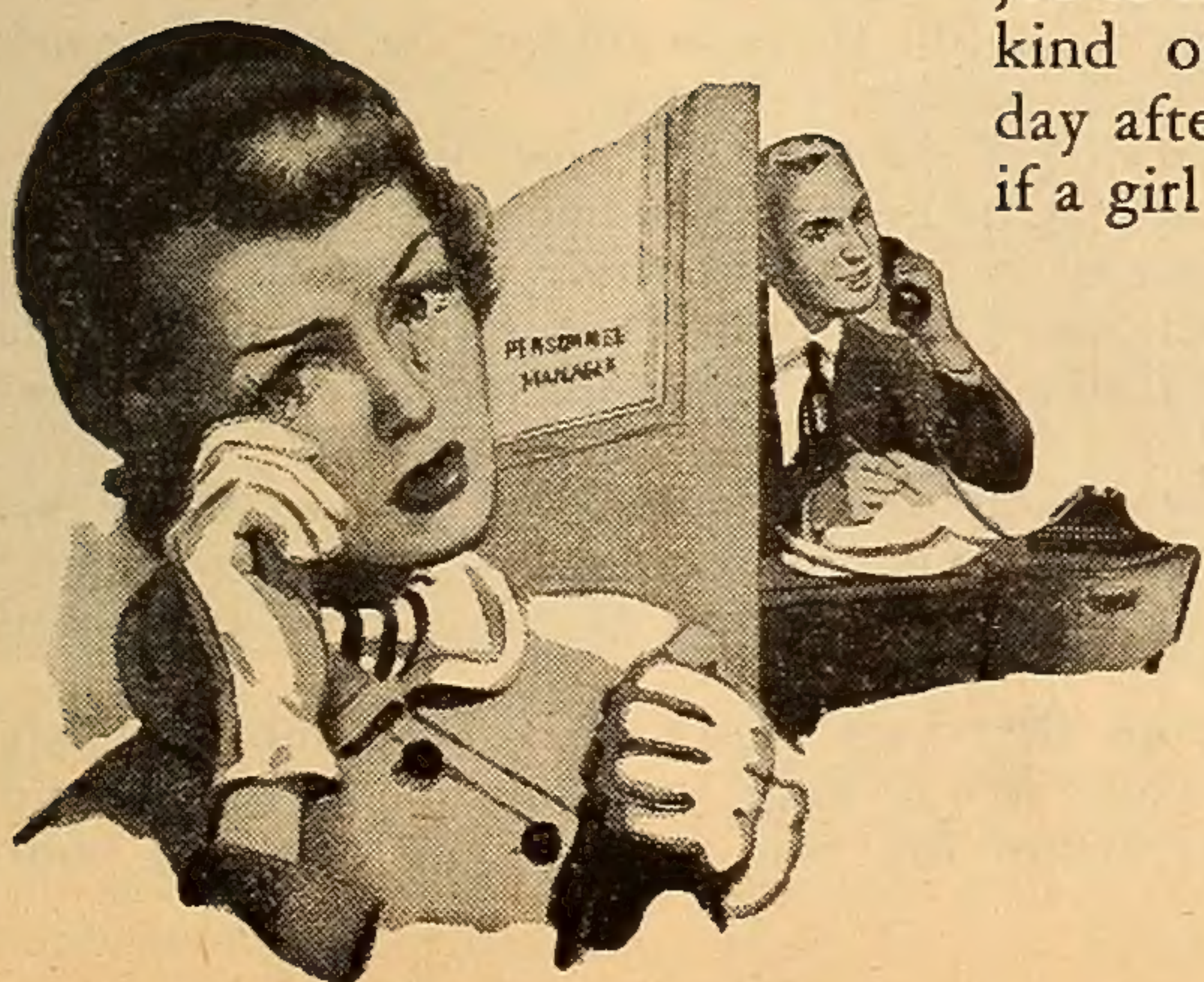
Tonight her charm isn't working. The wonderful new boy she hoped to hypnotize isn't hypnotized at all. In fact, he wants out . . . and out for keeps! Too bad for Harriet that she had to be careless* on this night-of-nights.



He tore up her phone number. One date was enough to convince George that Gracie wasn't the flawless pearl he thought she was. Yep, you can lose a man that easy!*



Lucy wondered and wondered why, with superior qualifications, she lost the job to the other girl. That kind of thing happens day after day in business if a girl isn't careful*.



*A girl may have any number of little faults which others gladly overlook, but there's one that's hard to forgive . . . halitosis (unpleasant breath). Why risk offending this way when Listerine Antiseptic is an *extra-careful* precaution against simple bad breath? When you want to be at your best, don't trust to makeshifts, trust to Listerine Antiseptic. It freshens and sweetens the breath . . . not for seconds . . . not for minutes . . . but for hours usually!

While some cases of halitosis are of systemic origin, most cases, say some authorities, are due to the bacterial fermentation of tiny food particles clinging to mouth surfaces. Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts such fermentation, then overcomes the odors fermentation causes.

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC

the Extra-careful Precaution Against Offending

**NOW! PROOF THAT BRUSHING
TEETH RIGHT AFTER EATING WITH**

COLGATE DENTAL CREAM HELPS STOP TOOTH DECAY!

NOW! *Proof* that always brushing teeth with Colgate's right after eating helps stop tooth decay before it starts! Proof—based on hundreds of case histories, two years of continuous research at leading universities—the most *conclusive* proof in all dentifrice research on tooth decay.



Under the direction of eminent dental authorities, one group of college men and women always brushed their teeth with Colgate Dental Cream right after eating—while another group followed their usual dental care. The group using Colgate's as directed showed a startling reduction in average number of cavities—*far less tooth decay!* The other group developed new cavities at a much higher rate.

Modern research shows tooth decay is caused by mouth acids which are at their worst after meals or snacks. When you brush your teeth with Colgate's right after eating, you help remove acids before they can harm enamel. And Colgate's penetrating foam reaches crevices in teeth where food particles often lodge.

Colgate's contains all the necessary ingredients, including an exclusive *patented* ingredient, for effective daily dental care. No risk of irritation to tissues and gums! And no change in flavor, foam, or cleansing action. No claim is made that using Colgate's can stop *all* tooth decay, or help cavities already started. But brushing teeth right after eating is the *proved* way to help stop tooth decay with Colgate Dental Cream.

**Always Use Colgate's* to
Clean Your Breath While You Clean Your Teeth
—and HELP STOP TOOTH DECAY!**

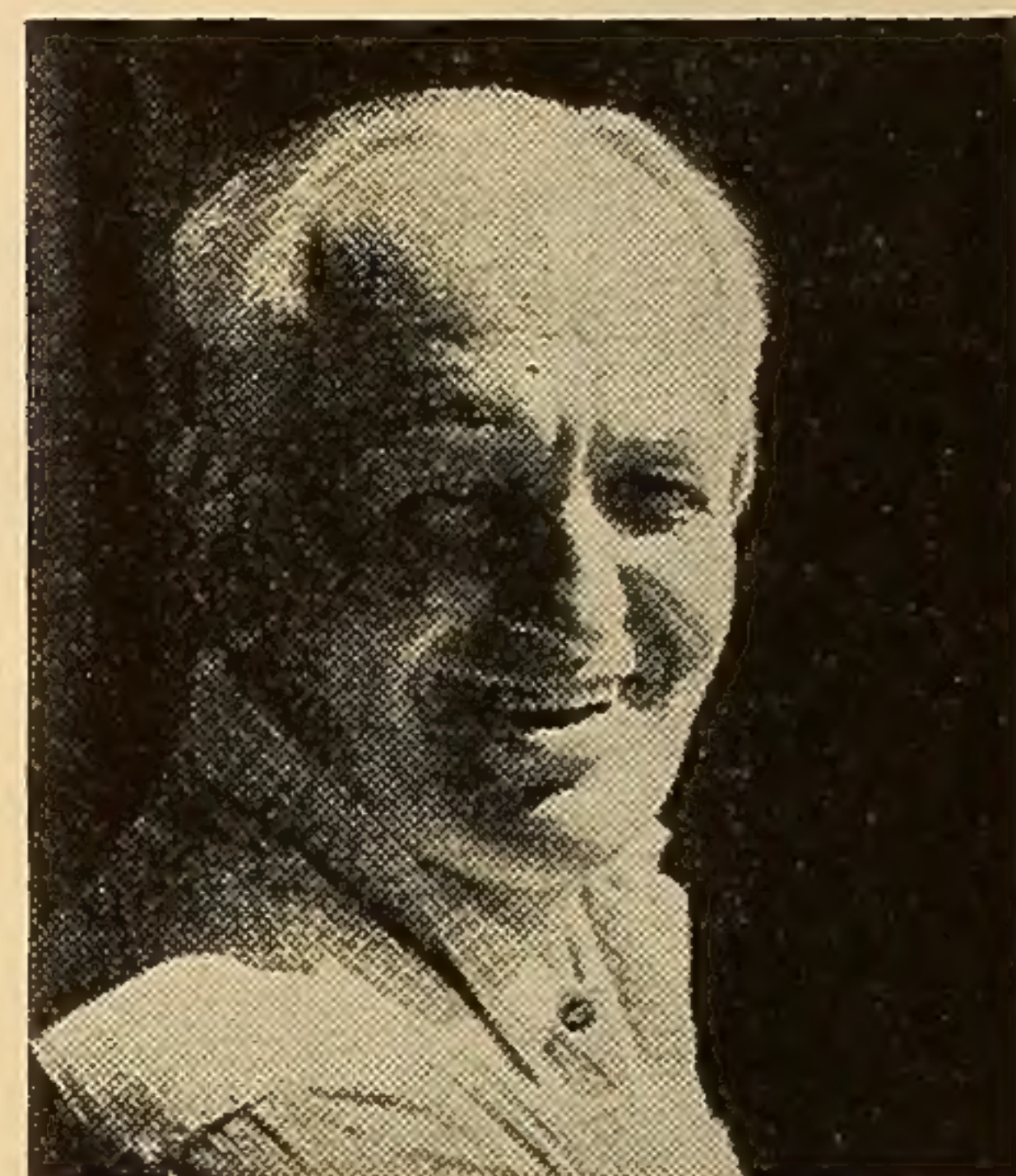
*Right after eating



**NO OTHER DENTIFRICE
OFFERS PROOF OF THESE RESULTS**

Best Answer

From the Gabriel Heatter Mailbag



Gabriel Heatter's Mailbag is heard M.-F. at 3:15 P.M., over MBS.

EDITOR'S NOTE: It was difficult to choose the most interesting, helpful answer from the tremendous amount of mail received in response to the Gabriel Heatter Mailbag letter. That letter, as you remember, was published in the July issue and the editors invited you to answer the problem it posed. The letter which best answered that problem, in the opinion of the editors, was sent in by Mrs. Alice Chaplin of South Weymouth, Mass. To Mrs. Chaplin goes RADIO MIRROR's best wishes—and a check for fifty dollars. Here then is the original Mailbag letter, Mr. Heatter's answer (which we promised to publish along with the best reader answer), and Mrs. Chaplin's letter.

ORIGINAL LETTER:

"I'm married to a kind, generous man. We have two young children and I'm very happy. My sister has begged me to take her into my home for a while. But to tell the truth, she's not a good woman. She left high school to run away with a married man and she's been getting worse ever since. A week ago she wrote to say that she has no money and asked me to let her stay with us. I don't want to turn away my own sister, and yet is it fair to my family to let her live with us?"

GABRIEL HEATTER'S ANSWER

I'd say it's a gamble. Your husband may not like it. It may have an effect on your children. Those are the risks you'd have to take. Having warned you about that, I'd say take her in—not because she is your sister, but because she is a fellow human being. It's your responsibility as a human being to save another if you can. Tens of thousands of men and women have been saved by one single piece of kindness—thousands have been lost when they were unable to find one last remaining act of kindness. With all my heart I urge you to do it and I never in all my life meant it more when I say good luck to you and to her.

BEST READER ANSWER

Mrs. Chaplin writes: To revive hope in a discouraged person is often accomplished by assuming that the erring one is worthy of trust. With the consent of my husband, this is the sort of letter I would write to her.

"Dearest Sis: We were, as always, happy to hear from you, even though your news was not good. You are right in confiding in us, and of course you are welcome in our home at any time.

Tom and I discussed your predicament at great length. One fact stood out most prominently. It is this,—that only a busy person is truly happy! We know that, and so do you. All wise counselors base their advice upon it.

Our little menage here keeps me very busy, but there wouldn't be enough work to keep two grown women out of mischief, or really happy.

While trying to figure a way to obtain real contentment for us all, we had a wonderful idea. Why not seek a place for you, where you could keep busy with your own chores, where you would be more independent than you would be with us in our close quarters and have an income to boot? That latter is something to think about as of course the smallest allowance for you couldn't be squeezed out of our budget!

Tom suggests that we put an ad in several papers, so that when you come we shall have a number of situations for you to consider. I am so excited over the possibilities, I can hardly wait to see you. We want you to take your time and choose the best.

Plan to be with us an entire month, so that you won't be forced into a hasty decision. Someone, somewhere, needs you. We'll help you find your place, and soon. I'm sure there is much happiness ahead for you, if you will keep up your courage as you go out in search for it.

Affectionately,"



MADAME SCHIAPARELLI, famous French designer: "You *must* be slenderer to wear the new fashions, you *can* be—with PLAYTEX!"



MARGARET PHELAN, one of year's Best Dressed Women: "I like the way PLAYTEX washes in seconds, dries with a towel."



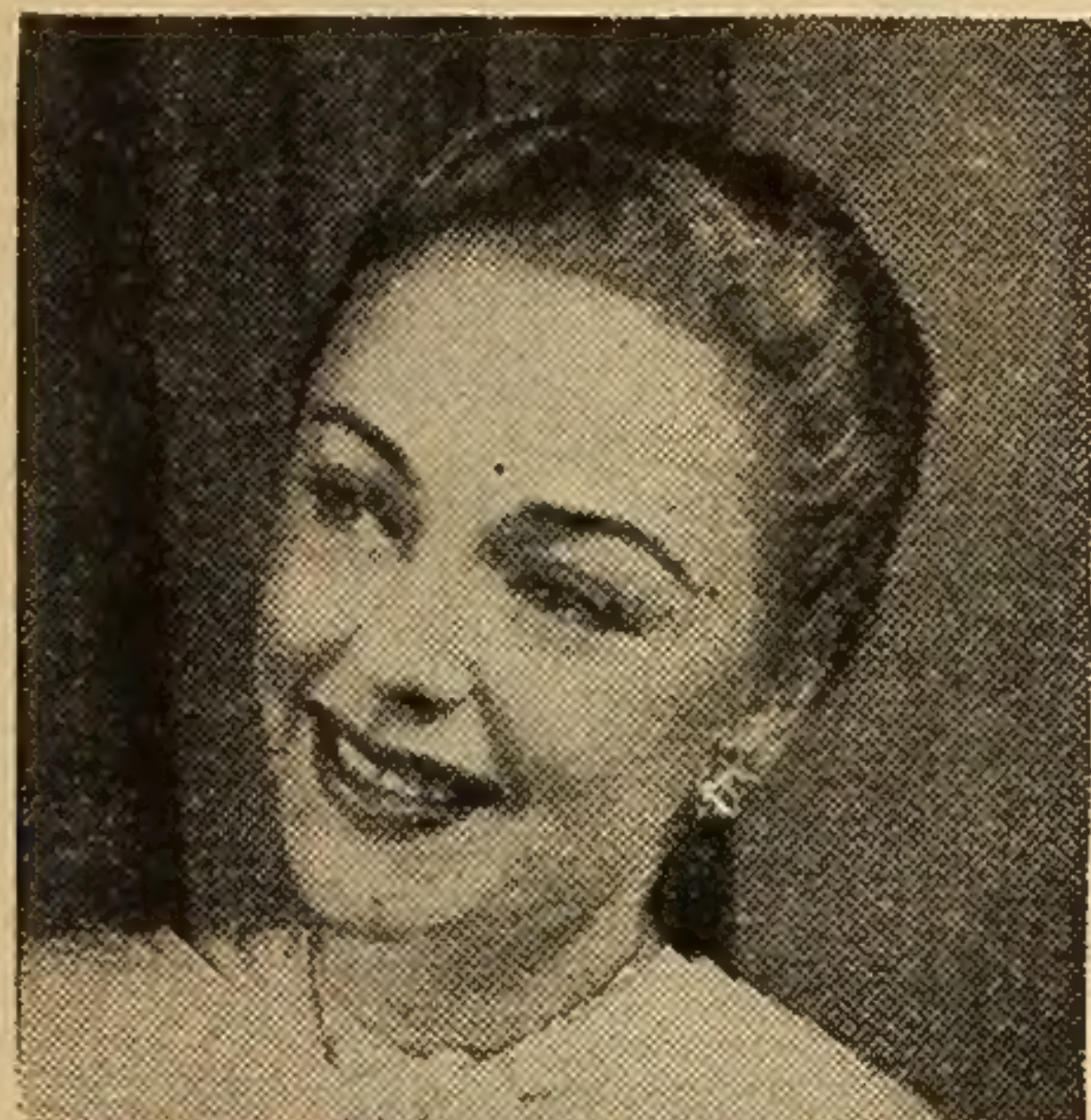
LILLY DACHE, famous designer: "PLAYTEX is the girdle of the year! No other slims so magically—fits so invisibly."



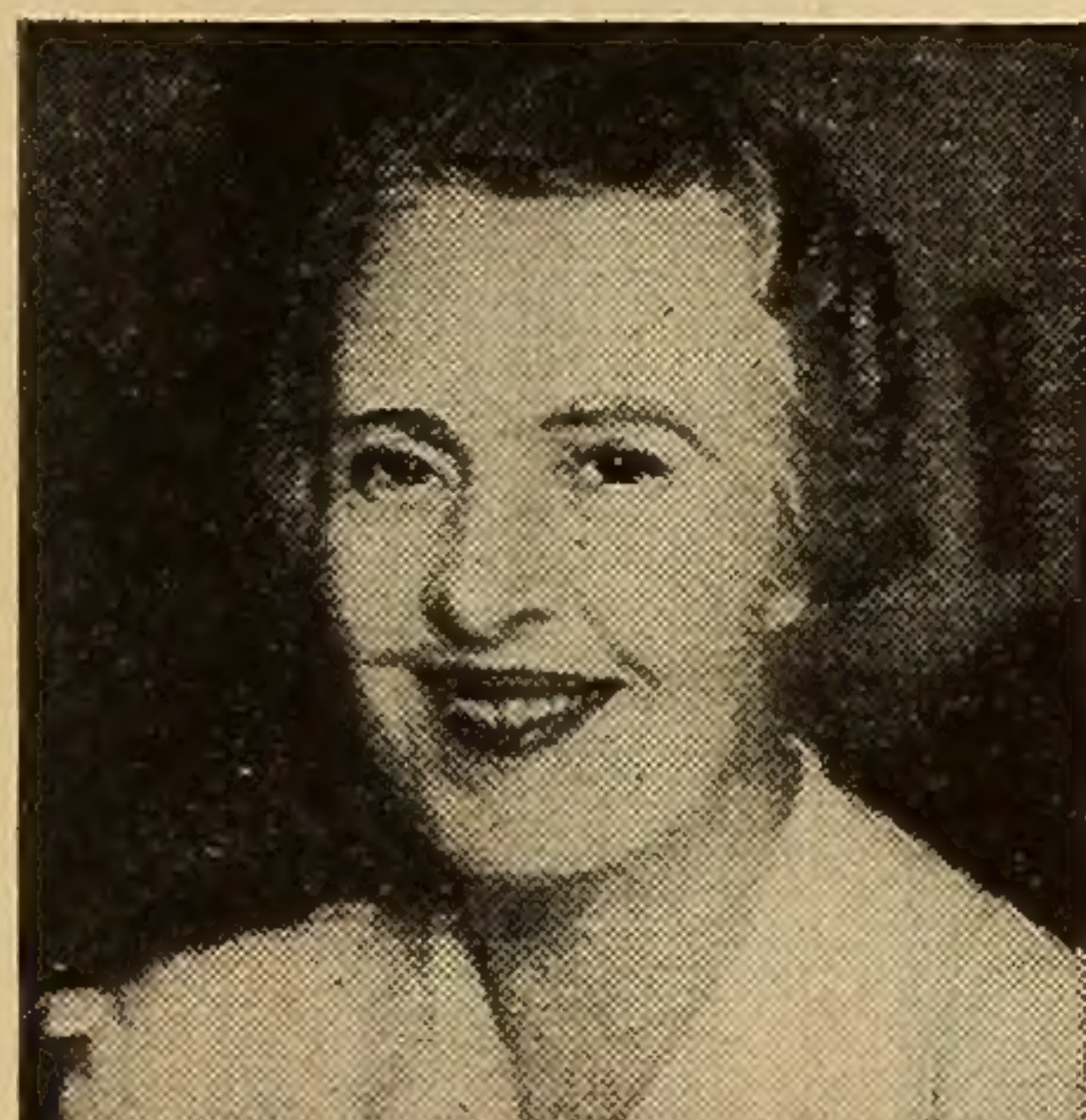
LISA KIRK, singing star of *Kiss Me, Kate*: "PLAYTEX is the world's most comfortable girdle, not a single seam, stitch or bone!"



PHILIP MANGONE, holder of Golden Thimble award: "I like to see my clothes on women with slim PLAYTEX silhouettes."



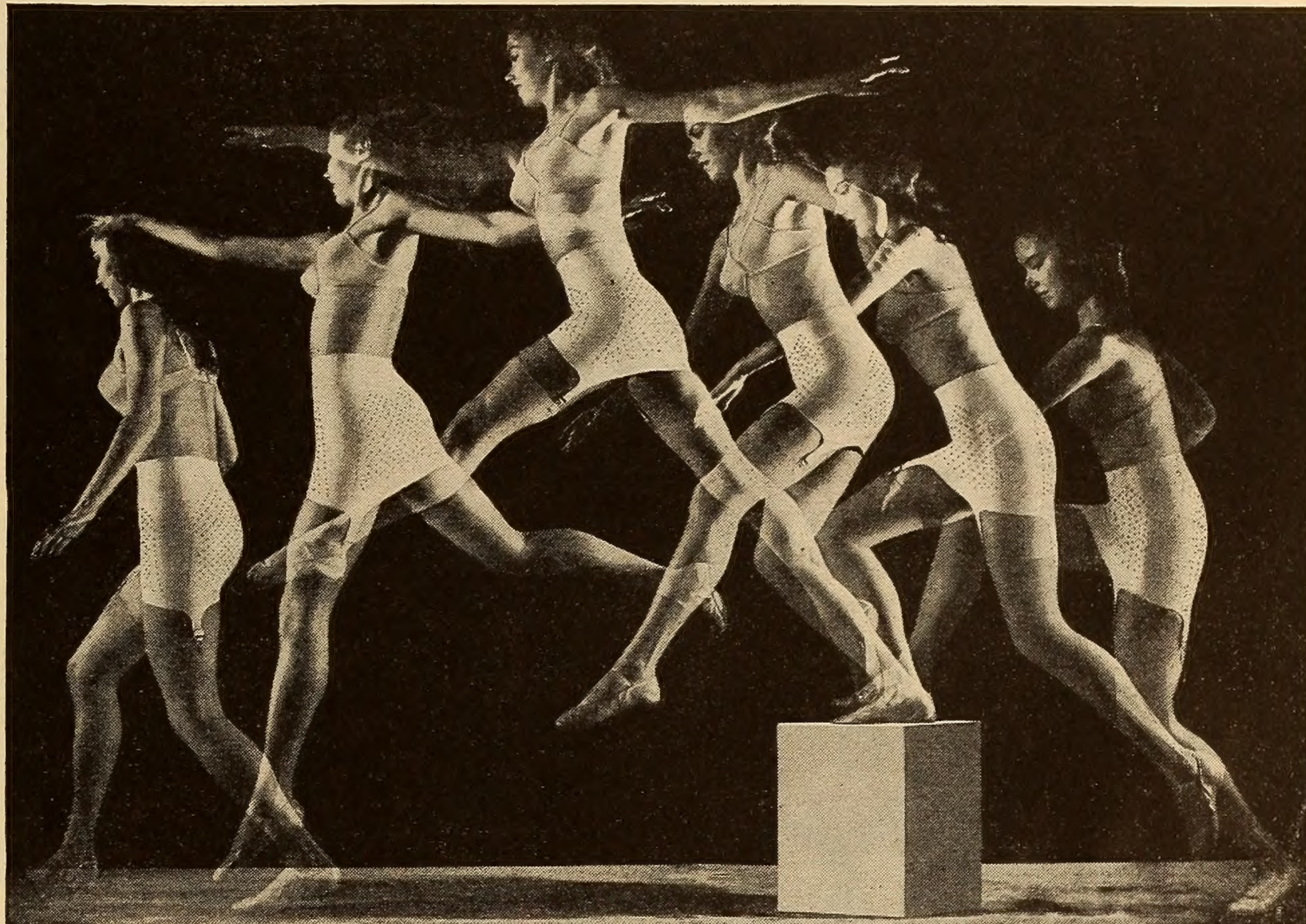
VIRGINIA FIELD, one of year's Best Dressed Women: "PLAYTEX slims where it does the most good—and it fits perfectly!"



COUNTESS POLIGNAC, head of House of Lanvin: "We used to adapt styles to figures. Now, PLAYTEX slims figures to fit styles."



PIERRE BALMAIN, leading French designer: "My 1950 silhouette is *the* slenderest—and best way to a slender figure is PLAYTEX!"



INVISIBLE UNDER THE SLEEKEST DRESS, PLAYTEX GIVES YOU A SLENDER LINE FROM WAIST TO HIPS TO THIGHS.

START THE NEW YEAR WITH A NEW FIGURE— THE SLIM, TRIM PLAYTEX® FIGURE

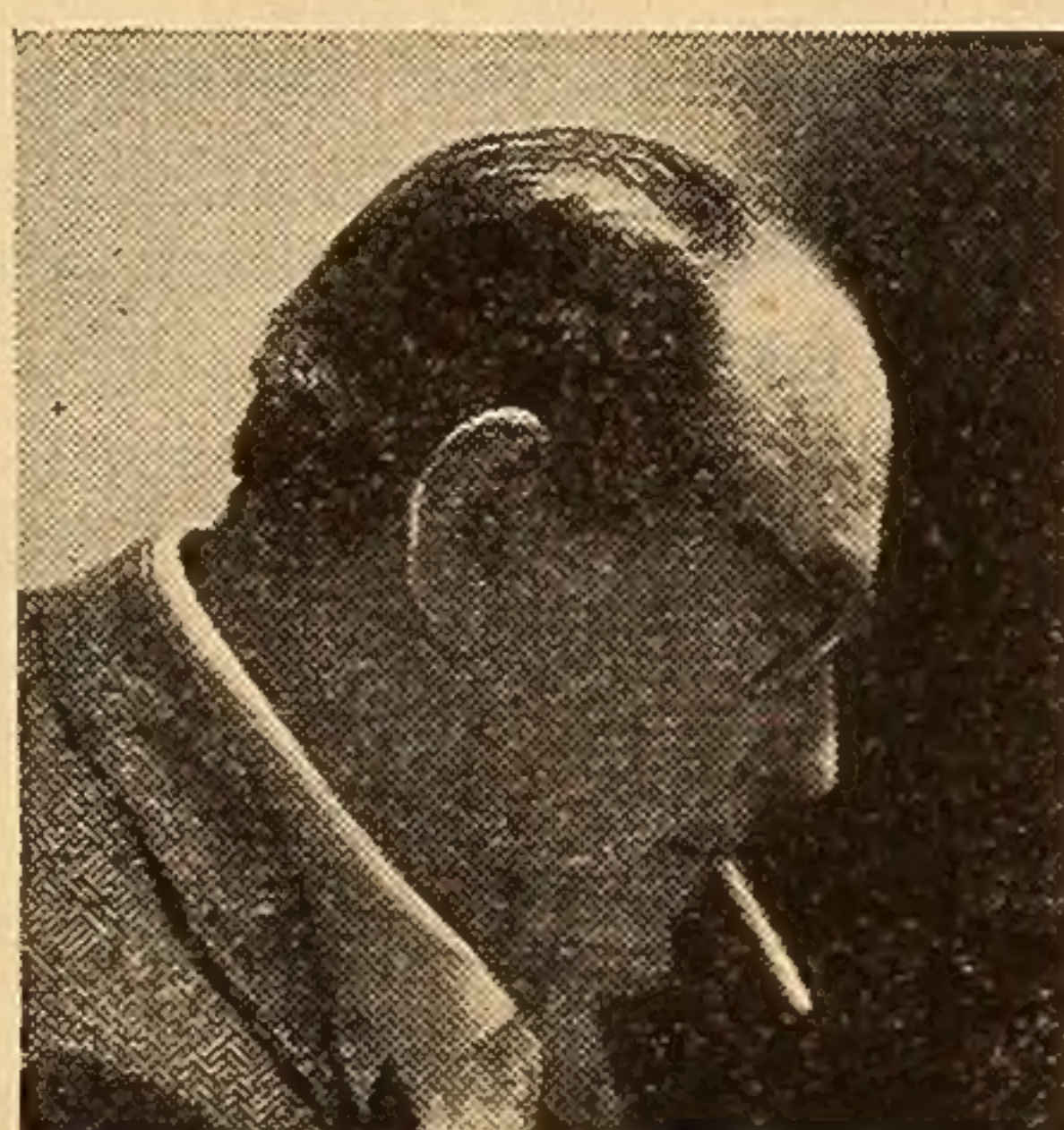
Most frequent resolve of American women is to become slimmer *right away*. Today—the sensational PLAYTEX girdle turns that resolve into reality.

Made of tree-grown latex, PLAYTEX com-

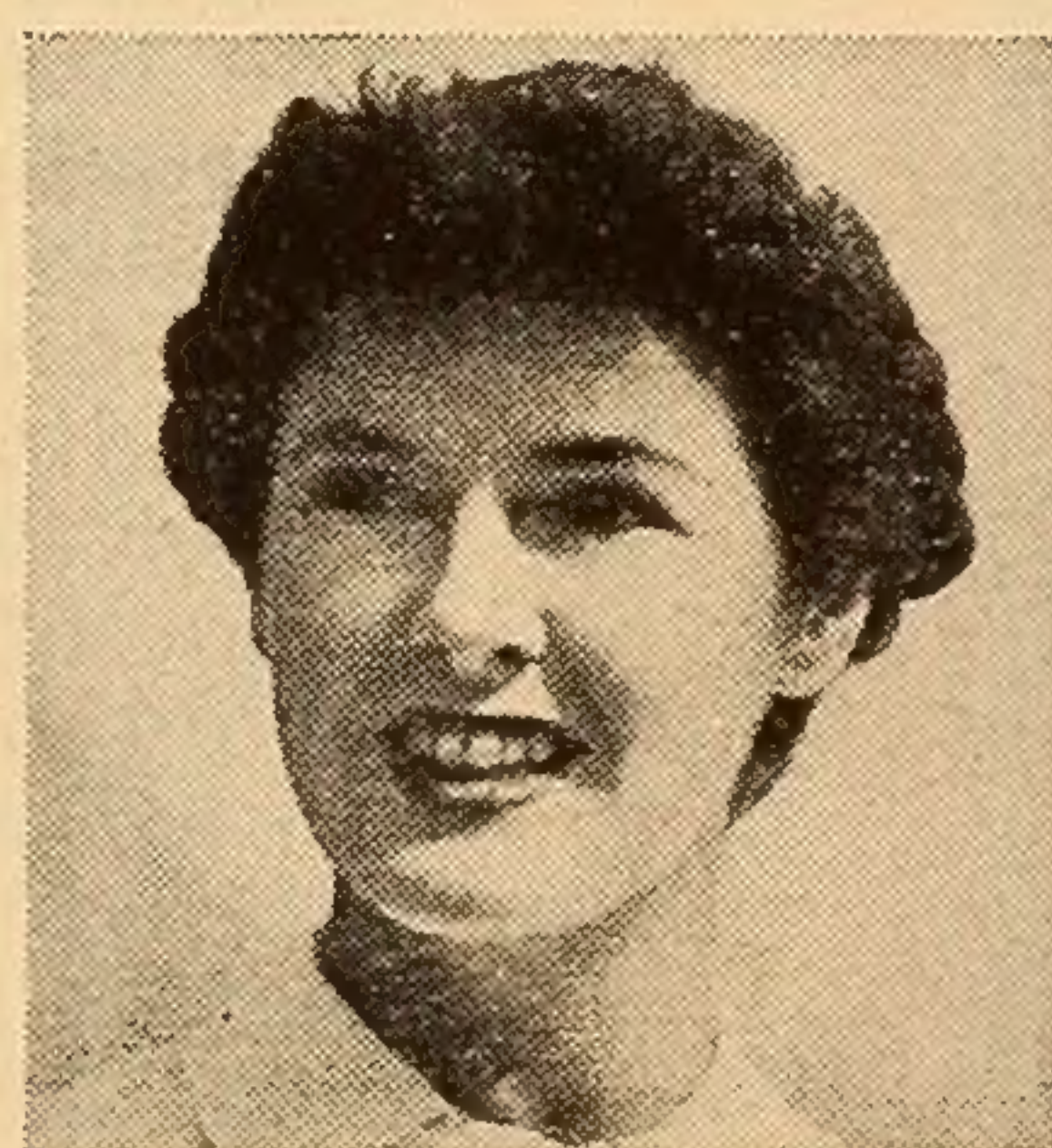
bines amazing figure-slimming power with complete comfort. PLAYTEX trims your figure invisibly—without a single seam, stitch or bone. And it washes in ten seconds, pats dry with a towel.



SONJA HENIE, skating star of Hollywood Ice Revue: "PLAYTEX is the perfect girdle. It slims and trims in complete comfort."



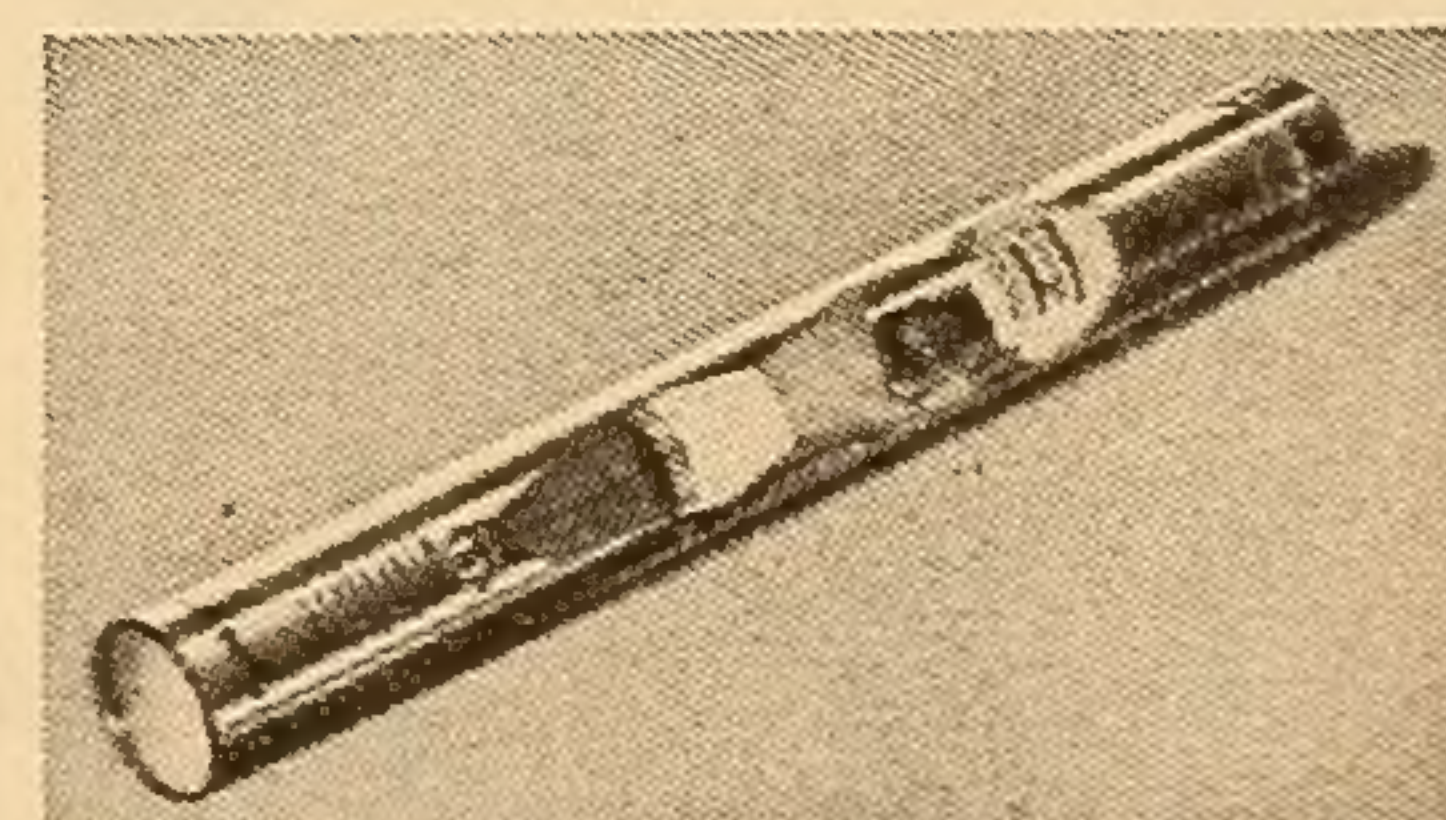
OMAR KIAM, favorite designer of movie stars: "Wearing PLAYTEX is the first step toward looking right in new fashions."



SARAH PALFREY COOKE, tennis champion: "Inches melt away with PLAYTEX. No girdle ever did so much."



ROBERT PIGUET, Parisian couturier: "My creations require a figure that can be revealed, with lines that PLAYTEX gives."



In slim, silvery tubes, PLAYTEX LIVING GIRDLES and PANTY GIRDLES with garters. Blossom Pink, Gardenia White, Heavenly Blue. Extra small, small, medium and large \$3.95
PLAYTEX PANTY GIRDLE \$3.50
Extra Large PLAYTEX CARTER GIRDLE \$4.95
Sensational PINK-ICE for extra coolness \$4.95

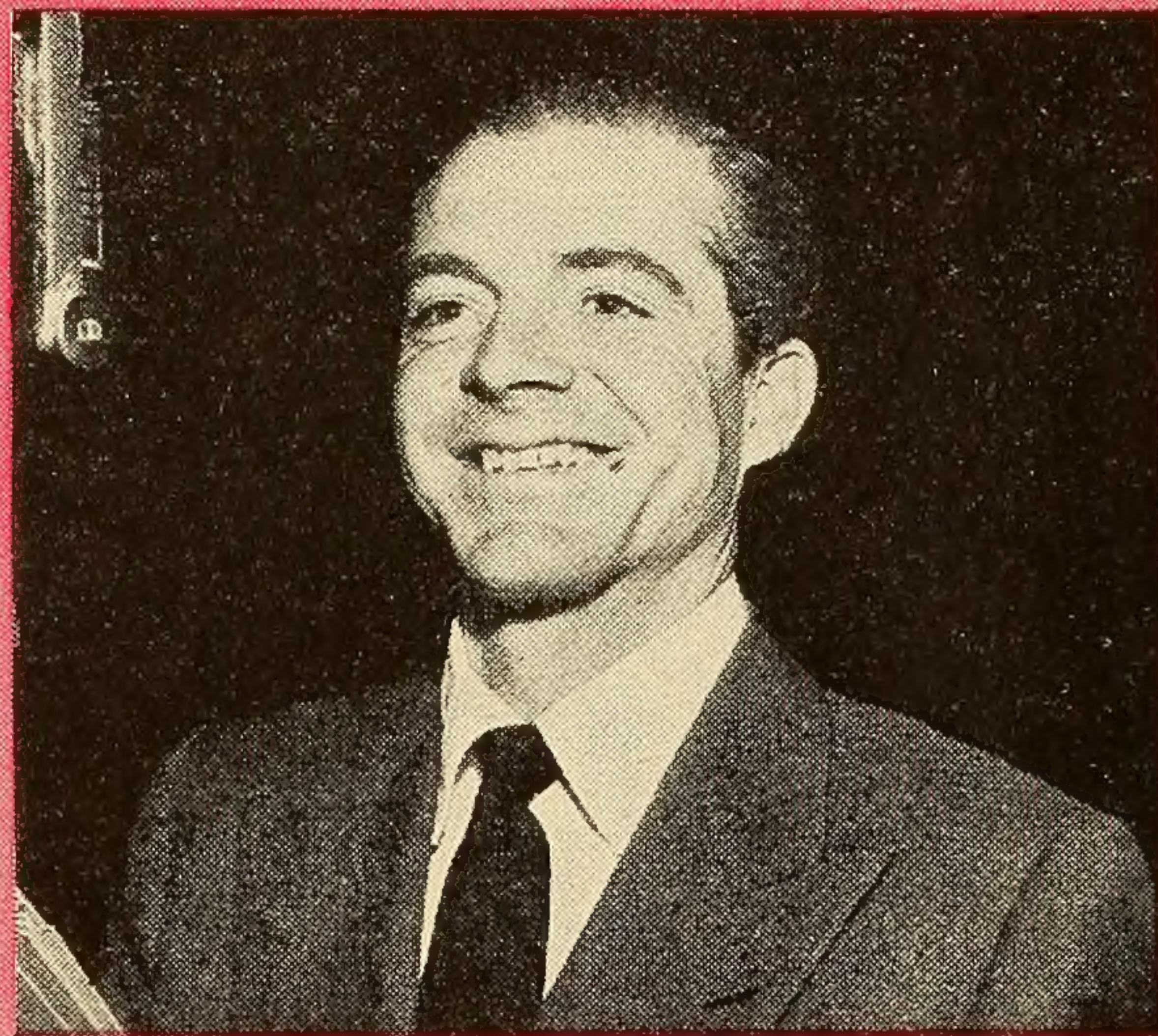
At all *modern* corset and notion departments
and better specialty shops everywhere.

INTERNATIONAL LATEX CORPORATION
Playtex Park Dover Del. ©1949

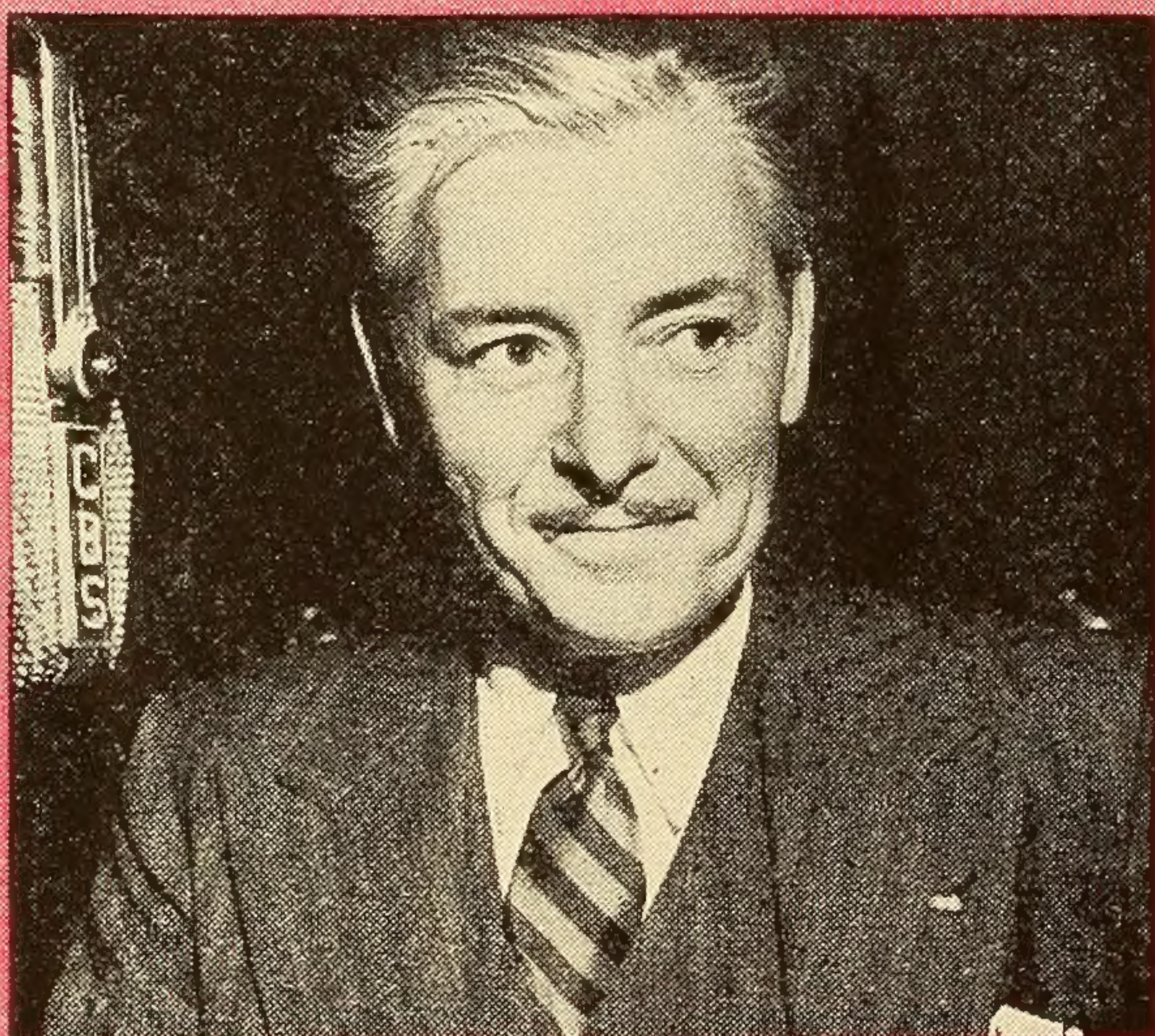
WHAT'S NEW



Lovely Irene Dunne is a featured player on CBS' Family Hour of Stars, Sun. at 6.



Another top favorite, Dana Andrews, appears on the show in a variety of roles.



Academy Award winner Ronald Colman is also a permanent member of the cast.



Loretta Young adds her charm to the distaff side of the Sunday night offering.



When Art Linkletter (l.) opened a bowling alley another owner, Harold Lloyd, was there to help.

How do you feel about it? Out in Los Angeles there's a movement on to "blacklist" all of the giveaway shows. An organization called the Southern California Association for Better Radio and Television has been formed with Mrs. Clara Logan as its president. Mrs. Logan says, "Any broadcasting designed to 'buy' the radio audience by requiring it to listen in the hope of reward rather than for the quality of its entertainment should be blacklisted by radio audiences." Those are pretty strong words, but the organization is already looking forward to expanding into a national one which could, with proper management, form a threat to the giveaways. In one of her speeches, Mrs. Logan pointed out that during one week this past summer, \$205,000 was handed out on three radio giveaway shows which "offered nothing in the way of entertainment or creative art. While such exploitation is unfortunate for adults, it is definitely harmful for children" and she has been asking parents to protest vigorously to radio stations. Sounds like everybody is against the giveaways, all the way from radio performers and personnel, who're thrown out of work by the get-rich-for-nothing shows, to up and active listeners—Yes, everybody but the people who win money!

FROM COAST TO COAST



Behind all those telephone calls on Hollywood Calling is this hardworking group of operators and technicians.

By DALE BANKS

The air actor who started toward fame as Ira Groschell and switched his moniker to Jeff Chandler is expected by Hollywood to be the next big film name, surpassing even Howard Duff in the rapidity of his rise and the magnitude of his popularity. Funny, how everybody talked about Duff as being a "new" personality when he hit pictures—as though everyone with a radio and a memory for voices and names hadn't heard him for a long time. Seems like the flickers have to "discover" their own talent, no matter what.

* * *

Apparently those unemployment stories from Los Angeles are not just scare material. Seems that when Shirley Mitchell announced she was leaving the "Gildersleeve" show, sixteen actresses immediately applied for her job. Usually, people wait until they're called for jobs like that. If you're thinking of radio acting as a career, maybe this isn't exactly the time, huh?

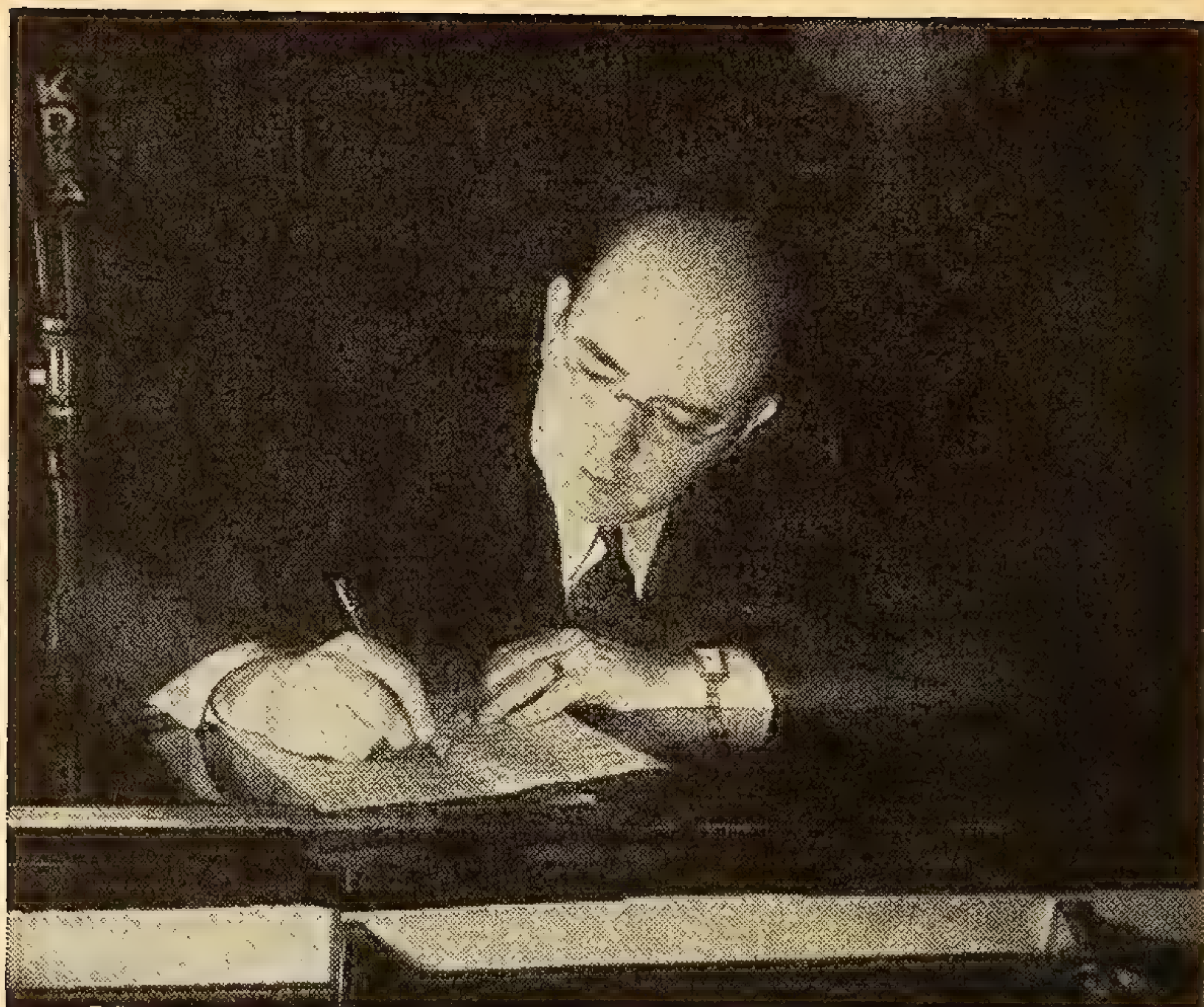
* * *

Elliott Lewis has been ordered by Universal-International to stand by for a role in his third picture as a result of his impressive success in "The Story of Molly X"—in (Continued on page 19)



That's George Murphy, emcee of Hollywood Calling, telling Ava Gardner whom to telephone next.

FROM ERIN'S SHORES



Radio veteran, organist Aneurin Bodycombe (Irish Songs, Sunday nights at 10:30) has been with KDKA since 1922.



Other cast members are Marion Berger and Bob Carter. Miss Berger is the only harpist in Pittsburgh radio.

Folks in the KDKA area don't have to wait until St. Patrick's Day to hear the songs of Old Erin. They can hear them every Sunday night over the Pittsburgh Westinghouse Station on a program originally titled Sunday Supertime. Now called Irish Songs, it is heard at 10:30 Sunday nights and tenor Bob Carter handles the vocals.

Music for the ballads and tunes sung by Carter is supplied by organist Aneurin Bodycombe and harpist Marion Berger. Commercials are by Paul Shannon. Practically all the songs are request numbers—"I'll Take You Home Again, Kathleen" is the all-time favorite. During the heyday of requests for "Galway Bay," one thing stands out in Carter's memory—every day for weeks he got a card reading "It's me again. You know what I want.—Al." And each time Carter featured the song he got a card reading: "Thanks, Al." He never did learn Al's last name.

Carter came to KDKA after two things interrupted a baseball career. In 1931, just about the time he had decided to accept an outfield position with the Johnstown team of the old Middle Atlantic League, he was awarded a state high school vocal championship at Harrisburg, and he received a scholarship to Curtis Institute at Philadelphia. He's been singing ever since—as the co-star with Mary Martha Briney on the KDKA Tap Time show, as a featured tenor in Pittsburgh night spots, at numerous special shows and at personal appearances.

Bodycombe is a real radio veteran, having been associated with KDKA since 1922 as organist, arranger, director of vocal groups and associate musical director. Born in Swansea, Wales, he won a scholarship to Cardiff University, and there, after two terms, his musical education was interrupted by World War I. He later returned to Cardiff and then entered the Royal College of Music in London where he studied piano. He completed his studies at Oxford where he was chapel organist and glee club director.

Miss Berger, who has had more than seven years' experience in every type of music, has been with KDKA for six years. Aside from the regular curriculum, she studied music and harp. Though there are eight harpists in the district, she's the only one in radio in KDKA's area. When she gets a breathing spell from her radio work and her teaching (she limits her classes to six students), hazel-eyed, black-haired Miss Berger is a great baseball fan. She is a pianist, though not professionally, and does her own arranging.

Announcer Shannon is among the top announcers in the Pittsburgh area. Two-time winner of the 50,000-watt station division of the H. P. Davis Memorial Announcers' Award, Shannon is in constant demand, not only for commercial programs, but for various public service and civic activities. He teaches speech and is the narrator for various industrial motion pictures produced in Pittsburgh. He has appeared as an announcer on every National Broadcasting Company show that has been broadcast from Pittsburgh.



*"My hands were almost
frostbitten in July"*

says EVELYN KEYES, Columbia Pictures star, co-starred with
DICK POWELL in "MRS. MIKE"—Released thru United Artists

When I was filming "Mrs. Mike", we actually used real snow on the sets. While the rest of the country was sweltering in summer heat, I spent day after frostbitten day working in machine-made snow drifts at sub-freezing temperatures...



In scenes like this, with Dick Powell, my hands froze...



In another scene, they were in soapy water for hours...



But Jergens Lotion kept my hands from chapping...



Made them soft and lovely for romantic close-ups...



A liquid, Jergens is quickly absorbed by thirsty skin...

CAN YOUR HAND LOTION PASS THIS FILM TEST?

To soften, a lotion should be absorbed by the upper layers of the skin. Water won't "bead" on hand smoothed with Jergens Lotion (left hand). It contains quickly-absorbed ingredients doctors recommend, no heavy oils that merely coat skin with oily film (right hand).

Prove it yourself by making the test described above...



Discover why Jergens Lotion is my beauty secret...

Jergens Lotion

used by more women
than any other hand care
in the world
still 10¢ to \$1 plus tax

And is used in Hollywood
7 to 1 over other hand cares.

FOLLOW YOUR CHRISTMAS STARS

By DORRY ELLIS



★ Are you shopping for someone special? If she looks anything like lovely Vicki Vola, NBC actress, she's the perfect type for perfume. How about Mais Oui? It's a sparkling gift by Bourjois; costs only \$2.00 plus tax.



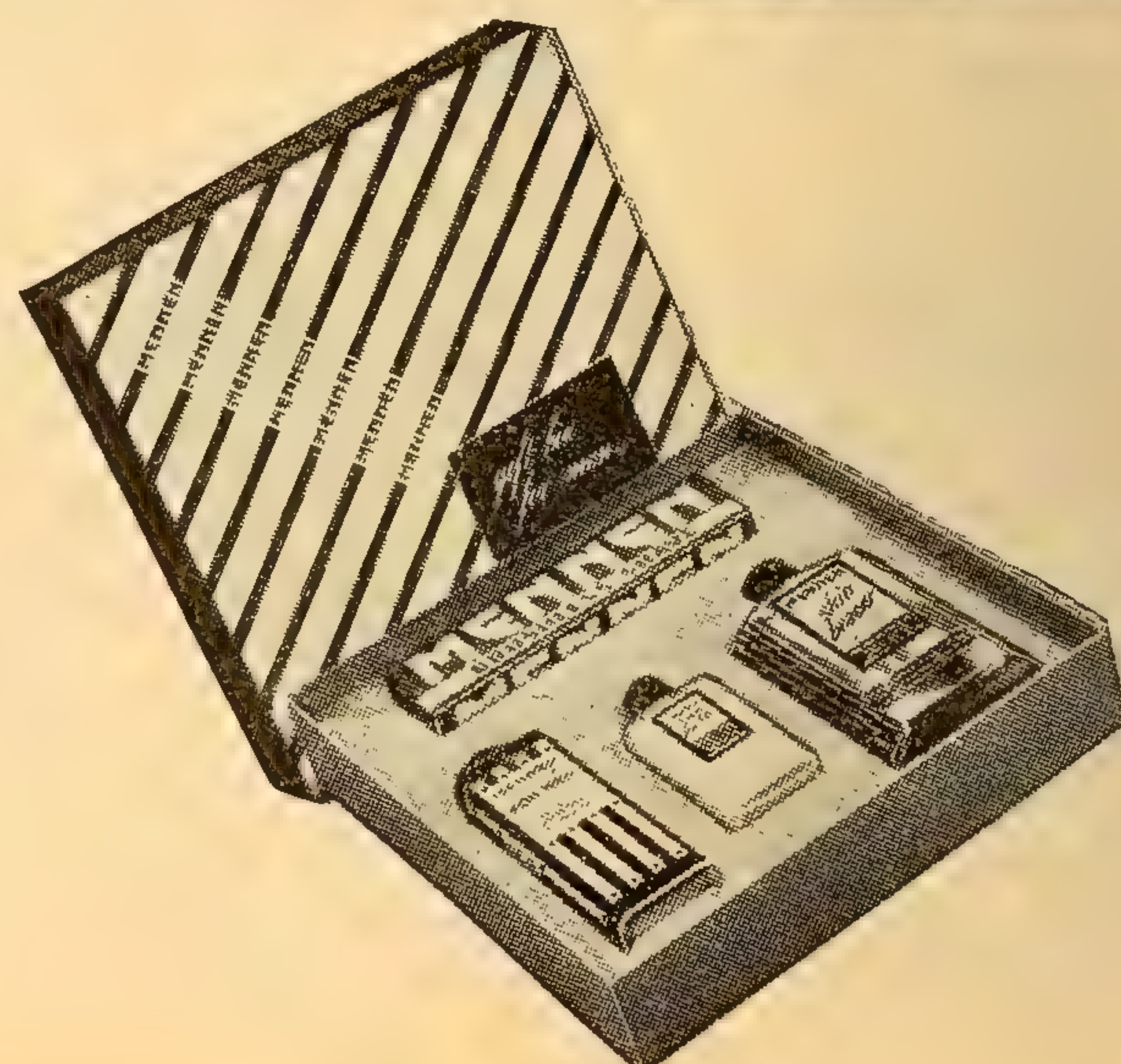
★ Here are two favorites! The girl is Kay Starr, stunning songstress, and the fragrance is Cheramy's April Showers. This gift is sure to make a hit. Smartly packaged in a handsome bottle and so smartly priced at \$4.50 plus tax.



★ Lorna Lynn, CBS actress, is pretty and well-groomed down to her nails! Why not please some pretty girl with this Revlon Manicure Kit. It comes in handsome grained leatherette or suedine. \$2.50 plus tax.



★ Does the man in your life look as smooth as TV emcee Bill Berns? If he does, surprise him with this Mennen gift set of four-way grooming, he'll look smoother and smoother to you! Priced at only \$1.10.



RADIO MIRROR for BETTER LIVING

Now Yours! A Complete Hair Beauty Routine ...yet All you do is use New Drene Shampoo!



NO SPECIAL RINSES

yet your hair is naturally
shining and soft!

NO SPECIAL LOTIONS

yet hair is so easy to set!

NO SPECIAL POMADES

yet waves stay put—hair
beauty lasts and lasts!

Yes, just shampoo with New Drene
—and you'll have a *complete* hair beauty
routine.

Natural sheen and softness that will
make you *proud* of your hair . . . and
pleased as punch with New Drene.
Hair that sets like a dream—"stays
put" so long! All this without rinses,
lotions or pomades. When you sham-
poo with New Drene, you have your
whole routine. Just see how *simple* hair
beauty can be!

What's the secret? There's beauty
magic in New Drene . . . an exclusive
cleansing agent found in no other
shampoo—cream or liquid. That's why
New Drene cleans your hair so thor-
oughly, so gently . . . rinses out so
completely. That's the reason New
Drene leaves your hair so springy,
curls last and last. Be sure to make
your next shampoo a wonderful New
Drene Shampoo!



NEW! *Different!*

A Procter
& Gamble
Exclusive

For Complete Hair Beauty...

Get NEW

Drene Shampoo!

**SQUIBB ANGLE
TOOTHBRUSH**
reaches hard to
get at places



BENT like a dentist's
mirror to reach
more places

INFORMATION BOOTH

Step Up And Ask Your Questions—We'll Try To Find The Answers

MARTIN BLAINE

Dear Editor:

Can you send or publish a picture of the actor who plays William Sheppard on the FBI in Peace and War program?

Miss M. K.
Hillsdale, Michigan



Here he is . . .
Martin Blaine.

MARTIN BLAINE

RADIO VETERAN

Dear Editor:

Could you please tell me if Hal Peary (The Great Gildersleeve) had a program of his own before he joined the Fibber McGee and Molly show some years back? My husband says that he heard Hal Peary on a program of his own six or seven years ago. I was under the impression that he just got his own show three or four years ago, after leaving Fibber McGee and Molly.

Mrs. L. B. M.

Middletown, Ohio

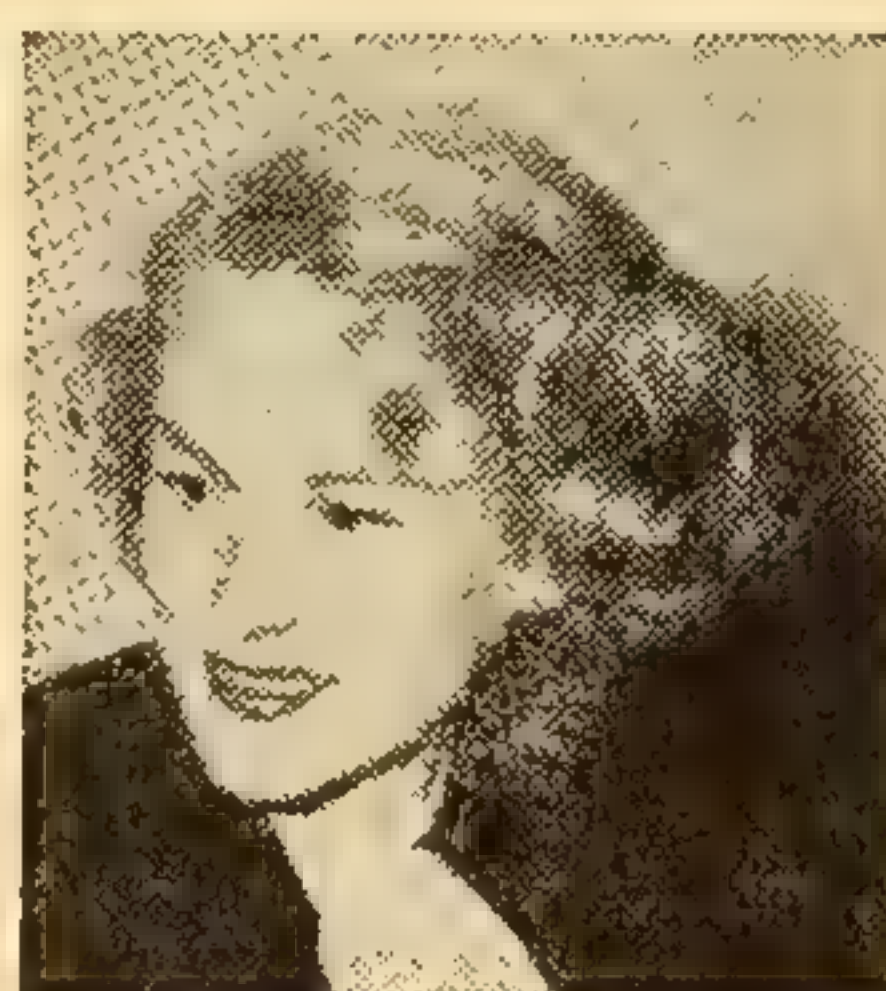
Harold Peary had his own show several years before he joined the Fibber McGee and Molly cast in 1935. His first regular program was with Charlie Marshall, the cowboy singer, in Mr. Marshall and Mr. Peary. And for several years before joining the Fibber McGee and Molly cast, Peary was a member of the NBC dramatic staff in Chicago.

NEW SHOW

Dear Editor:

Where can I hear Frank Sinatra?

Miss S. P.
Miami Beach, Fla.



DOROTHY
KIRSTEN

He's on Light Up Time, with Dorothy Kirsten, heard daily at 7:00 P.M. EST., on NBC.

DATES, PLEASE

Dear Editor:

How long have the following daytime

serials been on the air: Big Sister, Ma Perkins, Young Dr. Malone, and The Guiding Light.

Miss M. T.

Princeton, N. J.

Big Sister had its premiere on September 14, 1936; Ma Perkins on January 3, 1938; Young Dr. Malone on November 20, 1939; and The Guiding Light on June 2, 1937.

VITAL STATISTICS

Dear Editor:

Would you please print a picture of Fletcher Markle? Also his date and place of birth, and if married or single.

Miss E. L. M.
Clinton, Mass.



FLETCHER
MARKLE

Mr. Markle was born in April, 1921 in Winnipeg, Canada. He is married to former radio singer, Blanche Willis.

BARBARA EILER

Dear Editor:

For several Thursdays now I have listened to the program The First Hundred Years. I am curious to see what the cast looks like.

Miss P. B.
Rio Vista, Calif.



BARBARA EILER

We don't have space to print pictures of the whole cast but here's Barbara Eiler who plays the role of Scotty. She is also heard as Mildred, Dennis Day's girl friend, on NBC's A Day in the Life of Dennis Day.

MIDWEST ONLY

Is the National Barn Dance still on the air?
Mrs. A. M.

Lennoxville, Quebec

Yes. The program is broadcast every Saturday night at 9:00 P.M. Central Standard Time on ABC. However, it can be heard only in the Middle West.

FOR YOUR INFORMATION—If there's something you want to know about radio, write to Information Booth, Radio Mirror, 205 E. 42nd St., N. Y. We'll answer if we can either in Information Booth or by mail—but be sure to sign full name and address, and attach this box to your letter.

Are you in the know?



What Has A Free Country Got To Do With A New Dress?

THE BIG DANCE is only a few weeks away. How to wangle that dream dress you've set your heart on? Dad wouldn't *understand* that a girl's got to blossom out in something "special." So? You decide to *earn* it. In an after-school or Saturday job.

And right here's something that may never have occurred to you: Except for getting the family's permission, you don't have to ask anyone else. Certainly not Uncle Sam. (That's one big "plus" in our Free Choice System!)

Now . . . which job? Baby sitting? Clerking at the corner drug, or at your town's department store? You figure. And you make your choice. Whichever job you choose, you find you can snag your heart's desire in time for the shindig.

It Only Happens Here

But—if you lived overseas, you'd learn things just don't happen that way. Because in one country across the Atlantic, it would take *twice* as long to earn the price of that dress . . . while in other countries abroad it would take *up to 10 times* as long.

Only one example of how much it can mean to *you* to live in this free country. Whether it's a matter of earning some little special luxury—or your daily bread—you know you have a *free choice*. A chance to "take it or leave it." A chance to earn more in *less* time than any other people on earth. And that's how it can always be, as long as you do your part to keep our American way of living the very *best* way.



At a large party, how should you introduce a late guest?

- ☐ "Everybody—this is Jim Brown" ☐ Give him the gauntlet routine ☐ Lead him to the nearest group

Would you like being tossed to a sea of unfamiliar faces? Or run the gauntlet, mumbling "how-d'you-do's"? Be a *considerate* hostess. Guide newcomers to the nearest group. Let them get to know your guests by easy stages. And at calendar time

—ever think how considerate *Kotex* is, of you? Yes, because with those *flat pressed ends*, *Kotex* prevents revealing outlines. And because that special *safety center* gives you *extra* protection, all the evening's an "easy stage" for you!



Should a present for her Sigh Man be —

- ☐ Expensive
☐ Personalized
☐ Strictly for laughs

Come any "what to give him" occasion—your beau'll welcome some little remembrance that says *you*. Maybe a wallet equipped with your picture. Or mittens you've knitted to match your own, in your school colors. Or a box of your chocolate chip cookies. It's the personal angle, not price, that counts. You know . . . at certain times, with *Kotex* you can have really "personalized" sanitary protection. For one of the 3 *absorbencies* is sure to meet your own personal needs. Try Regular, Junior, Super *Kotex*!



To keep your formal frock outstanding —

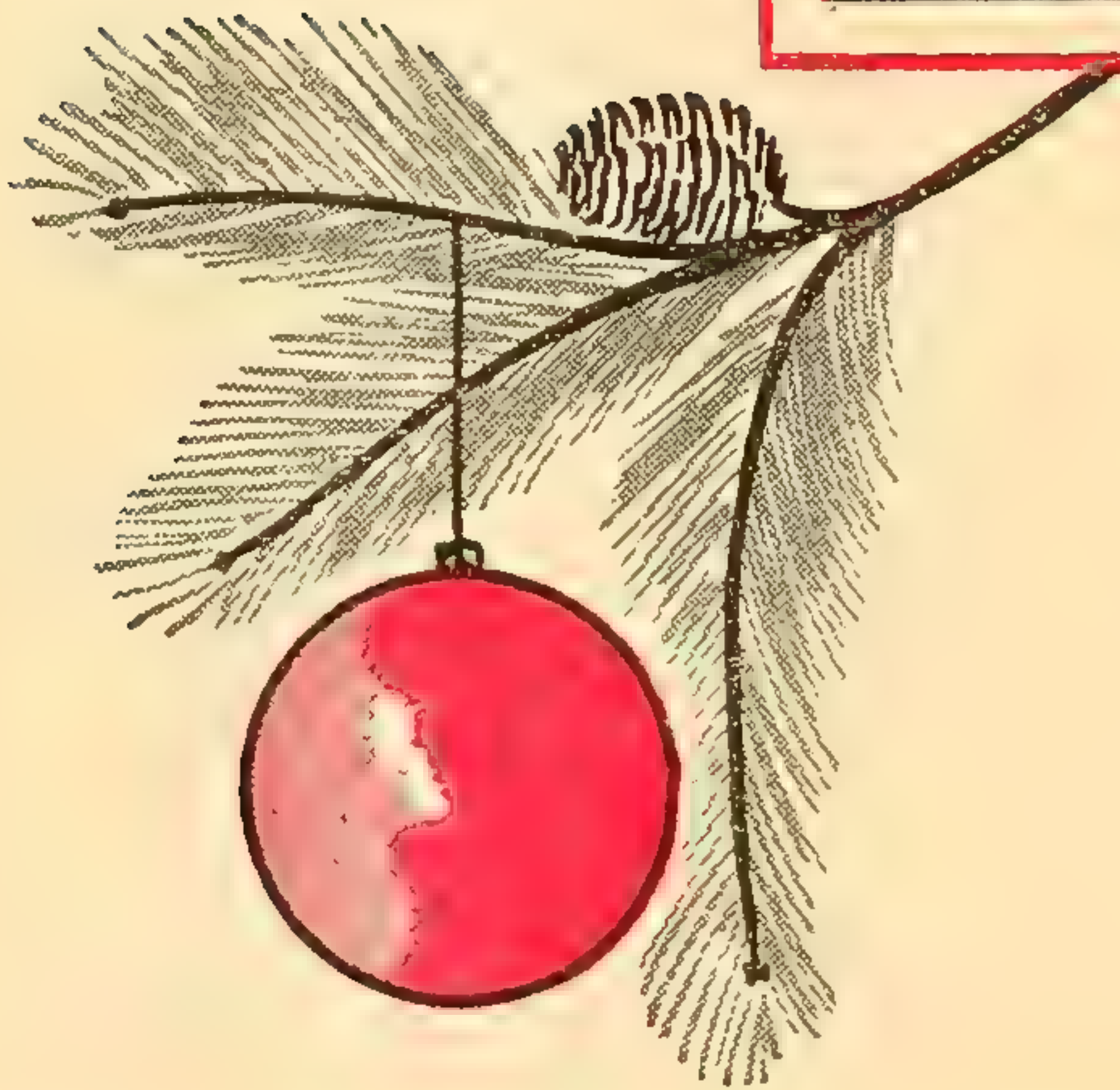
- ☐ Wear a wiltless petticoat
☐ Dance more waltzes
☐ Avoid sitting down

Dig up an old bed sheet you can presto-change to a petticoat. Make it in three tiers, ruffle edged. Starched to a stand-alone stiffness—*voila!*—this petticoat holds its shape. For *comfort* (on "those" days) you'll want *softness* that holds its shape. Choose the new *Kotex*—made to stay soft while you wear it. And don't forget the new *Kotex Wonderform Belt* made with *DuPont nylon* elastic. Won't twist, won't curl, won't cut! Light weight; dries in a flash. Keeps your confidence wilt-proof!

More women choose KOTEX
than all other sanitary napkins*

3 ABSORBENCIES: REGULAR, JUNIOR, SUPER

Fred Waring at a session of his annual Music Workshop. Students are music teachers and choir leaders who come from all over to learn the Waring technique.



FACING the



Three generations of McNultys: l. to r., father Patrick, son Dennis James—and if you think the man at right is Dennis Day, you're correct. Day's real name is McNulty.

Kee your eye on Mario Lanza, who did such a fine job in the MGM musical "That Midnight Kiss." The versatile young singer has been signed to do four more films—"Kiss Of Fire," "Show Boat," "Jumbo" and, perhaps, the "Life Of Caruso." He's got a new RCA Victor recording contract, too, and his operatic discs are something to hear.

For those who've been asking, we'd like to report that Stop The Music's Dick Brown can be heard on Rondo Records these days . . . Remember "Red Roses For A Blue Lady"?—the same tunesmiths have written a sequel called, "Thanks Mr. Florist." . . . Pat Lockwood, a pretty little miss, has been signed to sing with Artie Shaw's new seventeen-piece orchestra . . . The Ink Spots just wound up a sixteen-week theater tour in the British Isles.

The classical music-minded will find plenty of interest in a series of forthcoming television pictures that will feature such great names as Artur Rubinstein, Jascha Heifetz, Gregor Piatigorsky, Marian Anderson, Jan Peerce, Patrice Munsel, Isaac Stern, Andres Segovia and the Don Cossack Choir. Each of the subjects will get a full half-hour of time on the films. Watch for them on your local station.

Fran Warren: living up to her 1948 title, "most promising girl singer."



By MARTIN BLOCK

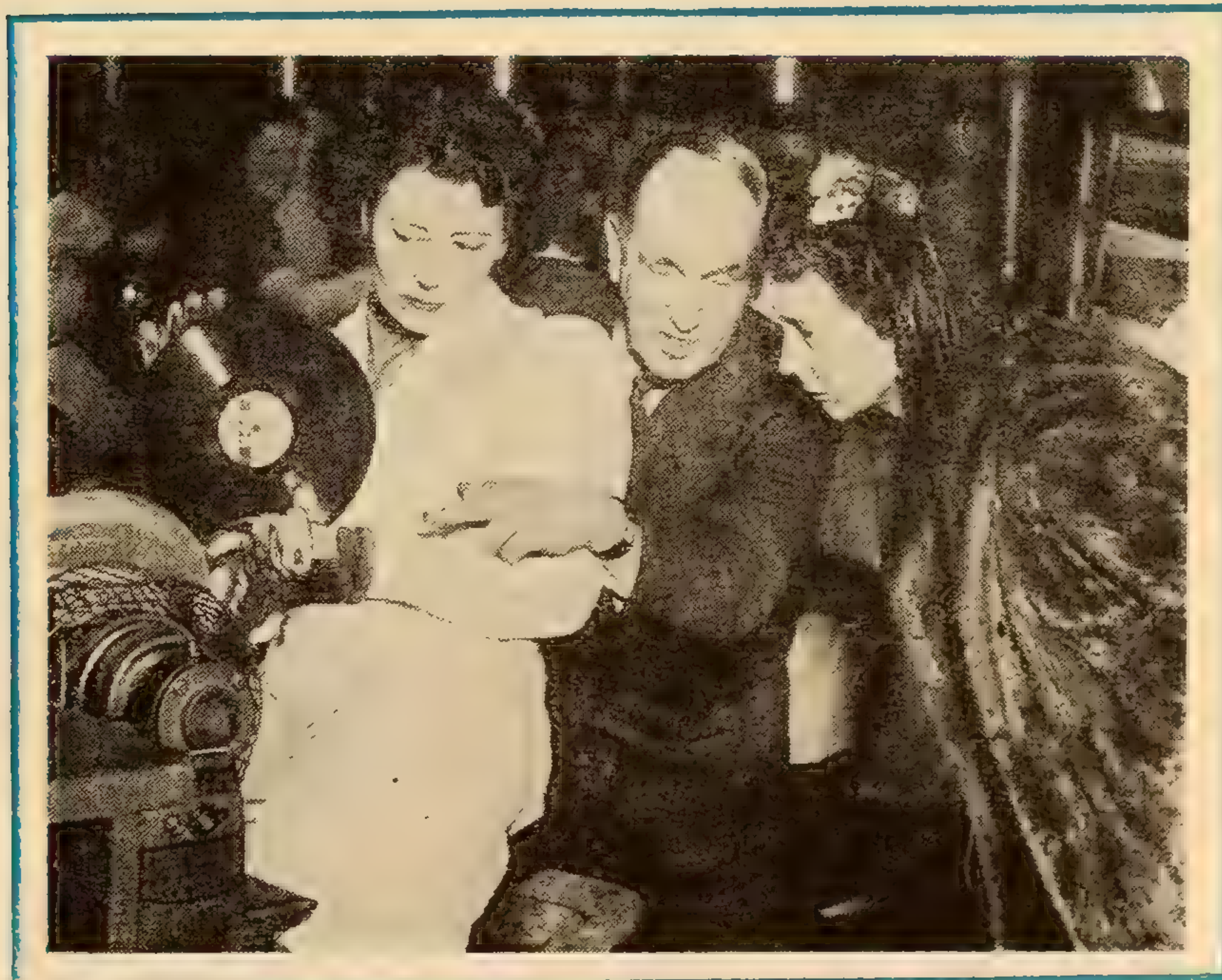
Martin Block conducts Make Believe Ballroom daily on New York's WNEW. He's also heard on NBC's Supper Club, Mon., Wed. and Fri. at 7:00 P.M. EST.

MUSIC

After all this time, Warner Brothers finally put the finishing touches on "Young Man With A Horn." For the record, Kirk Douglas has the title role and is supported by Doris Day and Lauren Bacall. It's Harry James' trumpet you'll be hearing when Kirk puts a trumpet to his lips in the film. Other musicians who worked on the film were Jimmy Zito, Buddy Cole, Nick Fatool and Artie Bernstein—all famous jazz men.

* * *
Lovely Fran Warren, whose appearance in the Broadway musical "As The Girls Go" was nothing less than a hit, is now making a movie short on teen-age careers. The flicker will be called "So You'd Like To Be A Singer." Fran is also the featured female vocalist on the Henry Morgan Show (NBC, Wed., 9 P. M. EST),

* * *
This kind of thing doesn't happen very often in show business . . . that the understudy of the star in a successful musical show is called on to record the show tunes for an album. But Sandra Deel, who understudies Mary Martin in "South Pacific," is terrific enough and talented enough to have rated her own recording contract. Sandra recorded the show's songs for a Victor album, while Mary Martin and the original cast made the album for Columbia.



Even royalty is fascinated by the record-making business! Her Royal Highness, the Duchess of Kent, (r.) visited E. M. I.'s factories in Hayes, Middlesex, Eng.

R
M

Uncle Elmer's Music: the best recorded hillbilly and folk songs.



EVERYBODY'S UNCLE



The Murray Sisters (otherwise Mrs. Pete and Mrs. Elmer Newman) are on WFIL's Hayloft Hoedown.

Everybody's uncle, Elmer Newman, who's been spinning yarns for many a year on radio, has taken to spinning records. The boss man of the famed ABC Hayloft Hoedown show is now a disc jockey on WFIL, Philadelphia—and doing nicely, thank you.

Elmer's radio career, now in its eighteenth year, started in Des Moines, Iowa. A singer as well as a mean man with a fiddle himself, he was soon joined by his guitar-playing brother "Pancake Pete."

In the mid-thirties, the Murray Sisters joined the Newman brothers and made it an even firmer partnership when Julie married Elmer and Sophie became Mrs. Pete Newman. Now there are four more Newmans: Elmer and Julie's Danny and Charlie; Sophie and Pete's Kenny and Mary Eva.

In 1940 the group bought a large tract of land in Quakertown, Pennsylvania, some fifty miles from Philadelphia, and developed a lively amusement center featuring hillbilly and western entertainment. They named it "Sleepy Hollow Ranch" and their Sunday shows draw such large crowds that Uncle Elmer arranged with a transit company for a regularly chartered bus trip which leaves from the WFIL studio building.

Elmer has added to the store of mountain music such jukebox favorites as "Within This Broken Heart of Mine," "I Wasn't Born Yesterday," and "I'm Lonesome Now." His most recent tune, "I've Lived a Lifetime For You," was introduced in London by Linda Stevens and has been recorded in this country by Eddy Howard, Elton Britt, Gene Autry and Eddie Kirk.

What's New From Coast to Coast

(Continued from page 9)

which his wife, Cathy is also featured, by the way—and "Ma and Pa Kettle Go to Town."

From Irene Beasley, Grand Slam emcee, comes a surefire recipe for nerves. Irene uses it on nervous contestants on the program and it works every time. She just urges them to bend their knees in a slight up and down movement. Irene says its absolutely impossible to be tense with the knee muscle relaxed.

Love the little slogan CBS has been tacking on the end of all its press releases—"This Fall . . . You'll Hear Them All . . . On CBS". Can't help thinking—how true, how true—but how much does it cost?

We've been hearing a rumor that a new expression is beginning to make the rounds. Since Marie Wilson's success in the radio show My Friend Irma, silly giddies who are always pulling some dumb stunt or other are being called Irmas.

Well, well—J. Carrol Naish has made it at last. For years, Naish has been playing all kinds of foreign roles in the movies and on radio, except Irish, although he's Irish to the core and even owns a kind of a castle in Ireland. Now, he's getting a break in his next picture—he'll be Irish in his next picture—MGM's "Please Believe Me."

Everybody wants to get in on the act item—and this one strictly from the writer's point of view. As if they weren't both busy enough with their acting, Dick Kollmar—radio's Boston Blackie—and Jackson Beck—radio's Philo Vance, are now collaborating on a syndicated column based on crime prevention, juvenile delinquency and allied subjects which is appearing in several dozen high school newspapers throughout the country.

GOSSIP AND STUFF FROM HITHER AND YON . . . Ralph Edwards is planning a TV version of his This Is Your Life show. . . . Tony Martin is heading New York way toward the end of the year. . . . Attention Christmas shoppers! Howdy Doody, TV favorite of the children's set, is now featured on Victor records. . . . Sounds like Jack Bailey will be set soon with a movie deal that will feature his Queen For a Day routine. This is one deal which has been on the fire a long time. . . . Ricardo Cortez (remember him, the sloe-eyed romantic lead from the silent flickers?) is a regular member of the cast on ABC's The First Hundred Years. . . . Warren Hull fooling around with the idea of doing a Broadway musical this season. . . . Latest rumors have it that all the major recording companies are going to manufacture records in all three speeds. Only a rumor. . . . Maybe soon you'll be hearing Mary Pickford and her husband, Buddy Rogers as stars in a radio series on inspirational success stories. . . . Gregory Peck may do a movie based on the radio script of Nightmare, having liked the play so well when he did it on the Suspense series that he's been finagling to have it bought by his pic company. . . . A very Merry, Merry Christmas to you all . . . and happy listening. . . .

KEEP KISSABLE WITH *Flame-Glo* LONGFELLA

The new Flame-Glo Longfella is an *instant* success with lovely women everywhere! Here's a longer, stronger, better-balanced lipstick with *twice* as many applications as other pencil types. Your lips can be more alluring, more magnetic with Flame-Glo . . . no smears, smudges or blurry edges to worry you! Lasts *hours* longer because of its water-repellent beauty film. Only 39¢ in seductive shades for *every* beauty type. Also regular 49¢, 25¢ and 10¢ sizes.

NEW
39¢
LONGFELLA
IN STREAMLINED
GOLD FINISH
CASE

now with **FASTENOL**
for longer-lasting
color brilliance



BARBARA PAYTON,

star of *TRAPPED* in a romantic scene
with Lloyd Bridges. An Eagle Lion Film.

Flame-Glo LIPSTICK



POPULAR
25¢ SIZE
IN GOLD
FINISH CASE

THERE IS ONLY ONE GENUINE FLAME-GLO AT ALL POPULAR-PRICE COSMETIC COUNTERS

Quadruple threat man: Fred Keller is the executive producer of WBEN-TV.



Back in his grade school days in South Buffalo, Fred Keller had a neighborhood dramatic club. He wrote, directed and produced plays in which he also acted. Today the young Buffalonian is still a quadruple-threat man. He is a director, producer, writer and actor and is rated one of the top television idea-men in the East. As executive producer of WBEN-TV, Fred directs the activities of other producers and supervises such TV shows as the musical Club Canandaigua and The Clue.

It is for the latter whodunit series that Fred is best known. The original scripts for this mystery series, which has attracted national attention, are written by Mr. Keller and by Ray Wander, television production manager of a Buffalo ad agency.

For nearly a year now, Fred and Ray have written the scripts for this weekly series in which a crime is committed, a private eye is consulted, a choice of "suspects" is given TV fans and a sponsor's commercial messages are packed—in fifteen fast minutes.

Fred came to WBEN in 1942 as an announcer but a few months later went into the Army. He was a captain in military intelligence in the European Theater.

After the war he came back to WBEN as announcer and director of dramatics and produced a notable juvenile delinquency series which he wrote. He has been with WBEN-TV since the television station's inception in the spring of 1948 and a year later was made producer.

He is married to Joyce Dennison, a former Buffalo teacher.

Keller advises TV aspirants to "get all the theatrical experience you can—particularly in little and summer theaters."

Clue to KELLER



Keller writes, produces, directs and acts. Here he's setting the mood for the players in WBEN-TV's mystery series, The Clue.

Collector's Corner



By JEFF CLARK

(Jeff, a tall, dark and handsome singer, is only twenty-two years old but already is the singing star of NBC's *Henry Morgan Show* and has handled the vocals on the *Hit Parade on Parade* series. Born in Sharon, Pa., Jeff attended Westminster College and was a radio announcer on Sharon's WPIC before coming to New York. He also did a one-year stint on New York's WNEW as a vocalist and was once a control engineer for the Office of War Information.)

I'm one record collector who has little or no trouble picking out my ten favorite discs. I can rattle off my list quick as you can push a reject button on a record turntable. Right off the bat, I'll name Frank Sinatra's "They Say It's Wonderful." That is about the only popular song of which I've never tired. Then too, I think it's Frank at his very best—than which there is no "bester."

Next on my list would be the recent Charlie Ventura recording of "East of Suez." Whether or not you want to call it bebop makes little difference. It's a fine example of the new modern trend in music and one that's not too far off the beaten track—so that the average record fan can easily understand what is being played.

Peggy Lee's "A Nightingale Can Sing the Blues" is the example of the finest vocal background arrangement I know. It was done by Frank DeVol, who also arranged "Nature Boy."

Charlie Spivak's "I Surrender, Dear" has some of the best group singing I've ever heard. I'm a frustrated group-singer myself.

Bing Crosby's platter of "Dear Old Girl" is one of my favorites because it's the smoothest solo singing I've ever heard.

My favorite vocal group is the Snowflakes; that's why one of my best-liked discs is Claude Thornhill's "Something to Remember You By." The group is better than excellent on this.

As for Stan Kenton's "Sleepy Lagoon," it shows what wonderful sounds can come out of a saxophone section with just a little imagination. It's a wonderful departure from standard orchestration and a pleasure to hear.

(For ethical reasons, actual doctor not used in this picture.)



Doctor develops new Home Beauty Routine!

Try these 4 simple steps to a lovelier-looking complexion

● If you want a more alluring complexion . . . if you've ever suffered from dry, rough skin, *externally-caused blemishes, or similar complexion problems—here's some real news for you.

A skin doctor has now developed a new home beauty routine that really works! It has been clinically tested. In fact, 181 women took part in these tests conducted by 3 doctors, and results were amazing! Of all these women tested, 4 out of 5 showed softer, smoother, lovelier-looking skin! Try this new beauty routine yourself:

4 Simple Steps

Morning—1. Apply Noxzema all over your face and with a damp cloth "cream-wash" your face—just as you would with soap and water. Note how clean your skin looks and feels! **2.** After drying face, smooth on a protective film of greaseless Noxzema as a powder base.

Evening—3. Before retiring, again "creamwash" your face. So refreshing!

4. Now massage Noxzema into your face. Remember—it's greaseless. And that's very important! Pat a little extra over any blemishes to help heal them.

Follow these 4 simple steps for 10 days. A trial will convince you that this doctor's discovery is a truly remarkable new beauty aid. Do it now while this Big 85¢ Jar of Noxzema Skin Cream is yours for only 59¢.



Lovely Deena Winslett of Ft. Worth says, "I was bothered with annoying blemishes* but Noxzema helped heal them. I've used it as my regular night cream ever since."

Pretty Margaret Wilson of Detroit always uses Noxzema as her protective powder base. She says, "I love its clean, refreshing smell—it doesn't stain or feel sticky."



MONEY-SAVING OFFER

You get 43% more for your money than in the Small size when you buy the

Big 85¢ Jar of

NOXZEMA

for **59¢** plus tax

Limited Offer. Stock up now!

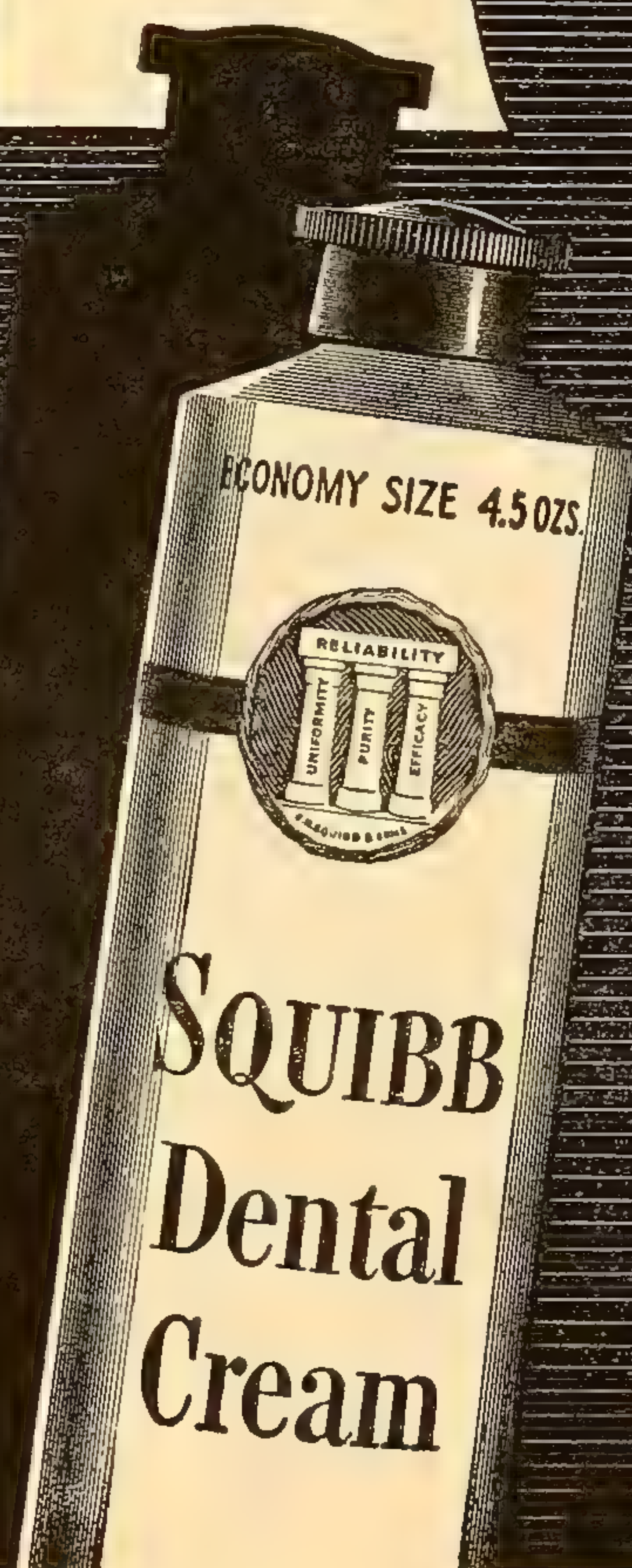
3 reasons for the extra clean feeling



Pleasant...
real mint for
taste and breath.

Gentle...
contains the finest
known polishing
ingredients.

Effective...
made with
antacid
magnesium
hydroxide.



"If you don't have money for clothes," says sewing authority Mary Brooks Picken, 1., "make them yourself."



Why Don't YOU Make it

So many women look longingly at a dress in a shop window and then look hopelessly at their pocketbook. What to do? Mrs. Mary Brooks Picken, world's foremost authority on sewing, says, "Simple, make the dress yourself."

And that's not idle advice coming from Mrs. Picken, because she has taught half a million women how to sew and is the author of ninety-three books on the subject. Recently, when Mrs. Picken visited the Burtons as a Family Counselor I asked her if she had any tips for our listeners.

The first thing Mrs. Picken said was, "You don't have to know everything about sewing before you can make a dress.

Like making a cake, all you have to do is follow a recipe.

"The ingredients are the ability to make a plain seam, a dart, a hem finish, and a fastening. Of course you need to practice. First learn how to blend the materials, then practice the essentials on scraps of material. Learning to stitch straight on a sewing machine is easy too—with a piece of lined writing paper and an unthreaded needle."

I asked Mrs. Picken if she had any other suggestions, and she said, "This one I'd like to direct to all sewers, and especially to the novice. Make sure your pattern and material are made for each other. If they aren't, nine times out of ten

FAMILY COUNSELOR

By Terry Burton

Every Wednesday is Family Counselor Day on The Second Mrs. Burton, heard on CBS, Mon.-Fri. at 2 P.M.



Yourselves?

you'll end up with an out-and-out failure. In other words, don't try to make a dinner gown of gabardine or a casual dress out of voile. Another thing, tackle first things first—dresses and blouses. There's time enough, as your skills increase, to make a tailored suit."

Mrs. Picken summed up by saying, "Home-sewn clothes don't have to have a home-made look. If you can't make a dress look as well as a ready-made one, better in fact—it's because you don't approach your work with love and respect for it. Everything you cut and stitch should be done with care for the work and consideration for the people who will use the article."



Send Only \$1

WE WILL SEND YOU ANY ITEM YOU CHOOSE FOR APPROVAL UNDER OUR MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

Simply indicate your selection on the coupon below and forward it with \$1 and a brief note giving your age, occupation, and a few other facts about yourself. We will open an account for you and send your selection to you subject to your examination. If completely satisfied, pay the Expressman the required Down Payment and the balance in easy monthly payments. Otherwise, return your selection and your \$1 will be refunded.

SEND FOR FREE CATALOG



A203/C98 \$55
5 Diamond Engagement Ring, matching 5 Diamond Wedding Band. 14K yellow or white Gold. Send \$1, pay 4.50 after examination, 4.95 a month.



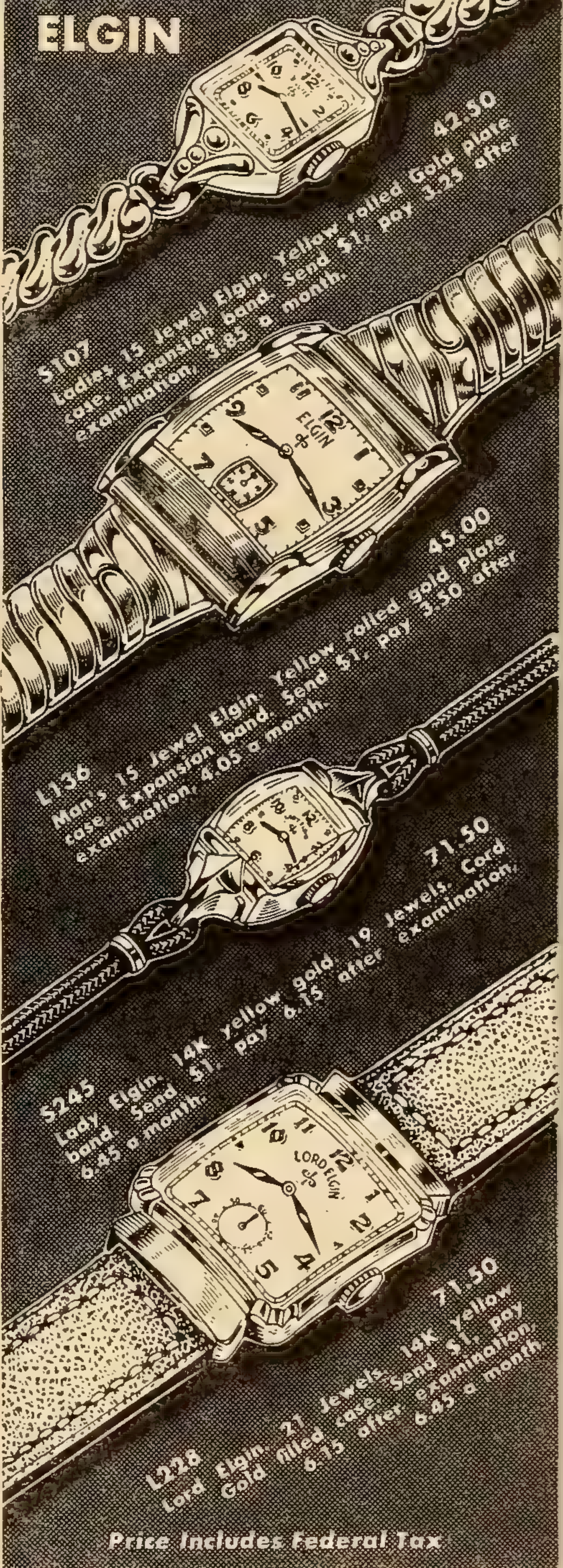
A407/C204 \$100
5 Diamond Engagement Ring, matching 5 Diamond Wedding Band. 14K yellow or 18K white Gold. Send \$1, pay \$9 after examination, \$9 a month.



D403 \$75
Man's Ring with 3 brilliant Diamonds. 14K yellow Gold. Send \$1, pay 6.50 after examination, 7.50 a month.



F172 17.50
1 carat genuine Zircon, 4 gleaming side Zircons. 14K yellow or white Gold. Send \$1, pay \$1 after examination, \$2 a month.



ELGIN

S107 42.50
Ladies 15 Jewel Elgin. Yellow rolled Gold Plate case. Expansion band. Send \$1, pay 3.25 after examination, 3.85 a month.

L136 45.00
Man's 15 Jewel Elgin. Yellow rolled gold Plate case. Expansion band. Send \$1, pay 3.50 after examination, 4.05 a month.

S245 71.50
Lady Elgin. 14K yellow gold. 19 Jewels. Cord band. Send \$1, pay 6.15 after examination, 6.45 a month.

L228 71.50
Lord Elgin. 21 Jewels. 14K yellow Gold filled case. Send \$1, pay 6.15 after examination, 6.45 a month.

Price Includes Federal Tax

SEND \$1 WITH COUPON — PAY BALANCE OF DOWN PAYMENT AFTER EXAMINATION

T. W. Sweet, 25 West 14th St. (Dept. M2)
New York 11, N. Y.
Enclosed find \$1 deposit. Send me No. _____
Price \$ _____. After examination, I agree to pay \$ _____ and required balance monthly thereafter until full price is paid, otherwise I'll return selection and you will refund my dollar.
NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____

New York's Largest Mail Order Jewelers
Established 1878

T.W. Sweet

MAIL ORDER DIVISION FINLAY STRAUS, INC.
25 W. 14th St., NEW YORK 11, N. Y. Dept. M2

R
M

CAN THEY

Stop the Music?

"They should!" say some.

"Impossible!" say the others.

Who will win the fierce battle

of the giveaways where there's

no such thing as a middle ground?

Are you wondering if your favorite giveaway program will have to leave the air? And, if it must, exactly why there is a ban against such shows? The controversy between the Federal Communications Commission and the broadcasting industry has made headlines of interest to all radio listeners. RADIO MIRROR now gives you an unbiased presentation of the facts in the case from which you may draw your own conclusions. Should giveaways leave the air, or are they a favorite form of radio entertainment the public has a right to hear?

As this issue goes to press, it is still uncertain just which giveaway shows are under fire. Because of the vague language of the FCC ruling, the broadcasting industry assumes the stipulation is directed against listener participation shows, such as Stop the Music, rather than against audience participation programs such as Queen For A Day. However, it is highly probable that all giveaway programs will be investigated before a decision is reached.

On August 18 the FCC passed down a ruling that certain types of giveaway programs, such as Stop the Music, were lotteries in violation of the United States Criminal Code. Therefore, they were to be banned from the air effective October 1. Immediately, the National and American Broadcasting Companies, and Radio Features, Inc. in Chicago filed counter suits, and on September 21 obtained restraining orders. These prevented the commission from enforcing its ruling until the courts could decide whether it was legal or not. The temporary postponement of the commission's ban makes it possible for the programs in question to be aired during the period of litigation.

The networks' main bones of contention center around two points. One, definition and interpretation of the term "lottery," and two, the extent to which the FCC should be allowed censorship of radio broadcasting.

The term "lottery" is defined as "distribution of prizes as determined by chance or lot, especially where such chances are allotted by sale of tickets, or other consideration." The networks interpret the phrase "other consideration" as meaning "other financial consideration." Therefore, according to the American Broadcasting Company, Stop The Music, Chance of A Lifetime, Kate Smith Calls, and Ladies Be Seated are not lotteries. Using this same interpretation, the National Broadcasting Company defends the legality of Hollywood Calling, Break the Bank, Take It or Leave It, Truth or Consequences, Double or Nothing and This Is Your Life, as does the Columbia Broadcasting System the legality of its Hit the Jackpot, Sing It Again, Winner Take All, Give and Take, Beat The Clock, and Grand Slam. Except for the "Hush" type contest occasionally (*Continued on page 77*)

Bert Parks, right, emcees Stop The Music, broadcast Sundays 8:00 P.M., EST; telecast Thursdays 8:00 P.M., EST, both over ABC stations.



Q as in LEWIS

"No one for us but Arthur!" cry Godfrey fans. "Except," they have begun to ad



Robert Q." Here's the cause of that amazing statement

By now everyone knows that the Q, which separates Robert and Lewis in the name of the studious-looking, glib-tongued young man with the horn-rimmed glasses and the yen to get married only he's too busy, doesn't stand for anything. It's just an initial. Robert put it there himself, one night as he stood before the microphone in a local New York station, about to say to listeners, "This is Robert Lewis . . ."

It sounded, all of a sudden, very bare. Almost indecent. Why, there were already six other Robert Lewises on the air, and they ran rampant in the Manhattan telephone directory. What Robert needed was something to distinguish him from all the rest, to make his name stand out, so that when he announced it listeners wouldn't stifle a yawn and ask, "Which one?"

Inspiration visited him in the form of the seventeenth letter of the alphabet. Clearing his throat and drawing himself up to his full five-feet-ten, Robert said, "This is Robert Q. Lewis speaking . . ."

It's been that way ever since. But the Q doesn't stand for anything, even yet. You'd think that a bright young fellow like Robert would have decided on a name long ago, something to back up that bare letter, to give it substance and reality. Some nice, dignified name—like, maybe, Quigley. Or Quartermaine. Or Quinters.

Feeling that Robert, although a very funny radio performer, (when he pinch hit for Godfrey last summer, listeners reacted with the kind of delight that usually does not mark the hiatus of a vacationing star) has been remiss in this one respect, it's the purpose of this story to find the fellow a middle name. And high time, too. Unlike the hit-or-miss proposition that naming a new-born baby always is, in this case there are facts to go on. Facts which begin on April 5, 1921, when he was born.

Aside from the fact that he's a born-and-bred New Yorker, a rare bird you often hear about but seldom see, Robert's childhood was just about like any other little boy's. Like any other little boy, he went to school, to dancing school, to Sunday school. Well, on second thought he didn't go to Sunday school *exactly* like any other little boy. He had a different way, as his mother found out one day when she ran into seven-year-old Robert's teacher on the street.

"How is Bobby getting along in your class?" she asked his teacher pleasantly. (Continued on page 92)



Robert collects totem poles and they collect dust. This leads to workouts with the vacuum, a chore his wife would do—if he had a wife. But what woman in her right mind would marry a totem pole collector? It's a vicious circle.



Christmas

At the happiest time
of the year, Ma Perkins
gathers together with
her family for a festive
holiday celebration



with Ma Perkins

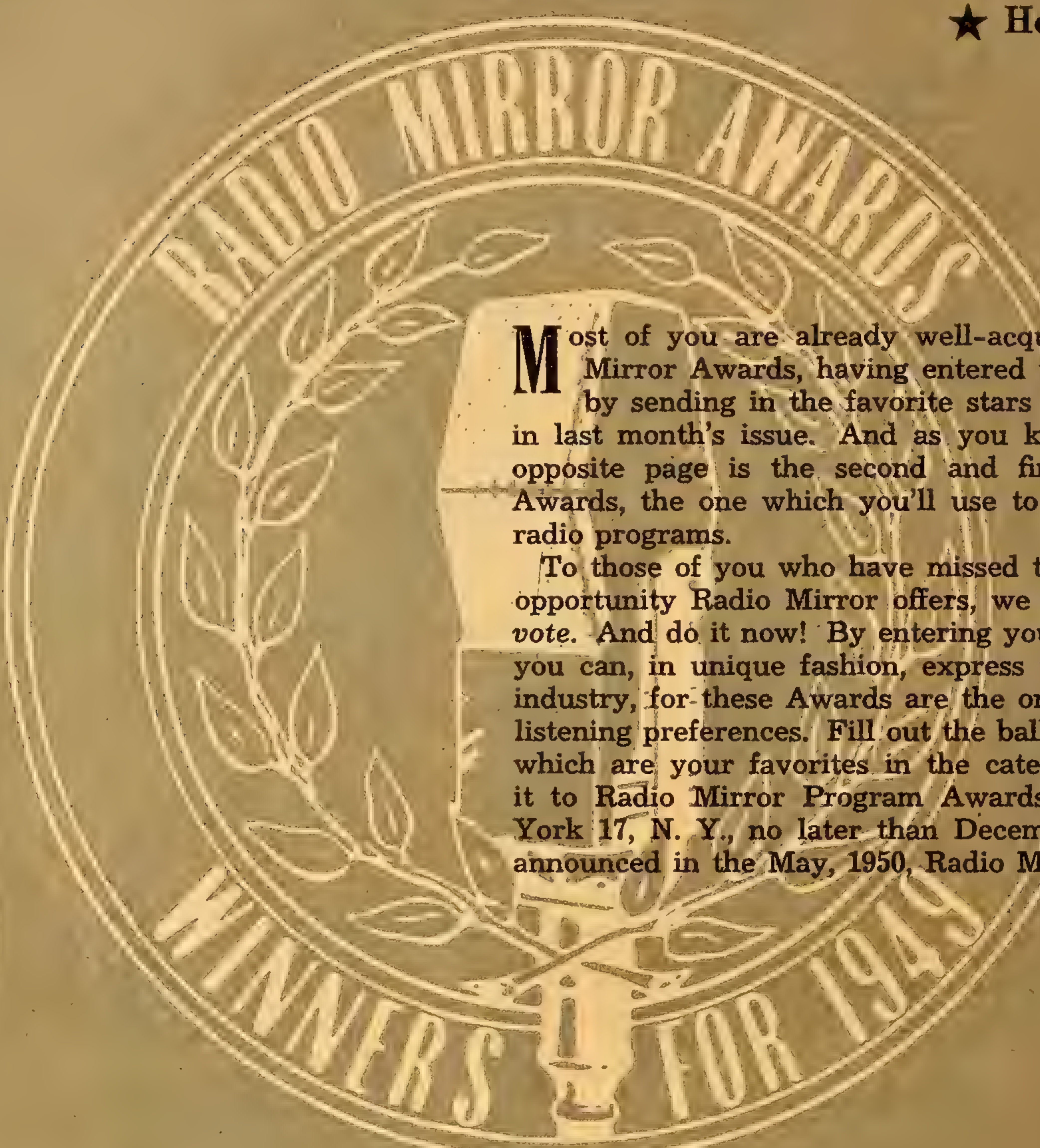


In her Rushville Center home, Ma Perkins pauses in the numerous preparations of the day to open Christmas gifts from an adoring family. Seated under the tree is Baby Paulette; her father, Willie Fitz, stands behind Shuffle's chair; the Fitz's son, Junior, is seated on Ma's right, Fay Henderson on her left. Behind Ma stand Evey Fitz and Joseph, Ma's adopted son. And Pa, whose presence, though not earthly, is always felt, seems to be looking on the happy scene with pride from his place over the mantel.

Ma Perkins is heard M. - F. at 1:15 P.M. EST on CBS.

The RADIO MIRROR

★ Here is the second and final



Most of you are already well-acquainted with the Radio Mirror Awards, having entered the third annual voting by sending in the favorite stars ballots which appeared in last month's issue. And as you know, the ballot on the opposite page is the second and final ballot in the 1949 Awards, the one which you'll use to vote for your favorite radio programs.

To those of you who have missed taking advantage of the opportunity Radio Mirror offers, we address a special plea: *vote*. And do it now! By entering your ballot in the Awards you can, in unique fashion, express your likes to the radio industry, for these Awards are the only ones reflecting *your* listening preferences. Fill out the ballot, listing the programs which are your favorites in the categories named and mail it to Radio Mirror Program Awards, 205 E. 42d St., New York 17, N. Y., no later than December 1. Results will be announced in the May, 1950, Radio Mirror.



AWARDS for 1949

Awards ballot—use it to vote for the radio programs which bring you the most listening enjoyment

VOTE FOR YOUR FAVORITE PROGRAMS

My Favorite
DAYTIME SERIAL is

My Favorite
CHILDREN'S PROGRAM is

My Favorite
DRAMATIC PROGRAM is

My Favorite
VARIETY PROGRAM is

My Favorite
MYSTERY PROGRAM is

My Favorite
AMATEUR PROGRAM is

My Favorite
QUIZ SHOW is

My Favorite
MUSICAL PROGRAM is

My Favorite
COMEDY SHOW is

My Favorite
EDUCATIONAL PROGRAM is

My Favorite
COMEDY STORY PROGRAM is

My Favorite
RELIGIOUS PROGRAM is

My Favorite (non-quiz) AUDIENCE PARTICIPATION PROGRAM is

I Think This Year's BEST NEW PROGRAM is

I Think The BEST PROGRAM on the air is

I Think The WORST PROGRAM on the air is

(It is not necessary to answer the following questions unless you have TV in your community.)

MY FAVORITE TELEVISION PROGRAMS ARE:

Program For Women

Variety Show

Comedy

Quiz Show

Children's Program

Amateur Program

Dramatic Program

Best TV Show on the air

(Cut out this ballot and mail to Radio Mirror Program Awards, 205 E. 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y., postmarked no later than December 1.)

OUR HAPPY

It's an old-fashioned holiday for the Harrises—and Phil's Dad says it's the best time of all the year for being a grandfather

Christmas portrait of a happy family: Phil and his father a background for the three girls they love best.



CHRISTMAS STORY



One of the joys of being a grandfather: Harry takes over the evening story-reading hour.

By HARRY P. HARRIS

Being a grandfather, let me tell you, is no cinch—that is, if you're interested in doing the job so that the children can point you out, with pride and warmth, as "That's my granddaddy." It involves all sorts of things, like knowing the answers to questions you've never heard before, solving problems that the philosophers have been pondering for generations, and being a high-grade combination of doctor, dentist, mechanic and mind reader.

But, on the other hand, being a grandfather is just about the most rewarding thing there is. And on special times, it's more fun than ever—times like birthdays, and Fourth of July, and Christmas. Especially Christmas. That's when being a grandfather really pays off big dividends in the kind of joy you can't get anywhere but from little children. That's when I'm proudest of all to hear Alice and Phil Harris's children call me Granddaddy!

It won't be long, now, until the big day. Already you can see the Christmas stars lighting up the eyes of little Alice and Phyllis, and the house is full of plans and preparations and secrets, and doors that are locked, and packages that are smuggled into the house and whisked out of sight.

(Continued on page 34)

Alice Faye and Phil Harris are heard every Sunday night at 7:30 EST, over National Broadcasting Company's stations.



Granddaddy is always called on to officiate at Alice's tooth-pulling bouts.

OUR HAPPY CHRISTMAS STORY

With my son, Phil, and his wife, Alice, Christmas starts long before the actual date, and about two weeks before the really intensive bustle gets under way. It starts for me about that time, too, because it's along about two weeks before Christmas that the children and I start scouting around the lots in the Valley, looking for the perfect Christmas tree for Alice and Phil's big living room. Pretty soon after that come the trips down to Hollywood Boulevard with the girls to watch the Santa Claus parade in the evenings. Yes sir, things'll begin to hustle around here pretty soon—and I don't mind saying that I'm just about as anxious as the kids are!

Baby Alice and little Phyllis are firm believers in Santa Claus—and I'm old-fashioned enough to want to keep it that way as long as we can—so it's sometimes pretty hard to find out what it is that'll make them happiest under that tree on Christmas morning. They've written their letters to Santa Claus and that's that as far as they're concerned, and unless you're good at mind reading on the side you have an awful time picking up clues. I took to carrying around a notebook early this season and jotting down hints as I picked them up.

Like a few days ago when, searching for inspiration, I climbed the stairs up to the children's wing and

looked in on them as they sat there in the nursery, busy as all get out. I went over to the tiny twin tables where they were sitting to get a peek over their shoulders, and found that they were pasting and painting the Christmas gifts they were making for their mother and father.

Those cute little merry-go-round lamps of theirs, on either side of the big stone fireplace, cast a pinkish glow on their downy blonde heads as they worked, a study in concentration. Miss Roclaire, their nurse, gave me an understanding wink as I stood behind Baby Alice and watched her laboriously lettering her mother's name on a cookbook cover.

Suddenly she looked down and discovered a dab of green paint on her fuzzy pink sweater. Her mouth rounded with woe, and she wailed, "It's the only pink sweater I've got, and I love it! Now what am I going to do?"

"Maybe Santa Claus will bring you another one," I soothed.

Phyllis looked up from the chicken she was painting on a bookmark for Phil. "I want a new sweater, too," she chimed in, as she always does—I guess it's natural for one to want what the other does.

So there was one hint. As I went back downstairs the girls had already returned to their work. I whipped out that notebook of mine and added to the list, "Sweaters, Pink. Fuzzy. Twin sweaters, maybe."

Incidentally, trying to think up gifts for my son and daughter-in-law is another tough problem. They seem to have everything. As of now, I haven't made up my mind, but I'm thinking about glassware. Alice and Phil entertain a lot, and glasses, no matter how many of 'em you have, have a way of getting broken and needing replacement. Yes, the more I think about it the better that sounds—maybe I'll take a run down to the stores a little later on and get that off my list. Assorted kinds of glasses, I'll get—to fit in with Alice and Phil's assorted entertaining. Alice loves getting things for her house—the most truly house-proud girl, in the nicest sense of the term, that I've ever run across.

And when Alice puts on her traditional Christmas dinner this year, I know from experience it'll be one that the guests, no matter how many of them—and there are bound to be a lot—won't forget until the next Christmas brings another such treat their way. There are sure to be guests, although Alice doesn't know, yet, how many—probably won't know, I'll venture a guess, until shortly before we sit down to the table. Alice and Phil, being such a family-loving, home-loving pair themselves, can't bear to think of others being lonesome, especially on Christmas, so the guest list is likely to grow and grow right up to dinner time!

Of course, the dinner's going to be the traditional one—centering around turkey, and carrying all the trimmings. It just wouldn't seem right to the kids without turkey, and Alice and Phil feel that Christmas is mostly the children's day. I agree with them. Discipline—in small doses, mind you—is fine the rest of the year round, but cut loose and spoil 'em good and plenty at Christmas, I say! They're young only such a little while, and it's such a time of enchant-

Grandpa isn't the only story reader in the Harris house. The girls think Phil's a pretty good one, too.



What, asks Alice, could be a better Christmas present for two little girls than two little puppies?



ment for them, when they live in a world of exciting new toys and wonderful surprises every other minute.

But just the same, they begin to understand the true, blessed meaning of Christmas pretty young, at that. I was telling you a little while ago about the day when Alice and Phyllis were making presents for their mother and father. That same day, a little later in the afternoon, Baby Alice came scampering down the stairs with her finished cookbook clutched tightly to her, just about at the boiling point of excitement and pleasure about her own handiwork.

"You know, Granddaddy, I just found out something!" She gave me her wonderful gap-toothed smile as I ruffled her hair and asked, "What is it you found out, honey?"

"It's almost more fun to give presents than to get them!" She looked at me anxiously. "Do you feel that way, too, Granddaddy?"

Yes, Baby—I feel that way, too. And she didn't know it, but she was giving me a present right then

and there—the gift of happiness that she'd stumbled, so young, on such an important discovery. Probably next year little Phyllis will make the same discovery, as most children do when they get to be six or seven. They learn what Christmas really means to all the world, what the true spirit of the season is.

I guess I'm a pretty lucky man to have such a son, such a daughter-in-law, such grandchildren to spend Christmas with. Come to think of it, with a family like that it's Christmas three hundred sixty-five days a year for a fellow like me—especially as far as the children are concerned. Their shining little faces, their bright, questioning eyes, are like a present to me every time I look at them.

Makes you sort of nostalgic, too, the holiday season does. You take to looking back through the years, thinking of the good times as even better than they were, and the bad times as not so bad after all.

For instance, the other day I was down on my knees at the shallow end of the swimming pool, looking for Baby Alice's front tooth. (That's one thing about the Christmas season in Holly- (Continued on page 86)

The Greatest Story Ever Told



THE ELEMENTS OF GREATNESS ARE IN THIS PROGRAM.

It was two years ago, in the Christmas season of 1947, that the Nativity was first re-enacted on *The Greatest Story Ever Told*, when the program was new. Immediately, letters poured in from all over the country, and they all struck the same note.

"It was so real," listeners wrote. "It was as if we were there ourselves."

Christmas Day, 1949, which falls on a Sunday, will hold an added beauty for the millions of listeners who will be able to hear the miracle of the Nativity dramatized on *The Greatest Story*. For them, more than ever, it will be the most urgent story ever told, because it can touch them in a way that only the modern miracle of radio makes possible.

This is what a young Midwestern housewife wrote, after hearing the first of last year's two Christmas broadcasts: "The wonder and awe of that Holy Night with the shepherds in the Judean Hills was portrayed so vividly, it was almost as if we were there ourselves. No sermon we ever sat through touched our very hearts as this program did."

And from an elderly, bed-ridden listener in the South: "I was there last Sunday—I forgot that I was listening to the radio and I found myself trembling with exaltation and delight as the magic words of the Angel Gabriel poured out into my room as if they were addressed to me."

The simple Hebrew shepherds to whom the fateful message was given that Holy Night as they beheld a new star in the sky could hardly have imagined this new wonder—that almost two thousand years later, millions upon millions of men, women and children would be listening together to the same marvelous words at the same time. These Americans have made *The Greatest Story Ever Told*, with its illuminating dramatizations of Christ's life and teachings, a part of their lives.

Ever since the program went on the air in the fall of 1947, more and more people have been drawing new inspiration and faith from the age-old lesson of brotherhood and peace which it re-tells. Last year, for example, New York's Governor Dewey wrote to Fulton Oursler, who first had the idea of using the best techniques of radio to present the mes-

sage of Jesus in concrete, human terms.

"If every American would listen, this would be a better country," wrote the Governor.

Last Christmas, the second of the two holiday programs concerned the search of the three wise men for the new-born Prince of Peace. Men of different lands, they had yet been able to join together in their common goal. Listening to the dramatization, a devoted listener got an idea.

"I don't see how anyone could resist the appeal of your program," she wrote in. "I'd like to try something which may seem foolish, but which I feel could do wonders for mankind in our sorely troubled world."

"I want to try—to make an attempt anyway—to get some of the world's key figures to hear your Christmas broadcast. I want to send them recordings of that program. Is it possible to get such recordings? I don't care how much it would cost."

The producers of the show wondered what to tell her. It happened that this program was not among those which were being made available for popular distribution on records. While they were wondering, the telephone in the office rang one morning, and their correspondent explained that she had just arrived in New York.

She explained, "My husband and I came here to meet a refugee child we've adopted. We'd like to get the recordings off at the same time."

The producer gulped and paused.

"Look," he said, "I wouldn't care if those recordings were made of diamonds and cost a king's ransom, I'll see to it that you get them with the compliments of our organization. There's just one question I have. How can you be sure that the big men you send them to will listen?"

He could almost "hear" the woman's gentle smile over the phone, he said later.

"This is the Christmas season, isn't it?" she asked. "This is the time we commemorate the greatest miracle of the world. Shall I have so little faith then as not to believe that somehow, some of these men, maybe some of their assistants, will listen?"

A few days later; (Continued on page 82)

The Greatest Story Ever Told is broadcast on Sundays at 5:30 P.M. EST, ABC.

AS IN ITS STORIES—TRUTH, BEAUTY, UNDERSTANDING...



Pauline awakens via double alarm system at 4 A.M.



5:10 A.M. and Pauline's waiting for the bus.

A woman—if she's Pauline Frederick—

can do a man's job, male prejudice

notwithstanding. Pauline proves it every day!

By MARTIN COHEN

"Women know of suffering so why shouldn't they be interested in news of floods, fires and other disasters? And can only men understand prices and supplies of goods when women must shop for the family food and clothing?"

That was the way Pauline Frederick answered Ted Malone during an interview when he asked her why she was trying to do a man's job. For Pauline who reports on Headline Edition and on her own news program five mornings a week at 8:50, is one of the rarest of human species existing in radio. She is the only woman reporter on all of the networks.

Legend has it that she got her first reporting job as a result of confusion on the part of a news editor who thought Pauline Frederick, the cinema actress of

yesteryear, was asking for an interview. Radio's Pauline, who neither resembles nor was related to the deceased actress, knows too well that her success was not due to any comedy of mixed identities. When ABC hired her, they defied a prejudice against female news announcers as old as radio itself. For Pauline it was a well-earned victory after many heartaches.

"Sometimes I almost gave up and would go off for a good long cry," she admits. "But it was the anger more than anything else that made me stick it out."

She felt it was a righteous anger, for there was no complaint about her ability—only the prejudice against women. Yet Pauline won in spite of the fact she has none of the hardboiled characteristics you might expect to find in a career woman who has had to fight for her



In a MAN'S

Pauline Frederick's news commentary may be heard every morning,

By broadcast time at 8:50, Pauline has breakfasted, studied latest news, made up her script and is ready to go.



At the U.N., Pauline meets Yemenite delegates.



She covers U.N. Assembly for ABC listeners.



Interviewing Kim Dong Sung, Korean observer.



And time for fun—entertaining friends at home.

World—

success. Tall and handsome, she displays a surprising softness and kindness that comes from a lifetime of living the Golden Rule. When other reporters got tough, Pauline found that she could answer them firmly by sticking to the virtue she respects above all: honesty.

"I believe in being a reporter, but with it all being womanly," she'll tell you. "And by being womanly I don't mean being a coy, kittenish female!"

In her extensive travels as a reporter, Pauline has never asked for any concessions but she also has refused to be brushed off merely because of her sex.

When the Air Force asked networks and newspapers to cover a B-29 mission to Uruguay, ABC assigned Pauline Frederick. Army brass frowned and, in effect, said, "This is not for women. (Continued on page 74)

BETWEEN THE



Be sure to listen to Ted Malone's program Monday through Friday afternoons, 3:55 P.M. EST over ABC.

Homespun Hero

The master complains that his little son
Considers him better than any one
Of the fabulous creatures that roam the
comics
Dispensing with various fates and
atomics;
The master would have you believe the
distress
He takes so much diligent care to profess
Over the fact his adoring lad
Thinks he's a miracle-working Dad . . .
As if that most elegant reputation
Wasn't three-quarters his own creation—
As if he could ever quite manage to hide
That bountiful feeling of fatherly pride!

—S. H. Dewhurst

Radio Mirror's Prize Poem

Home Place

You say you went back there? How did it look?
They've planted apples, as we wanted to,
Beside the kitchen window, dimmed the brook,
And screened the porch? I wonder how they knew
To do all that! We talked about it so,
And planned just how we'd fix things if we could,
I guess they almost couldn't help but know
From living in the house. Well, well, that's good.
It's nice to know they've realized all our wishes—
I know that woman does her housework well
Looking at apples while she dries the dishes . . .
I only hope they never have to sell.
Go look at it myself? Well, no. Somehow
I couldn't say goodbye again—not now.

—Jane H. Merchant

MARY JANE'S SONG

Cookies are chickens
And bunnies and pigs;
They're sugary stars
And whirligigs.

They're scalloped, they're crinkled
They're crispy and chewy;
They're cocoanut-crunchy
Or marshmallow-gooey.

Oh, everyone knows
They should never be plain;
And the best ones are frosted
To spell Mary Jane!

—Ethel Jacobson

RADIO MIRROR WILL PAY FIFTY DOLLARS

for the best original poem sent in each month by a reader. Five dollars will be paid for each other original poem used on Between the Bookends pages in Radio Mirror. Limit poems to 30 lines, address to Ted Malone, Radio Mirror, 205 E. 42, N. Y. 17, N. Y. Each poem must be accompanied by this notice. When postage is enclosed, every effort will be made to return unused manuscripts. This is not a contest, but an offer to purchase poetry for our Bookends pages.

BOOK FRIENDS

RACHEL'S GROVE

"We'll need a wind-break," Jacob said, the spring
They settled on the plain. "The blizzards here
Get quite a sweep without a tree or hill
To cut their force upon this whole frontier."

The pines above the sea were far behind,
And Rachel carried water to the shoots
Of cottonwood and willows Jacob found
Along School Creek, until they put down roots.

A century of winter wind has lunged
Against the stubborn trees of Rachel's grove,
But man and beast still find protection in
The quiet island that their branches wove.
—Maribel Coleman Haskin

For New Friends

Sing all the praises that you will
Of "friendships tried and true"—

But spare a note or two, I beg
For friends who still are new.
These only know us at our best
And never think absurd
Our telling over some pet joke
They had as yet not heard.
A year or so—the bloom will fade

And these (O sad to tell!)
Will join the rest, however dear,
Who know us all too well.
But in this golden interval
Their friendship is a star
By whose bright ray we seem
more wise,

More witty than we are!
—Virginia Scott Miner

TRACKS

A little boy delights in making tracks
On soft, new snow, a wave-washed
ocean shore,
Fresh-smoothed cement (when workmen
turn their backs)
A raked seed-bed, a scoured kitchen
floor.
And, when he's grown, this urge may
make him go
Exploring in some far, uncharted place.
A mountain slope, a jungle or plateau
May hold his tracks for weaker men to
trace.
And in some mapless region of the mind,
What helpful imprints he may leave
behind!

—Sudie Stuart Hager

My Love Song


My song is made
Of bits of money
Spent for fireshine,
Bread and honey,
Christmas candles,
Croquet wickets,
Valentines,
And circus tickets.
Garden roses,
Kitchen spoons,
Bingo prizes,
Toy balloons . . .
My song of love
Is made of shine
From anything
That's YOURS and MINE.

—Gladys Martin

FOR COLLECTORS ONLY

Some collect matches,
Postcards and folders,
Crazy-quilt patches,
Trivets and holders;
Idols and vases
Or condiment sets,
Viennese laces,
Frail statuettes;
Photos of screen stars,
Demi-tasse cups,
Elephants, bean-jars,
Porcelain pups;
Buttons or candles,
Money or stamps,
Knockers and handles,
Old copper lamps;
Bow-legged tables,
Hand-painted covers,
Parisienne labels,
Perfume and lovers;
Some collect cheeses,
And interesting tins—
But I collect wheezes
And wrinkles and chins.

—Cosette Middleton



When a Girl

How can I afford a child? That was the question asked by Mrs. G.T.N. in the September issue of RADIO MIRROR. And in overwhelming numbers our readers have answered, in effect, *how can you afford not to have one?* The best letter of all, I feel, was sent in by Mrs. Dorothy M. Greene, of Wollaston, Massachusetts. Here it is . . . and in Mrs. Greene's mailbox there's a RADIO MIRROR check for \$25.

Dear Joan Davis:

I am forty-two years old and childless by choice. My husband and I are deeply in love. We love children, but I had rheumatic fever five times; which left me with a permanently damaged heart. Nevertheless, if I were G.T.N.'s age today, with the great strides made in medical science, I would have a baby. My husband and I have had a marvelous life together—we are interested in the young people of our church and have been active with them. My husband is interested in the Boy Scouts . . .

However, here we are with nothing much to

look forward to but a rather lonely old age.

Why didn't we adopt children? Well, first the desperate depression prevented us. Then we were buying furniture, and other things: we wanted to 'give them everything.' So we waited. Then the war came, and we expected my husband to be drafted. So we waited. Housing was a problem in the immediate post-war period, and we did want to own our own home.

Now we are comfortably fixed. But we waited once too often. We are too old.

If G.T.N. is sincere, we advise her to have her baby as soon as possible. The right time to have a baby never comes if you think only in terms of material things. The bills are always with us—and life can so easily be wasted on non-essentials!

GRIN AND BEAR IT!

Dear Joan Davis:

I am a young married woman with two children.

Married

By
JOAN
DAVIS



Joan Davis, played by Mary Jane Higby, is the heroine of *When A Girl Marries*, heard M.-F. at 5 P.M. EST, NBC.

We live in a house owned by my husband and his mother, who lives with us. She has six other children and they all expect part of her estate when she dies, but they will not even take her to live with them for one week so that I may have a rest. She is seventy-seven and a semi-invalid. She is a very good mother-in-law in most respects but has her old country ideas on a woman's place. She was horrified when I taught my husband to change diapers when the children were born. But on the other hand she will see that I get most anything I want and need. But I am not allowed to correct the children in front of her—though I do it anyway for I do not want them spoiled and when they need discipline they are going to get it. Do you think I am wrong in forcing her other children to take her for one week between them? It means only one day apiece and will give me a rest in preparation for the winter when I usually have her in bed for five or six weeks.

Mrs. F. S.

(Continued on page 89)

Each month Joan Davis will answer your questions on any problem concerning marriage, except problems of health or law. No letters can be answered personally. Joan will choose from these letters each month a problem which she will ask you, the readers, to answer.

RADIO MIRROR WILL PAY \$25

to the person whose problem
letter is chosen and

ANOTHER \$25.00 WILL BE PAID

to the person submitting the best answer to that problem in the opinion of the editors, whose decision will be final. Letters must be postmarked not later than November 25. No letters will be returned. Address Joan Davis, Radio Mirror Magazine, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. Prize answers, with the name of the winner, will be printed each month. Winner of the prize for the month's best problem will be notified by mail, as those who submit problems usually prefer not to have their names used in the magazine.



RADIO MIRROR

TELEVISION

SECTION



MAN on the STREET

When Dan Peterson played football at Yale he little thought he was getting in training to handle New York's noonday crowds. Now, as DuMont's Man on the Street, he knows. Monday through Friday, 1:30 to 1:45, with walkie-talkie strapped on, he takes his post on Madison Avenue at 53rd Street while television cameras nose through second-floor windows above him. Without pre-arrangement, the crowd converges on Dan. Cab drivers slow down to listen and add a few words of their own. Ambulances and fire engines clang by, buses shriek to a standstill while passengers try to see what this 6' 3" 210-pounder is selling that makes customers come swarming.

The fact is that he's merely selling talk. Random opinions on what to do about Germany, whether Junior should monopolize the family car, if husband or wife should administer the finances. Home viewers often send in questions, and anybody with an opinion can express it over Dan's mike.

Folks from all over the world have joined the throng on Dan's corner. Visitors who have watched from their home cities make it a point to tell Dan so. Men have come up out of manholes to participate—literally! Dan took his mike over to a worker one day who was half below the street and half above, and got some stimulating opinions on the merits of the Marshall Plan. Dan believes in his program. "Gives people a chance to speak their minds," he says.



Dan Peterson draws as many crowds as a huckster with a red hot bargain. The only thing he has to sell, though, is talk.



Bob Dixon's TV personality may be dual, but these smiles prove it's no Jekyll-Hyde affair.



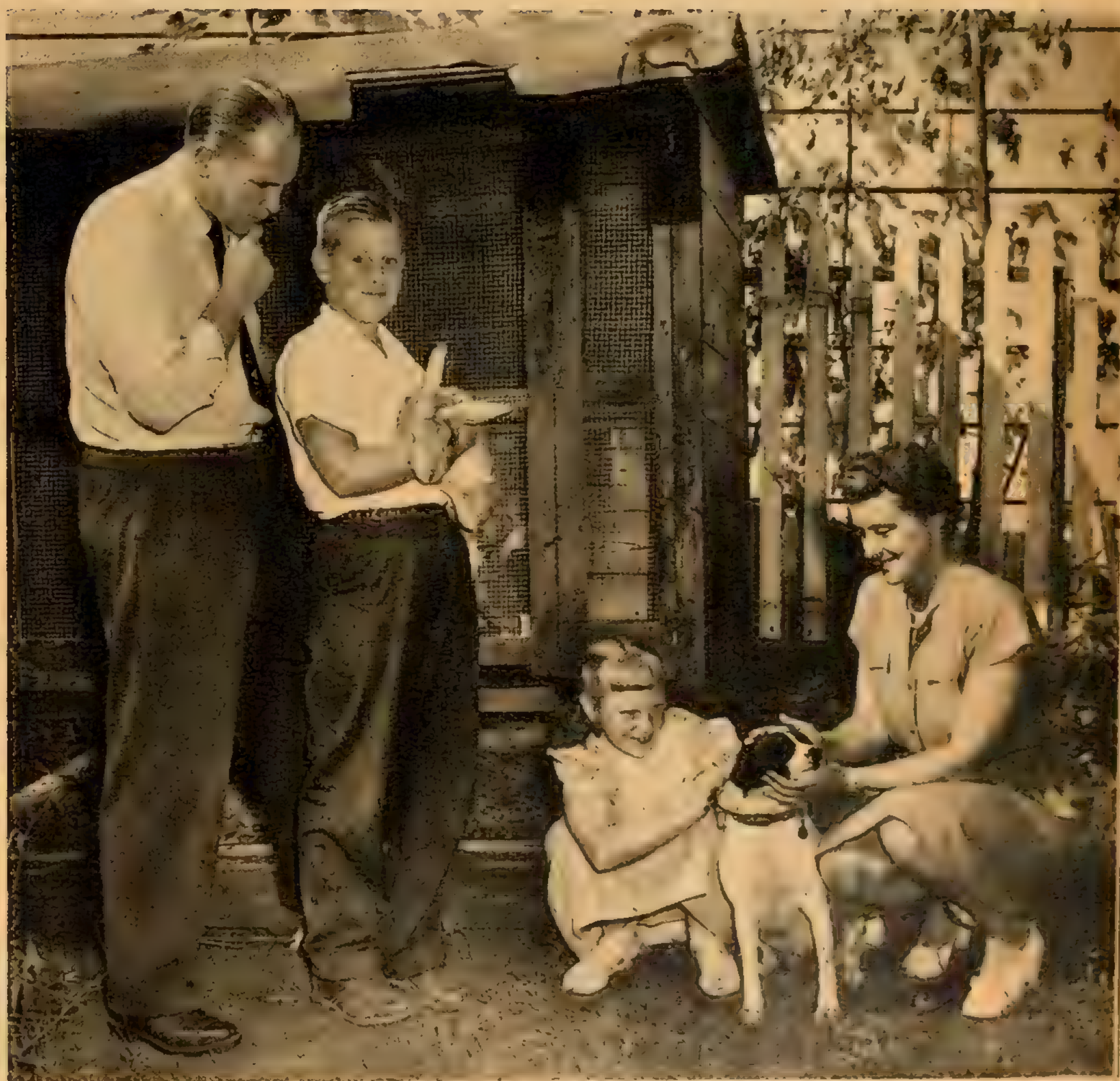
The SHERIFF and Mr. MITTENS

Persuading viewers to stop, look and listen to the commercial on a television program is often a bit of magic in itself. So what more natural, argued Bob Dixon, than to give them a real magic trick to keep them interested? He had a whole bag of such tricks when he began his Mr. Mittens stint on Irene Wicker's Singing Lady Show (ABC-TV Sunday night from 6:00 to 6:30 EST).

Bob got christened Mr. Mittens on the Singing Lady show because one chilly day in the studio he grabbed a child's mittens and stuck one on each ear. "Will you look at Mr. Mittens!" Irene jeered. The kids liked the name. Bob designed the suit and hat, appliqued with big mittens, that he wears on the show. "I'm not sure I want to take credit for it," he says. "I suspect my own kids think it's kind of corny."

Bob's kids are Roy, a big boy of fourteen, and eleven-year-old Roberta. "I don't get as much attention at home as I do at the neighbors'," Bob says. "My children take me and my job in their stride. They really like me best on my own program, as Sheriff Bob in Chuck Wagon (on CBS-TV Monday through Friday afternoons from 5:30 to 6:30 EST). That's because they like the authentic western stuff."

When the studio receptionist recently announced that a traffic policeman wanted to see Bob, he thought this might be one of his buddies from (Continued on page 85)



Bob's children are Chuck Wagon fans, but he claims they're much more interested in their own pets. Right, Mrs. Dixon.

John Cameron

1. "Your papers, John," Mrs. S. reminds him as he dashes off for train from Old Greenwich, Conn., to New York. Suzanne and John Cameron Jr. help send him off to his NBC-TV News Caravan chores.



2. All the way in to Grand Central Station his eyes stay fixed on the newspapers, as he marks items for further checking the moment he gets to his office.



6. After quick clothes change, Swayze lunches with Milton Caniff (creator of the popular Steve Canyon cartoon strip) and gets a tip on a hot news story.

Television's top commentator
counts every minute—for every
minute counts in the complex
job of keeping the world informed
on the state of its affairs

John Cameron Swayze, seen and heard on WNBT News Caravan, M.-F. 7:45 P.M. EST and on Who Said That? Sat., 9:00 P.M. EST, WNBT.



9. Swayze and director Thoman go over last-minute changes in news bulletins as cameraman sets up for close-up that opens Monday through Friday telecast.

RADIO MIRROR TELEVISION SECTION

Swayze - HIS DAY



3. Dashing into Radio City, he stops in NBC newsroom to scan late teletype bulletins.



4. The big job of condensing the news. Hat (right) holds things he'd forget to take home.



5. He uses newsroom's international clocks to check the time on important foreign news.



7. Back in newsroom he scans news film insert and plans commentary with director Clarence Thoman, TV news manager Ad Schneider, editor Ralph Peterson.



8. New note in newsroom furnishings is make-up table improvised on top of two-drawer file. TV reporters, seen as well as heard, must mask 5 o'clock shadow.



10. Saturday's Who Said That? show, with Bob Trout, is a cinch for well-informed Swayze. Guests here are Earl Godwin, the Quentin Reynolds, Bob Considine.



11. Swayze's family judges his programs at home. Wife watches his ties, tells which look best on TV. Conservative ones do, but he likes them loud!



Katrin (Rosemary Rice)



Nels (Dick Van Patten)



Aunt Jenny (Ruth Gates)



Uncle Chris (Malcolm Keen)

MAMA

The Hansens of San Francisco, after
many media, possibly have found
the most perfect one of all in TV

If you stop in at the big restaurant in New York's Grand Central Station almost any Friday evening you'll find a gay family party at a big round table in a corner. There will be Mama and Papa, teen-agers Katrin and Nels, and eight-year-old Dagmar. Aunt Jenny and Uncle Chris are usually present, together with any Hansen relatives and neighbors who may figure in that night's telecast about the American adventures of Norwegian-born Mama and Papa and their brood.

Seeing them seated happily around the dinner table in the one hour of rest they get between their all-day rehearsals and the actual CBS telecast of Mama, it's hard to believe they aren't really a family. In fact, you couldn't convince some people that they aren't. Peggy Wood, who plays Mama, reports that one of her friends heard a couple talking over the program one Friday night as they left a bar and grill that featured television. "It must be a real family," one of them was arguing hotly. "For to what else but a real family could all those things happen!"

Judson Laire, who plays Papa, thinks no real family could get along any better than the actors and the others responsible for the show.

"Everybody gets along with everybody else," he says, with a note of surprise in his voice that this sort of thing should be happening in the theater. "There are no quarrels. No one worries whether his part is large or small one week. He knows it will even up some other week.

Mama is telecast Fridays, 8:00 P.M., EST, CBS-TV.



Mama
(Peggy Wood)



Papa
(Judson Laire)

"We have a lot of fun there." And he pulls on his pipe contentedly, just as Papa does on camera when he is pleased with the world and his family.

It's a fact that everyone connected with the program seems pleased. Carol Irwin, who acquired the rights to enlarge on the original characters in Kathryn Forbes' book *Mama's Bank Account* is delighted with the scripts turned out by writer Frank Gabrielson. So is producer-director Ralph Nelson. So is Kathryn Forbes herself, who thinks Mr. Gabrielson has kept completely to the spirit of her characters. And all the players are pleased, too.

Mama made her TV debut last July 1, and only a few words have been cut out of any script in all these weeks. Actors are handed their scripts on Friday, come back on Tuesday with lines learned, knowing that they won't have to unlearn them again. "Outside of playing the classics, in which a line cannot be changed, this has never happened to me before in the theater," Peggy Wood marvels. Mr. Gabrielson, it seems, has an uncanny sense of timing.

Miss Wood, hereafter called Mama because all the people in this play are addressed on the set by their character names, was sitting in the old-fashioned green-papered parlor between scenes, crocheting a pink and white coverlet for a new baby. Next to her is the upright piano, and visible through the open door are the delicately scrolled cupboards, the bright-colored plates displayed on the plate rail, and the big dining table

where the Hansens gather for their television meals. And beyond that, is the stove where the coffee bubbles merrily in the big coffee pot.

Mama wears a costume copied from one in an old *Delineator* in the files of the Public Library. It is striped vertically in bright blue, and between the narrow stripes are little moss rosebuds with tiny green leaves. The neck is cut high, the waist narrow, the skirt long and full, and a bow ties it together at the back.

Mama's softly waving hair is worn high on her head, protected during rehearsals by a tightly wound veil. She goes on with her crocheting and tells you what fun it is to play the same character on a weekly television program, how much more satisfying it is than doing the same things and saying the same lines at every performance.

"When you play a role on the stage you have to study the words and actions of that character in the circumstances of that particular play, and you also have to decide what she would say and do in any other set of circumstances. Only in that way can you express in the round what the author has given you in, let's say, linear dimensions. But no actress can show how much she knows about the character she is playing until she has an opportunity like this, to play all its facets as the weeks go by."

So thoroughly has Peggy Wood become Mama that she's apt to slip into Mama's accent (carefully coached by the Norwegian Information (Continued on page 85)



Grand Ole Opry's Minnie Pearl, hat and all, joined Lee Hogan for a four-finger duet on KNBH's Designed for Women.



Triple-threat Jimmy Scribner (producer, writer, actor) uses all three talents on his Sleepy Joe show (KECA).



WAVE's Junior's Club, program for listeners, j.g., combines ventriloquism and guest stars from the animal world.

Coast to



Dream come true: NBC guide Beverly Phillips broke into TV with the Bonny Maid Versatile Varieties.

Tv Tidbits: Jack Benny is dipping his toes into television before he makes the dive off that radio springboard. Present plan is to make guest appearances and perhaps do a few shows of his own from the east, before taking the plunge into a regular TV program . . . Maybe you don't remember it, but Ed Sullivan, now host of CBS-TV's Toast of the Town, was the fellow who brought Benny to the mike for his first radio broadcast, back in 1932 . . . Paul Tripp, Mr. I. Magination of the Sunday night CBS-TV show, wrote the well known musical story for children called "Tubby the Tuba" . . . The O'Neills, lately transplanted from radio to television by DuMont, is based on the doings of an actual Long Island family by the same name. Famous graduates of roles in the radio version are Cornel Wilde, Martha Scott, Jay Jostyn and Richard Widmark. Widmark was fired from his role, however. "Unsuitable," they said of the fellow who is now the dream-boy of millions of movie-goers! . . . Pretty model Terry Thomas won the Miss Telegenic contest from a total of twenty-one other comely contestants at the big Waldorf-Astoria party that Motorola gave to launch its 1950 television line. Judges included pulchritude experts Earl Wilson, Al Capp, Harold Lloyd, Freddie Martin, CBS cast-

Coast in TELEVISION



Ex-gridiron great, Tom Harmon, who carried the ball for Michigan, will do UCLA games for KECA.



Maggi McNellis, Leave It to the Girls femcee, had to develop whole new wardrobe techniques for video.

ing director Eleanor Kilgallen and Paul V. Galvin, Motorola's president. The door prize, a 1950 television console, was won by an NBC man who looked as smug as anything as he gazed on his king-sized loot.

* * *

Beverly Phillips, at twenty-one, is on her way to where she wants to go in television. A few months ago she was pursuing her job as a guide at Radio City, New York, when her friend Carol Ohmart told her that a third Bonny Maid was needed on George Givot's Versatile Varieties show (NBC-TV every Friday from 9 to 9:30). Beverly auditioned and got the job, joining Carol and the original Bonny Maid, Anne Francis. Now the three girls sing and act out the commercials that are an integral part of the show.

Beverly is a pretty blue-eyed blonde who came east from Salt Lake City on a Rotary Club scholarship for further study in music and dramatics. She had been working with a theater group in Salt Lake and had been on the radio two years, so joining Radio City's guide staff was merely her way of being on the premises when an audition came up. Her friend Carol is a stage and radio veteran too,

starting at three in a song and dance act and joining radio at thirteen. Being chosen Miss Utah, and runner-up to Miss America in 1946, brought her to New York and big city radio and TV.

The third member of the trio, Anne Francis, is Bonny Maid herself. Anne's experience in television goes back to 1941, but she too was a radio veteran before she was eight. You'll see Anne in the movies soon, in a picture with Paul Henreid called "Runaway."

To get back to Beverly, the girl who started us off on this little piece. Maybe you think that now she's in television Radio City has lost an efficient guide. 'Tain't true! A good job is a good job to a girl on her way up, and Beverly is hanging on to both of them.

* * *

"Television," says Maggi McNellis, "has brought about a fashion revolution." Miss McNellis speaks with some authority, for she is already a TV vet and is currently seen as narrator of "Leave It to the Girls," heard via NBC-TV on Sundays at 8:30 P.M.

"I had to completely replenish my wardrobe for television," says Maggi. (Continued on page 81)

Through the Years with

JUST PLAIN BILL



1. The three persons nearest Bill Davidson's heart are his daughter, Nancy; her husband, Kerry Donovan and their son, Wiki. Their love for Bill is equally strong.



2. Kerry is reckoned the best of lawyers by Hartville and the nearby county seat of Hiawatha, where he has his office. Kerry often finds Bill's advice a big help.

Just Plain Bill" Davidson, the local barber in Hartville, is beloved of the townsfolk for his many kindnesses and help. The story of Bill and his friends is similar to that of people we all know. Playing their parts as you hear them on the air are:

Bill Davidson.....Arthur Hughes
Nancy Donovan.....Ruth Russell
Kerry Donovan.....James Meighan
Elmer Eeps.....Joe Latham
Dorothy Nash.....Theresa Keene
Ned Shepherd.....Cliff Carpenter

Just Plain Bill, conceived and produced by Frank and Anne Hummert, is heard over NBC, Monday through Friday, at 5:30 P. M., EST.

Radio Mirror reviews the life
of a man devoted to kindness and good
deeds. He could be anybody's
neighbor in anybody's town, but Hartville
knows him as Just Plain Bill



JUST PLAIN BILL

THROUGH THE YEARS with JUST PLAIN BILL

(Continued)



4. Bill gives his old friend, Elmer Eeps, a shave. Elmer keeps the general store across the street and also keeps up with the village gossip, which he always passes along to Bill. The years have mellowed the close friendship between Bill and Elmer and both enjoy it to the fullest.



5. There are times when even the local representative of the law, Sheriff Roberts, calls on Bill for help. Here, Nancy and Kerry admire Bill's deputy badge which shines with sympathy as well as justice. Bill's reputation for fairness has never been challenged.



3. Nancy and Kerry's little boy, Wiki, is the apple of his grandfather's eye. And Wiki, in turn, doesn't think there is anyone quite like the man Hartville calls Just Plain Bill. On Christmas Eve, after the stockings have been hung and the packages wrapped, Bill observes his long-standing custom of reading *'Twas The Night Before Christmas*. Wiki sits in rapt attention on his grandfather's lap while Wiki's admiring parents look on. Bill's love for them—and their love for Bill—is typical of every American family.



6. Highly respected by all his fellow citizens, Bill is frequently asked to speak on such occasions as Memorial Day or the Fourth of July. With his simple words of faith and his homespun philosophy, Bill's messages touch every heart in his engrossed audience.



7. Among the many who have come to Bill and found an answer to their problems were Dorothy Nash and Ned Shepherd. Their young lives were in danger until Bill showed them the way to happiness. Hartville's love for Just Plain Bill Davidson continues to grow.

Come and Visit



Linda and Tony flank their parents as Kelley, the nurse and Nora bring up the rear on a walk around the grounds. Despite five acres and a swimming pool, the Hope home is unpretentious by Hollywood standards and does not reflect Bob's great earning power.



The Hopes found out that canine Chuckie's mixed ancestry didn't prevent his having thoroughbred qualities.



Dolores and Bob, by keeping their private life simple, are able to make the most of whatever free time they have.

BOB HOPE

By PAULINE SWANSON

Radio's busiest comedian does find time for his family but just *how* he does it, nobody knows

Dropping in on the Bob Hopes at home is an experience unlike anything else that can happen to a visitor in Hollywood.

And a first-time guest would do well to prepare himself with a sedative and a good night's sleep.

In the first place, finding the Hopes at home all together and all at once takes some doing.

On weekends or during school vacations, Mrs. Hope and the children are generally to be found at

the family's winter hideaway in Palm Springs, or at the house on Balboa Bay where they escape for a little peace and quiet in the summer. And, of course, Bob, himself, is as apt to be phoning in from Tokyo or Berlin as relaxing in his big armchair by the fire.

But when the Hopes *are* at home—and home is a vast and confusing establishment on five walled-in acres in North Hollywood—they are home with a vengeance. (Continued on page 78)

The healthy, handsome Hope family poses for its portrait: Bob and Dolores, Tony and Linda. Missing are little Kelley and Nora—they probably had more exciting things to do.



The Sugar Plum CHRISTMAS



By EVELYN FIORE

Sadly Julie thought: They'll

open their gifts, full of eagerness,

and what will they find? Socks

and shirts! Children want toys at

Christmas—there must be some way

to make their dreams come true . . .

On the crest of a hill on the outskirts of Glenwood stands the orphanage, Hilltop House. It's not a large place—which makes it easier for the supervisor, Mrs. Grace Dolben, and her young assistant, Julie Paterno, to create an atmosphere of friendly security for their young charges. There's a family feeling at Hilltop House; even Michael Paterno, Julie's lawyer husband, has a share in it as a member of Hilltop's Orphanage Board.

Right now Clementine, who's six and a half, is Hilltop's youngest. Julie and Mrs. Dolben fear that things are going to be harder for Clem than they are for the other children for, although she came to them as an orphan, she refuses to believe that her father, a soldier, died overseas; she talks constantly of the "family" she'll belong to when he returns. Out of Clementine's deep desire for someone of her own to love—and out of Mike's Christmas inspiration—grew the Hilltop House story which Radio Mirror has fictionized for its readers as this month's Reader Bonus.

The sharp late-fall wind sent dry leaves bowling along the streets of Glenwood, and whipped smartly around the old white house on the crest of the hill. Julie Paterno, who had been looking out of a window at the stripped trees, felt suddenly bleak. With a slight shiver she dropped the curtain and turned back to the warm room.

Over in one corner, Dolbie—Mrs. Grace Dolben, supervisor of Hilltop—was still murmuring aloud at her desk over a laundry list; in another, Julie's husband Michael sat half-nodding over a book. And upstairs, Julie thought, Hilltop's children are asleep—as happy and as comfortable as Dolbie and I can make them. What's the matter with me?

Moving quietly in order not to disturb Dolbie, Julie crossed the room and settled on the arm of Michael's chair. "At times like this I wish Hilltop House were Valleybottom House," she whispered. "We're so exposed and unprotected up here."

Hilltop House is heard Monday through Friday
at 3:15 P.M. EST, over CBS network stations.



Trying to picture Christmas for Mary Ann, Julie could envision it the way it should be—the way it *must* be, this year. She saw Dolbie, Michael, herself, surrounded by bright, happy faces. “Christmas is sharing,” she said. “Christmas is love!”

Before Michael could answer, Dolbie looked up crossly from her list. “Never mind whispering. I can’t make it come right anyway. Julie, did we or did we not have six pairs of size four overalls only last week?”

Julie did a quick mental count and nodded. “I think there were six. Yes—I remember folding them. Clementine outgrew hers last month, and I was thinking I’d put them away among the stores because now that Butch has been adopted it doesn’t look as if we’ll need any size fours for a while.”

“That’s what I thought,” Dolbie said even more crossly. She held up her list as though it were on trial

for some crime. “This shows only five in the store closet. And there was that heavy sweater that disappeared last week. Heavens, this orphanage isn’t the richest place in the world, that we can afford to start losing things. Michael—you get busy and find out what’s going on.”

“Not me,” Michael said promptly. “I’m purely a legal-type lawyer. What you have in mind is one of the lawyer-detectives like Perry Mason. You find me the criminal and I’ll prosecute, but that’s all.”

The room settled back into quiet, broken only by an occasional irritated sound (Continued on page 94)



Christmas goodies designed to delight: the brownies (left center) and ginger cookies (in cornucopia) are Nancy's own recipes.

Christmas

IN THE

Kitchen

THE HOLIDAY KITCHEN

Christmas is the nicest day of the year at our house. On Christmas Eve, six-year-old Billy and three-year-old Alice develop a case of restlessness—and the whole house wakes up at dawn. The day begins with pretty packages, wonderful gifts and the glorious tree.

We have a very special custom in the Craig family. We always decorate our tree mostly with presents—small, inexpensive gifts for unexpected guests, old or young. Most of these presents are from the kitchen. I make tiny jars of jelly and decorate the tops with straw flowers. The jar top is then dipped in paraffin and it makes a dainty package. The jelly sparkles like a bright tree ball.

And ginger cookies! These always seem especially sweet, because the children make them. I mix the dough and roll it out—and Billy and Alice cut out all their favorite turkeys, trees and gingerbread men. These are wrapped to go on the tree.

During the holiday season, we always keep cookies and candy on hand. Friends drop in and it's wonderful to be able to dash into the kitchen for some special treat. The fudge squares head the list—but important, too, are the traditional candies, the rich, light fruit cake. Springerle, the Swedish Christmas cookies, always cause comment. I like to make all things in double batches in advance. Half goes to friends, near and far away, as presents. The rest we keep for eating and for guests.

We feel that the most fun of Christmas lies in preparing for it—and a Kitchen Christmas, with the children helping, is one of the best!

CRISP GINGER COOKIES

1 cup shortening	4 cups sifted flour
1 cup brown sugar, firmly packed	1 teaspoon soda
1 egg	1 teaspoon salt
1 cup dark molasses	4 teaspoons ginger
1 tablespoon vinegar	dash cayenne pepper (optional)

Beat the shortening until light and fluffy. Add sugar a little at a time, beating until light. Beat in egg, molasses and vinegar. Mix and sift flour, soda, salt and ginger and cayenne. Combine with sugar-shortening mixture. Chill. Working with a small amount at a time, roll very thin on floured board and cut out with floured fancy cutters. Bake on cookie sheet in moderate oven (350° F.) 8 minutes. Makes about 5 dozen cookies.

(Continued on page 100)



By
NANCY CRAIG

Heard at 1:15 P.M. EST,
Mon. - Fri., on ABC.
(Recipes tested by the
Macfadden Kitchen)

RADIO MIRROR
FOOD COUNSELOR

DAYTIME DIARY

For the benefit of those of you who didn't become acquainted with it last month, Daytime Diary is a new Radio Mirror Reader Bonus designed to bring you reviews of the latest events in daytime dramas. If you've missed listening to one of your favorite serials lately, Daytime Diary will keep you in touch with what went on during the period when you weren't able to listen. If you want more information about a certain program before tuning it in, Daytime Diary supplies that information. Whatever your reason, you'll find that Daytime Diary is a handy guide in charting a course for daytime drama listening.

These pages contain all but a few daytime drama reviews. As was noted last month, all daytime radio dramas are brought to you by sponsors, who work through advertising agencies. Before including a review in Daytime Diary, Radio Mirror must have the cooperation of the sponsor and the agency that handles the show. We still have not been able to include a few of the shows as this issue goes to press. But the editors are confident that eventually you'll have reviews of *all* the dramas. A complete Daytime Diary is Radio Mirror's goal!

BACKSTAGE WIFE



Larry Noble
heard on
NBC 4 P.M.

CAST: Mary Noble, married to Larry Noble, handsome actor; Larry Jr., their small son; Tom Bryson and Maude Marlowe, who are frequent visitors at the Noble home in Rosehaven, Long Island.

BACKGROUND: Mary does not like to interfere with Larry's career, but lately she has been trying to help. The summer theater production in which Larry starred was so successful that everyone feels it could be a success on Broadway as well. Larry and his friends have been trying for some time to find an "angel"—somebody who will put up

the necessary money for such a venture. RECENTLY: It looks very much as if wealthy Rupert Barlow is really impressed by Larry's play. His response to Mary's efforts to capture his interest has been most gratifying. Neither Mary nor Larry suspects the true position—that Rupert's interest has indeed been aroused, but more by Mary herself than by Larry's play. In fact the beautiful press agent Rupert hired has a dual purpose; Rupert hopes to throw Beatrice Dunmore and Larry together so adroitly that the Noble marriage will be broken up.

BIG SISTER



Ruth Wayne
heard on
CBS 1 P.M.

CAST: Ruth Wayne, "big sister" to her friends; Dr. John Wayne, her husband; Dr. Reed Bannister, whose friendship with John has been marred by many clashes; Valerie, Reed's wife; Parker, a millionaire whose greatest pleasure lies in wielding power. BACKGROUND: Two years ago, John, suffering a mental disturbance, vanished from Glen Falls and from Ruth's life. By the time he returned she was almost ready to turn to the arms of Reed, who had always loved her. But she reestablished her home with John, and Reed married Valerie.

RECENTLY: Reed had once falsely accused John of jealousy. Now, if he made the accusation, it would be true; John is finding that he cannot stand competition with Reed. He leaves the Health Center, of which Reed is the head, and becomes personal physician at a fabulous salary to Parker, though he dislikes and distrusts him deeply. And his nervous strain becomes so apparent that Valerie stops coming to him for her prenatal care. Apprehensively, Ruth notes the signs that point to trouble. Will John fail her once more, as he did two years ago?

BRIGHTER DAY



Rev. Richard Dennis
heard on
CBS 2:45 P.M.

CAST: Elizabeth Dennis, who will always feel responsible for the rest of her family; her father, the Rev. Richard Dennis; her brother, Gray; her sisters, Patsy, Babby (the youngest) and glamorous Althea.

BACKGROUND: Since time after time her efforts to get to Hollywood have been frustrated, Althea decides to do the second best thing and marry wealthy, adoring Bruce Bigby, thinking that somehow his father's money may come in handy for her Hollywood plans.

RECENTLY: For a time it looks as though

Althea has guessed wrong, for Mr. Bigby is so furious at the unexpected marriage that he threatens to cut Bruce off. But as Liz and the rest of the Dennises watch with worried but admiring eyes, Althea goes to work on the Bigby family and—as always—her charm is successful. In no time at all, Mr. Bigby agrees not only to reinstate Bruce in his affections but to finance both him and Althea until Bruce can finish college in an Eastern town. But the crisis leaves Liz wondering . . . just what kind of person has little Althea grown up to be?

DAVID HARUM



Aunt Polly Benson
heard on
CBS 3:00 P.M.

CAST: David Harum, one of Homeville's most beloved citizens; Aunt Polly Benson, his sister, who shares his big white house on Catalpa Street—and all his problems; Mrs. Elaine Dilling, who comes to Homeville on business with her daughter, Dorothy, and Dorothy's fiance, Jack Wallace.

BACKGROUND: Because David is president of the Homeville Bank, he's an important person in Homeville. But he would be important anyway, because he has a talent for helping out in other people's troubles.

RECENTLY: Homeville is a small town, and

when Mrs. Dilling, with her daughter and the young man named Jack Wallace, arrive in town, it isn't long before the news gets around that they have come to claim an inheritance. In making their claim, they have to have dealings with the Homeville Bank, of which David is president—and this means trouble for David. For there is something peculiar about the two young people—something—so sinister that even Dorothy's mother seems to be afraid of them. What will David discover when he learns about the background of these newcomers?

FRONT PAGE FARRELL



Sally
heard on
NBC 5:45 P.M.

CAST: David Farrell, the newspaperman who's known as "Front Page" Farrell; Sally Farrell, his charming and devoted wife.

BACKGROUND: David Farrell who is by profession a reporter—in fact, the *New York Eagle's* star reporter—can't seem to keep from being a detective too; and where David goes, Sally follows, especially if she thinks the man she loves may be going into danger. Besides, Sally used to be a newspaperwoman herself, and she's just as curious as her husband is.

RECENTLY: There's a certain sixth sense

without which no reporter can be a success—the talent for being right on the spot before the news is made. David has this talent in abundance. In fact, it was David and Sally who found the body of a murdered man in a night club, a discovery which led to many startling developments. Working closely with the police, David and Sally uncovered the trail of a gigantic gambling ring, and the stories David was able to give the *Eagle* as a result of his inside knowledge of the case have considerably enhanced his already enviable reputation.

GUIDING LIGHT



Charlotte Brandon
heard on
CBS 1:45 P.M.

CAST: Charlotte Wilson Brandon, who realizes that in spite of all her efforts her marriage to lawyer Ray Brandon is entering a period of crisis; Julie, Ray's first wife, to whom he shows signs of turning for comfort; Sid Harper, actor's agent who once managed Charlotte's radio career, and has never stopped loving her.

BACKGROUND: When Charlotte and Ray were married, she hoped against hope that he had forgotten Julie. And her hopes seemed justified, especially when they adopted Chuckie and became a real family.

But now Chuckie has been taken from them as his real parents fight over his custody, and Charlotte is afraid that the barrenness of their married life will drive Ray back into Julie's arms.

RECENTLY: Waking to day after day of emptiness, Charlotte begins to go to pieces. Unsure of Ray's love, she confesses to Sid Harper that she thinks all that keeps Ray with her now is his kindness. A child at least would fill her arms and her heart, but there is no child . . . and Sid wonders how to help her fill the meaningless days of her life.

HILLTOP HOUSE



Michael Paterno
heard on
CBS 3:15 P.M.

CAST: Julie Paterno, assistant to the supervisor, Grace Dolben, at the orphanage called Hilltop House; Michael Paterno, Julie's lawyer husband, a member of Hilltop's board; Hilltop's children.

BACKGROUND: It's the aim of Julie and Mrs. Dolben to provide a real home for the children of Hilltop, rather than an institution. And the children respond to Julie's understanding treatment by giving her their confidence.

RECENTLY: For once, the problems of Hilltop have taken second place in Julie's mind

as she struggles with a major difficulty in her own marriage. She has never told Michael much about Kevin Burke, the man she was in love with years ago. But Michael has sensed that the affair left a deep mark on Julie, and is very disturbed when once again Kevin comes into Julie's life. Now a widower, Kevin is about to undergo a dangerous operation, and has begged Julie to take care of his little boy. Fortunately there is room for the youngster at Hilltop . . . but what will his coming do to the marriage of Julie and Mike?

JUST PLAIN BILL



Nancy Donovan
heard on
NBC 5:30 P.M.

CAST: Bill Davidson, barber of Hartville; Nancy, his daughter; Kerry Donovan, the young lawyer Nancy married; Wiki, their son; Wesley Franklin, who may be about to ruin Bill's friend John Ross; Karen, John's daughter, who hopes to captivate Franklin; Vera, Franklin's downtrodden wife.

BACKGROUND: Wesley Franklin's return to Hartville has meant trouble for John Ross, for Franklin knows how to use his money to get the things he wants. He has retained Kerry to look after his expanding Hartville interests.

RECENTLY: Bill Davidson is patiently trying to convince lovely Karen Ross that her campaign to flirt with Franklin can only lead to grave trouble for everyone, but Karen can see no other way to save her father's business. She receives support for her plan from a very surprising quarter—Vera, the neglected wife of Franklin, seems actually anxious to encourage his interest in Karen and makes opportunities for them to be together. Meanwhile Nancy and Kerry are caught between the two factions, since Kerry must be loyal to the man who is paying him.

LIFE CAN BE BEAUTIFUL



Papa David
heard on
NBC 3:00 P.M.

CAST: Papa David, whose own life proves that life can be beautiful; Chichi, the waif who some years ago found shelter in Papa David's "Slightly Read Book Shop" and has grown up to be like a daughter to him; writer Douglas Norman, Chichi's fiancé; Chuck Lewis, leader of a youthful "gang" which is causing considerable worry in Papa David's neighborhood.

BACKGROUND: Sooner or later, all community problems find their way to Papa David's Book Shop. But Chuck Lewis and his gang of young desperadoes are some-

thing new in Papa David's experience, for these youngsters may be not merely delinquent, but dangerous.

RECENTLY: Years ago, before Papa David took her in, Chichi used to run with a "gang." She knows, first-hand, the kind of home that forces a youngster into the street—the loneliness that drives him into banding together with others of his kind. Because she understands Chuck Lewis, it's Chichi who gains his confidence, her instinct triumphing over the kindly efforts of those older and wiser than she—but without her experience.

LORA LAWTON



Theodore Blaine
heard on
NBC 11:45 A.M.

CAST: Lora Lawton, who works in a New York dress shop and shares an apartment with May Case; Theodore Blaine, millionaire whose interest in Lora infuriates actress Rosalind Ray; Ira Cullen, Blaine's lawyer; Sidney Markey, Rosalind's manager.

BACKGROUND: The glamor and excitement that wealthy Theodore Blaine brought into Lora's life are not without danger—both emotional and physical danger. Rosalind Ray is a temperamental, ruthless woman who apparently will stop at nothing to remove Lora as a rival for Ted's affections.

RECENTLY: Rosalind's truly deadly earnestness was brought home to Lora by the recent accident in which Lora might have been seriously injured. Ira Cullens, suspecting that "accident" may not be the right word, is determined now to protect Lora from whatever Rosalind may have in mind. But Rosalind, bent on getting Lora out of Ted's life, is a dangerous adversary—particularly since she has the support of her wily manager, Sidney Markey. They may find a way to make Ted forget Lora . . . or to get her out of the way.

LORENZO JONES



Belle Jones
heard on
NBC 4:30 P.M.

CAST: Lorenzo Jones, who would rather invent than eat—almost; Belle, his wife, who wants Lorenzo to be happy—but who definitely likes to eat.

BACKGROUND: No matter what kind of job Lorenzo has, his real work is inventing. One day, he's convinced, one of his brain-children is going to make a million dollars for him and Belle. For years Jim Barker, owner of the garage where Lorenzo is a mechanic, suffers along with Lorenzo's ups and downs, but all of a sudden his patience gives out . . . and so does Lorenzo's job.

Belle goes to work at Madame Cunard's beauty salon, but when Madame criticizes Lorenzo, Belle flares up. So she has no job.

RECENTLY: Things look grim for the Joneses with both of them out of work. But Lorenzo, to everyone's surprise, comes home one day with a new job. He has gone to work as a foreman for the building concern of Trapp and Sweeney. Both he and Belle are delighted at his prospects. But there's something strange about Trapp and Sweeney . . . something that may mean trouble ahead for Lorenzo and Belle.

MA PERKINS



Ma Perkins
heard on
CBS 1:15 P.M.

CAST: Ma Perkins, whose simple, kindly heart is always open to anyone in trouble; Evey and Fay, her daughters; Shuffle Shogran whose friendship with Ma's family dates back far into the past; Joseph, the boy whose close resemblance to the son Ma Perkins lost years ago has won him a unique place in her life; Alfred Sinclair, a successful writer; Ann Morrison, his glamorous secretary.

BACKGROUND: Some men can love only once, and when his adored Starr died, Joseph felt that his time for love was over.

But with the coming of Ann Morrison, something has awakened in Joseph's heart.

RECENTLY: How, Joseph wonders, can Ann be interested in him? Surely he must appear clumsy and countrified beside the urbane, brilliant man with whom she travels and works. And yet . . . she seems to like him very much indeed. It's strange—so strange, indeed, that even Ma is wondering about it. In fact, she's wondering about Sinclair himself. What is he doing in quiet Rushville Center? And why is he so anxious to become friendly with Ma Perkins?

MARRIAGE FOR TWO



Roger Hoyt
heard on
NBC 10:30 A.M.

CAST: Vikki Adams, who marries Roger Hoyt in spite of the serious temperamental differences between them; glamorous Pamela Towers, who plans to use those differences for her own purposes; Roger's Aunt Debbie, who doesn't believe that Vikki's desire for quiet security and Roger's need for constant excitement can combine in a happy marriage.

BACKGROUND: Though Vikki wants to honeymoon quietly in Glenwood, she gives in to Roger's insistence that they go to New York for a more glamorous whirl. And the

big city is wonderful—so wonderful that even Vikki stops worrying about the money they're spending because it's such fun to watch Roger enjoying himself.

RECENTLY: But the most marvelous of honeymoons must end sometime. Back to Glenwood go the Hoyts—Roger resentful of the dull, small-town routine he must fall into, and Vikki (though she won't admit it) fearful that love alone may not be enough to make Roger "grow up." Not with Pamela making opportunities to assure Roger that he was meant for a more exciting life.

OUR GAL SUNDAY



Lord Henry
heard on
CBS 12:45 P.M.

CAST: Sunday Brinthrope and her husband, Lord Henry Brinthrope, who live at Black Swan Hall in Virginia; Peter and Irene Galway, their good friends and neighbors; Roy Kingsley, Peter's cousin, who goes to work for Lord Henry as a farm hand; Lewis Carter, his daughter Hazel, and his ward Joyce Irwin, newcomers to Fairbrooke.

BACKGROUND: The Brinthropes first meet Carter when his crippled daughter Hazel finds her way to Black Swan Hall one night. She says she is lost, but Sunday suspects that Hazel was not lost . . . but frightened.

RECENTLY: Though Sunday does not yet know the whole truth, the Carter household is fully as strange as she senses it may be. Between the crippled, plain Hazel and the glamorous Joyce there is a sinister tension—a tension which Lewis Carter either does not feel, or chooses to ignore. Hazel feels she must get away—but only she and her old nurse share the full knowledge of what it is that Hazel fears so desperately. Meanwhile, Lord Henry puzzles over taciturn Roy Kingsley, who is obviously not a real farm hand but insists on working as one.

PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY



Pepper Young
heard on
NBC 3:30 P.M.

CAST: Pepper Young, red-headed American boy who grew up in Elmwood and settled down there when he married Linda; Peggy, his sister, married to Carter Trent; Hal, Peggy's little boy; Mother and Father Young, Pepper's parents, still the moving spirits in the family circle.

BACKGROUND: Like millions of boys, Pepper grew up, went to school, married, and found a place for his own family in the same small town. From Mr. Young down to little Hal, it's a close-knit family that Pepper belongs to . . . and that's why the problem

of Carter's mother is so upsetting.

RECENTLY: Peggy and Carter are very happy together, but Carter's mother, Mrs. Ivy Trent, has a disrupting effect on people who don't happen to live the way she does. There's no getting around the fact that if Mrs. Trent and Mother Young saw much of each other they would get along even less amicably than they do. Mrs. Trent's visit to Elmwood has the whole family upset. Peaceful Dad Young maneuvers his wife into inviting Mrs. Trent to dinner—but he may end up regretting his politeness.

PERRY MASON



Della Street
heard on
CBS 2:15 P.M.

CAST: Perry Mason, lawyer-detective; Della Street, his secretary; Wilfred Palmer, whose murder upsets Perry's vacation plans because he may have been killed by Gertie Lade, Perry's receptionist (she'd been going out with Palmer); by Martha Herold (she came to Perry for help because Palmer was blackmailing her); or by Don Smith, Martha's hot-tempered fiance (he had discovered that Wilfred was victimizing Martha). **BACKGROUND:** Circumstantial evidence makes Gertie the police's first suspect, when Wilfred's body is discovered. But she is re-

leased when she proves that she knew the dead man only as an exciting date, and was unaware of his criminal activities.

RECENTLY: Martha and Don are much more likely suspects—so likely, in fact, that they suspect each other. Desperately in love and seeking to protect one another, they decide to get married at once, knowing that husband and wife cannot be forced to testify against each other. Will Perry discover in time that among Wilfred's enemies was attractive, frantic Allyn Whitlock . . . who is definitely capable of murder?

PORTIA FACES LIFE



Walter Manning
heard on
NBC 5:15 P.M.

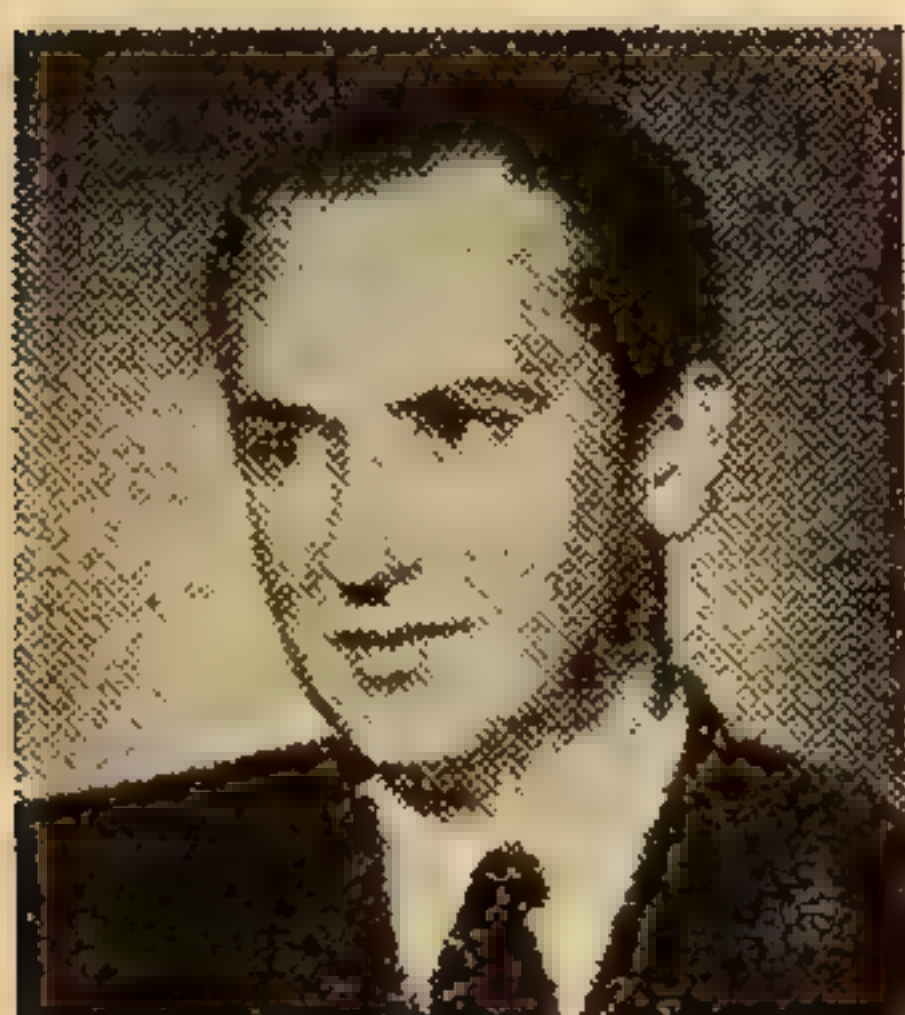
CAST: Portia Blake Manning, lawyer, who is defending her husband Walter against the charge of murdering Joan Ward; Clint Morley, prosecutor; Murray Lathrop, co-counsel for Walter's defense; Mrs. Lathrop, who does not believe in Walter's innocence.

BACKGROUND: If Clint Morley is particularly anxious to convict Walter of the murder it is partly because, for personal reasons, he would like to see Portia a free woman. He is picking up evidence against Walter from every possible source, and Portia becomes increasingly desperate as

she realizes that only a miracle will save Walter now.

RECENTLY: Lathrop's wife is not making things easier for Portia. Suspecting that Walter may really have killed Joan, she is trying to persuade her husband to drop the case. But all other worries have paled in Portia's mind beside the dreadful fear that Dickie, her little boy, may be called upon to testify against his father. Even Dickie, young as he is, realizes that his testimony may hurt his father, and his childish mind is under a terrible strain.

RIGHT TO HAPPINESS



Dwight Kramer
heard on
NBC 3:45 P.M.

CAST: Carolyn Kramer, who is divorced from Dwight Kramer, and is fighting him for custody of their son Skippy, with the help of lawyer Miles Nelson, to whom she is engaged; Arnold Kirk, Dwight's unscrupulous lawyer; Constance Wakefield, the new Mrs. Kramer; Ted, Constance's son by an earlier marriage; Harlow Sloane, Miles' partner. **BACKGROUND:** Miles, who hopes to run for governor, has to interrupt his conduct of Carolyn's case to obey a call from his party chiefs in the state capital. Harlow Sloane takes over, but he cannot fight the wily Kirk.

When Miles returns, Carolyn has almost resigned herself to losing custody of Skippy. **RECENTLY:** Meanwhile, Connie Wakefield faces the loss of her own son, Ted. In the days when Connie was Carolyn's best friend, she never dreamed that one day, married to Carolyn's divorced husband, she would be standing by, helpless, as he tried to ruin Carolyn's happiness. Ted, however, refuses to stand by; he has the bitterest contempt for Dwight's conduct, and, over Constance's heartbroken protests, decides he can no longer make his home with her.

ROAD OF LIFE



Beth Lambert
heard on
NBC 3:15 P.M.

CAST: Dr. Jim Brent, who plunged desperately into his work at Wheelock Hospital to forget his wife, Carol, who deserted him and their small daughter Janie; Maggie Lowell, who helped Jim forget; Beth Lambert, who is sent to Merrimac, posing as Carol Brent, by a gang that wants information about Jim's top-secret work.

BACKGROUND: With Beth's startling natural resemblance to Carol made perfect by plastic surgery, she deceives both Jim and Janie. It looks like a good beginning for her spying job—but something goes wrong.

RECENTLY: While nursing Janie through an illness, Beth realizes that she has become as fond of Janie as though she were really her mother. And as fond of Jim as though she were really his wife . . . But Jim, during Carol's absence, fell in love with Maggie Lowell. Now, though loyalty to "Carol" forces him to break off with Maggie, he has no love left for his wife. But Beth's talented play-acting—and her genuine warmth for him—begin to penetrate Jim's armor. With increasing hope, Beth wonders: can she win Jim's love for herself?

ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT



Agatha Anthony
heard on
CBS 12:30 P.M.

CAST: Helen Trent, successful Hollywood designer; Agatha Anthony, with whom Helen lives; Gil Whitney, who loves Helen; Carl Dorn, sinister "mentalist"; Rex Carroll, producer, who can no longer lay plans to sweep Helen off her feet; Cynthia Swanson, who has never given up her pursuit of Gil; Daisy Parker, vicious gossip columnist.

BACKGROUND: The tempestuous Rex Carroll clashed once too often with mysterious, evil Carl Dorn. Gil will no longer have to worry for fear Helen will become too deeply involved with Carroll. His fears have now

been realized in a way more horrible than he could have dreamed.

RECENTLY: Summoned by a mysterious phone call to Rex Carroll's apartment, Helen arrives there breathless—to find herself standing over Carroll's murdered body. Paralyzed by horror, she realizes she must get away—but it's too late. Daisy Parker catches her just as she gets to the door—Daisy, who has never forgiven Helen for taking Norman Hastings away from her. Can Helen prove her innocence, with such circumstantial evidence against her?

ROSEMARY



Bill Roberts
heard on
CBS 11:45 A.M.

CAST: Rosemary Dawson Roberts, whose husband, Bill, has taken a job in a New York ad firm; Jane Springham, Bill's co-worker, who refused to go with Bill to N. Y., then changed her mind; Mrs. Dawson, Rosemary's mother, who decides to marry her dear friend, Dr. Jim Cotter; Jessie, daughter of Bill's first wife and gangster Lefty Higgins.

BACKGROUND: When Jane Springham jumps on the train that is taking Bill to New York, she starts a lot of gossip in Springdale. But Rosemary needs no gossip to make her suspect that Jane loves Bill.

RECENTLY: Though Jane has confessed her love for Bill, she realizes that Rosemary has possession of his heart. Neither of them knows that Rosemary, back in Springdale, is no longer quite so sure of that. Rosemary would be even more disturbed if she knew that Lefty Higgins is also in New York, hiding out with his old friend Joe. Married now to Sally, Joe wants to go straight, but Lefty's girl friend Audrey has forced him to take Lefty in. And where Lefty is, there's always danger for Jessie, whom Rosemary and Bill are trying to protect.

SECOND MRS. BURTON



Stan Burton
heard on
CBS 2:00 P.M.

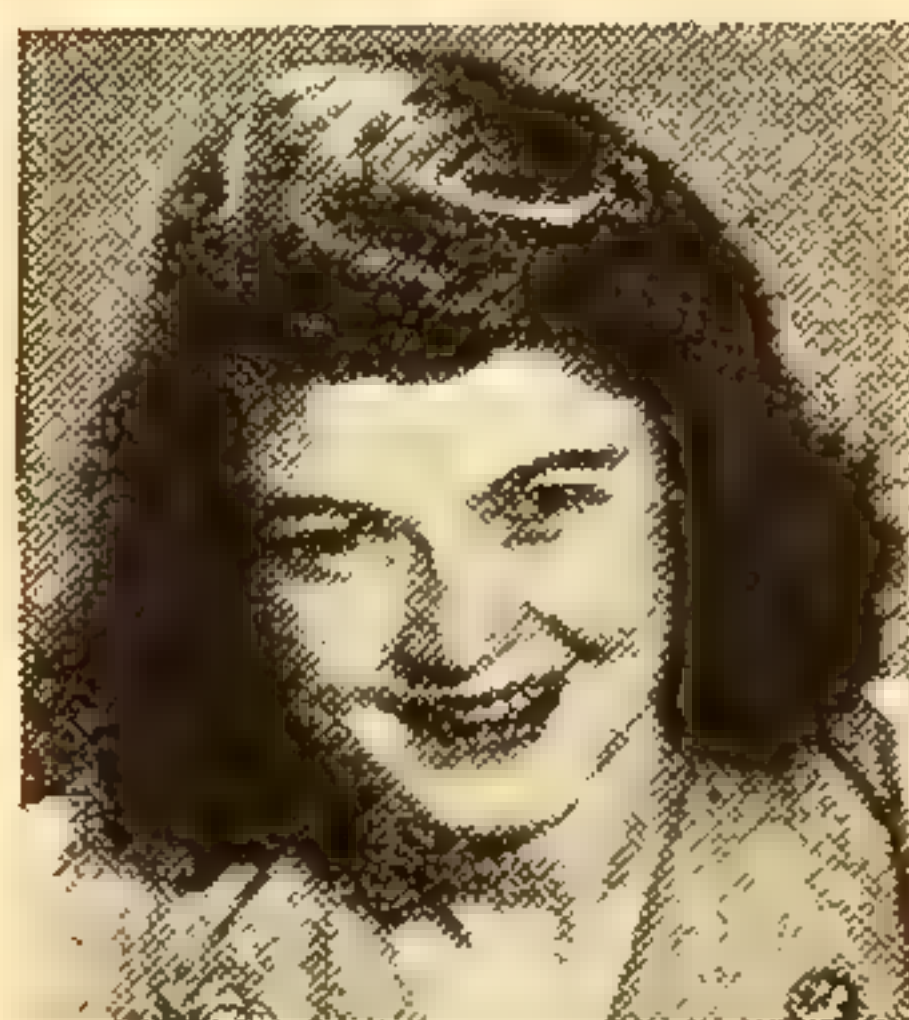
CAST: Terry Burton, wife of Stan Burton, who owns an apparel shop in Dickston; Brad and Wendy, their children; Mrs. Burton, Stan's mother.

BACKGROUND: When Jane Winters, Stan's store assistant, is ordered to Arizona for her health, Mrs. Burton takes her job and moves out of Terry's guest room to a place of her own. Shortly thereafter, Terry's father, a professor in a Wisconsin university, writes that an old friend of his has just died, leaving an 18-year-old daughter with the problem of earning her living. Can Terry

and Stan help Barbara Wright to get started in Dickston?

RECENTLY: Terry offers not only help, but a place to live, and Barbara's grateful answer tells them when to expect her. On the train she becomes friendly with a mysterious girl named Helen Greene, telling her of the Burtons' kindness. Suddenly there is a crash. Barbara is taken from the wreck unconscious, and Helen, learning that she has amnesia, claims Barbara's purse and plans to pass herself off to the Burtons as the girl they are expecting.

STELLA DALLAS



Laurel Grosvenor
heard on
NBC 4:15 P.M.

CAST: Stella Dallas, the courageous, self-sacrificing mother who refuses to interfere in the life of her daughter, Laurel, after Laurel's marriage to wealthy, socially prominent Richard Grosvenor; Minnie Grady, Stella's good friend.

BACKGROUND: Stella steadfastly refuses to play a noticeable part in Laurel's married life because she feels that she and her daughter are living in different worlds. However, in response to an urgent plea from Laurel, Stella finally agrees to visit the Grosvenor mansion on Beacon Hill. Loyally,

Minnie Grady goes with her.

RECENTLY: Laurel's insistence that Stella visit her gave Stella happiness, in a way, for she still recalls the hard, solitary days when she was trying to bring Laurel up properly, and she is very proud of the gracious, lovely woman Laurel is today. But her happiness is dimmed by the presence in Laurel's home of Gordon and Mercedes Crake and Ora Mount. When she and Minnie end their visit, these three remain in the Grosvenor home, and Stella wonders anxiously just how they will affect Laurel's marriage.

THIS IS NORA DRAKE



Dr. Ken Martinson
heard on
CBS 2:30 P.M.

CAST: Nora Drake, a nurse, in love with Charles Dobbs, Special Prosecutor; Tom Morley, who holds Nora and Charles responsible for the death of his father, Big John Morley; George Stewart, Charles's brother, whose nervousness since Big John's death has greatly upset his wife Dorothy. **BACKGROUND:** While Charles is collecting evidence to indict Big John, the latter is drowned. Tom accuses Charles of having hounded his father to death—perhaps to suicide; and though Big John's elaborate plans to escape trial indicate that his drown-

ing was probably an accident, Nora is disturbed by Tom's threat of vengeance.

RECENTLY: One night Tom surprises George Stewart breaking into Big John's office, and forces from George the admission that he is after a check which he once forged, and which came into Big John's possession. Vengefully — because George is Charles's brother—Tom prosecutes him. Then, because he knows that Charles's ward Suzanne is in love with her guardian, he brutally tells her the truth about Charles and Nora . . . a truth that may break her heart.

WENDY WARREN



Nona Marsh
heard on
CBS 12:00 Noon

CAST: Wendy Warren, brilliant reporter—glamorous woman; Mark Douglas and Anton Kamp, who want to marry her; Nona, Mark's estranged wife; Sam Warren, Wendy's father; Aunt Dorrie, who takes care of him. **BACKGROUND:** It's difficult for Wendy to choose between Anton and Mark, but she finally decides that when Nona's divorce from Mark goes through, she will want to marry him. But suddenly Nona discovers she is going to have a baby, and tells her lawyer to withdraw the case.

RECENTLY: Once again Wendy's romance

is interrupted, for Mark cannot insist on freedom from Nona if she is about to have a child. In the meantime, Sam has had a serious heart attack which, for Wendy, supersedes all other problems, for her father is very dear to her. The doctor has ordered six months of complete rest for the rebellious Sam, and has advised so strongly that he go to a sanitarium that finally even Aunt Dorrie and Sam himself are convinced that it would be the wisest thing to do. Rather than stay alone in Elmdale, Dorrie will keep house for Wendy in New York.

WHEN A GIRL MARRIES



Kathie Stanley
heard on
NBC 5:00 P.M.

CAST: Joan and Harry Davis, who are together again after a grim separation; Sammy and Hope, their children; Phil Stanley, an old friend, married to Kathy; Terry MacDonough, who knew Harry in New York.

BACKGROUND: The peace that reigns over the Davis farm in Beechwood is upset by two startling events: a visit from Terry, who has news for Harry which he doesn't quite know how to break, and an excited call from Phil.

RECENTLY: When Phil Stanley's wealthy mother died, she left her money to her

friend Anne Dunn, with a clause in her will that was to be read one year after her death. That time has come, and Phil discovers that his mother's last wish was that if Anne had not spent the legacy wisely, the balance of it was to revert to him. Investigation shows that Anne has indeed squandered Mrs. Stanley's gift. But Phil has an unusual problem. He and Kathy have made a happy, useful life for themselves; he is afraid that if his mother's estate comes to him this life will be disrupted. Can Harry help Phil preserve his happiness?

YOUNG DR. MALONE



Ann Malone
heard on
NBC 1:30 P.M.

CAST: Nurse Ann Malone and her husband, Dr. Jerry Malone, who have recently agreed to a temporary separation; Lucia Standish, influential member of the board of the Institute where Jerry works; Eric Cartier, who suspects that Jerry's charm for Lucia won't last; Mother Malone, who hopes that her son and Ann will come together again; Sam Williams, Three Oaks industrialist whose interest in the Dineen Clinic may be the result of his interest in Ann Malone, its Superintendent.

BACKGROUND: With each day that

passes, the distance between Jerry in New York and Ann back in Three Oaks grows wider. The separation was supposed to be temporary, but . . .

RECENTLY: Mother Malone's obvious dislike of Sam Williams finally provokes bitter words from Ann, words that make it plain that Ann no longer believes she and Jerry can ever be reconciled. And in New York, Lucia, not satisfied with her control of Jerry's career, plans to take over his emotional life as well. But Eric Cartier may have something to say about that!

YOUNG WIDDER BROWN



Ellen Brown
heard on
NBC 4:45 P.M.

CAST: Ellen Brown, young widow who supports herself and her children, Mark and Janey, by running a tearoom; Dr. Anthony Loring, whom she loves; David Campbell, who wants to marry Ellen; Amanda Cathcart, David's sister; Angela McBride, who hopes to take Anthony away from Ellen.

BACKGROUND: Though Ellen's children know she loves Anthony, they have been so opposed having him as a stepfather that Ellen and Anthony have had to content themselves with being engaged . . . and hoping. A plane crash in which Ellen lost

her memory has recently made things harder for Anthony, who fears that in her confused state, she may accept David Campbell.

RECENTLY: Despite the threat David represents to his happiness, Anthony feels he cannot stand by to see David's life ruined by his unscrupulous sister, who is trying to make it appear that David was responsible for the long-ago death of his brother. David decides to leave town temporarily. But this may interfere with Angela's plan to entrap Anthony, and when Angela wants something she doesn't allow any interference.

INSIDE RADIO

All Times Below Are Eastern Standard Time
For Correct Central Standard Time Subtract One Hour

SUNDAY

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30 8:45			Earl Wild	Carolina Calling Memo From Lake Success
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Wormwood Forest Cameos of Music	Tone Tapestries Wings Over Jordan	Sunday Morning Concert Hall Voice of Prophecy	News E. Power Biggs Trinity Choir of St. Paul's Chapel
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	National Radio Pulpit Children's Hour	Radio Bible Class Voice of Prophecy	Message of Israel Southernaires	Church of the Air Church of the Air
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	News Highlights Solitaire Time	Christian Reform Church Reviewing Stand	Victor Lindlahr Frank and Ernest Hour of Faith	Allan Jackson News Newsmakers Salt Lake Tabernacle

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45	Mr. Fixit Eternal Light	College Choirs Lutheran Hour	Piano Playhouse	Invitation to Learning People's Platform
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	America United Chicago Roundtable	News Organ Music American Warblers	Foreign Reporter National Vespers	Meaning of the News Elmo Roper Syncopation Piece
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	NBC University Theater	Mutual Chamber Music Bill Dunningham Veteran's Information	This Week Around The World Mr. President Drama	Longine Sym- phonette You Are There
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	The Quiz Kids	Treasury Variety Show Juvenile Jury	Harrison Wood Betty Clark Sings The Lutheran Hour	CBS Symphony
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	News	House of Mystery Martin Kane, Private Eye	Show Tunes Milton Cross Opera Album	Skyway to the Stars
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	James Melton	The Shadow True Detective Mysteries	Family Closeup Greatest Story Ever Told	Choraliers "Broadway's My Beat"

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	The Catholic Hour Hollywood Calling	Roy Rogers Nick Carter	Drew Pearson Don Gardner Buzz Adlam's Play- room	Family Hour of Stars Adventures of Ozzie and Harriet
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Phil Harris-Alice Faye Show	Adv. of the Falcon The Saint	Think Fast	The Jack Benny Show Amos 'n' Andy
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Four Star Playhouse Theater Guild on the Air	A. L. Alexander Enchanted Hour	Stop the Music	Sam Spade Lum and Abner
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	American Album	Opera Concert Sheilah Graham Twin Views of News	Walter Winchell Louella Parsons Go For The House	Earn Your Vacation Our Miss Brooks
10:00 10:30	Take It or Leave It Pet Milk Show, Kay Armen	Secret Missions Don Wright Chorus	Jimmie Fidler	Life With Luigi It Pays to be Ignorant



IVAN CURY—as Bobby Benson, in-
troduces a new generation of young-
sters to the B-Bar-B Ranch, heard
Tuesdays and Thursdays at 5:00 P.M.,
EST, over Mutual Network stations.



JOAN LORING—who plays Suzanne
Turrie in CBS's This is Nora Drake
was born in Hong Kong. Emigrating
to the United States when eleven years
old she was heard on the radio a year
later in Dear John with Irene Rich,
and moved into her teens as leading
lady in many Suspense productions.
She has also appeared in pictures,
winning an Academy Award for her
performance as the supporting actress
in "The Corn is Green."

MONDAY

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30 8:45	Do You Remember			Margaret Arlen Local Programs
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Honeymoon in New York Clevelandaires	Robert Hurleigh Tell Your Neighbor Tennessee Jamboree	Breakfast Club	CBS News of America This is New York
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	Welcome Travelers Marriage For Two Dorothy Dix at Home	Cecil Brown Faith in Our Time Say It With Music	My True Story Betty Crocker Mag- azine of the Air Victor Lindlahr	Music For You This is Bing Crosby Arthur Godfrey
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	Dr. Paul We Love and Learn Jack Berch Lora Lawton	Behind the Story Your Marriage Against the Storm	Modern Romances Pick A Date	Grand Slam Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45	Echoes From the Tropics	Kate Smith Speaks Doubleday Quiz Lanny Ross	Local Programs	Wendy Warren Aunt Jenny Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	Vincent Lopez Robert McCormick	Cedric Foster Music Light Crust Dough Boys Misc. Programs	Baukhage Nancy Craig	Big Sister Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone The Guiding Light
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Double or Nothing Today's Children Light of the World	Queen For A Day Ladies Fair	Bkfst. in Hollywood Bride and Groom	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason This is Nora Drake The Brighter Day
3:30 3:15 3:30 3:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Road of Life Pepper Young Right to Happiness	Bob Poole Heatter's Mailbag	Talk Your Way Out of It Ladies Be Seated 3:55 Ted Malone	David Harum Hilltop House
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Lorenzo Jones Young Widder Brown	Misc. Programs Misc. Programs Hoedown Party	Galen Drake Tune Time Melody Promenade	Beat the Clock Winner Take All
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	When A Girl Marries Portia Faces Life Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell	Bobby Benson Tom Mix	Challenge of the Yukon Jack Armstrong	Galen Drake Hits and Misses

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Bob Warren Clem McCarthy Sunoco News	Local Programs	Local Programs	Eric Sevareid "You and—" Herb Shriner Time Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	News of the World H. V. Kaltenborn	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date Gabriel Heatter I Love A Mystery	Headline Edition Elmer Davis The Lone Ranger	Beulah Jack Smith Show Club 15 Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	The Railroad Hour Voice of Firestone	Straight Arrow Peter Salem	Henry Taylor	Inner Sanctum Talent Scouts
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Telephone Hour Cities Service Band of America	Murder by Ex- perience Secret Missions	Kate Smith's Music Room	Lux Radio Theatre
10:00 10:15 10:30	Dave Garroway	News Mutual Newsreel Dance Bands	Arthur Gaeth, News Kate Smith's Music Room	My Friend Irma The Bob Hawk Show



WALTER KIERNAN —began meeting people some forty odd years ago in New Haven, Connecticut. His youth, after leaving school was a blur of odd jobs. Somehow, he drifted into police reporting and a short time later became a star reporter for the AP and INS. In addition to his radio program, *One Man's Opinion* (ABC 12:25 P.M. EST, daily), his column under the same title appears in newspapers from Maine to California.

T U E S D A Y

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30 8:45	Do You Remember News			Local Programs
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Honeymoon in N.Y. Clevelandaires	Robert Hurleigh Tell Your Neighbors Tennessee Jamboree	Breakfast Club	CBS News of America Barney Folliotes
10:00 10:15 10:30	Welcome Travelers Marriage For Two	Cecil Brown Faith in Our Time Say It With Music	My True Story Betty Crocker Mag- azine of the Air Club Time	Music For You Arthur Godfrey
10:45	Dorothy Dix at Home			
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	Dr. Paul We Love And Learn Jack Berch Lora Lawton	Behind the Story Your Marriage Against the Storm	Modern Romances Pick A Date	Grand Slam Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45	Betty Harris Show Echoes From the Tropics	Kate Smith Speaks Doubleday Quiz Lanny Ross	Local Programs	Wendy Warren Aunt Jenny Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	Vincent Lopez Robert McCormick	Cedric Foster Music Light Crust Dough Boys Misc. Programs		Big Sister Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone The Guiding Light
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Double or Nothing Today's Children Light of the World	Queen For A Day Ladies Fair	Bkfst. in Hollywood Bride and Groom	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason This Is Nora Drake The Brighter Day
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Road of Life Pepper Young Right to Happiness	Bob Poole Heatter's Mailbag	Ladies Be Seated 3:55 Ted Malone	David Harum Hilltop House
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Lorenzo Jones Young Widder Brown	Misc. Programs Misc. Programs Hoedown Party	Galen Drake Tune Time Melody Promenade	Beat the Clock Winner Take All
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	When A Girl Marries Portia Faces Life Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell	Straight Arrow Capt. Midnight	The Green Hornet Sky King	Treasury Bandstand The Chicagoans Herb Shriner Time

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Bob Warren Clem McCarthy Sunoco News	Local Programs		Eric Sevareid "You and—" Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	News of the World The Smoothies Richard Harkness	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date Gabriel Heatter I Love A Mystery	Headline Edition Elmer Davis Counter Spy	Beulah Jack Smith Show Club 15 Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:55	Cavalcade of America Me and Jane	Count of Monte Cristo Official Detective Bill Henry	Carnegie Hall America's Town Meeting of the Air	Mystery Theatre Mr. and Mrs. North
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Bob Hope Show Fibber McGee and Molly	John Steele Adven- ture Mysterious Traveler	Erwin D. Canham	We, The People Strike it Rich
10:00 10:15 10:30	Big Town People Are Funny	News Mutual Newsreel Dance Bands		Hit the Jackpot Mr. Ace and Jane

W E D N E S D A Y

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30 8:45	Do You Remember			Local Programs
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Honeymoon in N. Y. Clevelandaires Inside the Doctor's Office	Robert Hurleigh Tell Your Neighbor Tennessee Jamboree	Breakfast Club	CBS News of America Barney Folliotes
10:00 10:15 10:30	Welcome Travelers We Love and Learn Marriage For Two	Cecil Brown Say It With Music	My True Story Betty Crocker Mag- azine of the Air Victor Lindlahr	Music For You Arthur Godfrey
10:45	Dorothy Dix at Home			
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	Dr. Paul We Love and Learn Jack Berch Lora Lawton	Behind the Story Your Marriage Against the Storm	Modern Romances Pick A Date	Grand Slam Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:30 12:15 12:30 12:45	The Play Boys Echoes From the Tropics	Kate Smith Speaks Doubleday Quiz Lanny Ross	Local Programs	Wendy Warren Aunt Jenny Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	Vincent Lopez Robert McCormick Jack Kilty	Cedric Foster Music Light Crust Dough Boys Misc. Programs	Nancy Craig	Big Sister Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone The Guiding Light
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Double or Nothing Today's Children Light of the World	Queen For A Day Ladies Fair	Bkfst. in Hollywood Bride and Groom	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason This Is Nora Drake The Brighter Day
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Road of Life Pepper Young Right to Happiness	Bob Poole Heatter's Mailbag	Talk Your Way Out Of It Ladies Be Seated 3:55 Ted Malone	David Harum Hilltop House
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Lorenzo Jones Young Widder Brown	Misc. Programs Hoedown Party	Galen Drake Tune Time Melody Promenade	Beat the Clock Winner Take All
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	When A Girl Marries Portia Faces Life Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell	Bobby Benson Tom Mix	Challenge of the Yukon Jack Armstrong	Treasury Bandstand The Chicagoans Herb Shriner Time

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Bob Warren Clem McCarthy Sunoco News	Local Programs		Eric Sevareid "You and—" Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	News of the World Dardanelle Trio H. V. Kaltenborn	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date Gabriel Heatter I Love A Mystery	Headline Edition Elmer Davis Lone Ranger	Beulah Jack Smith Show Club 15 Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	This is Your Life Great Gildersleeve	Can You Top This? International Airport	The Amazing Mr. Malone Adventures of Sher- lock Holmes	Mr. Chameleon Dr. Christian
9:00 9:15 9:30	Duffy's Tavern Mr. District Attorney	Scattergood Baines Family Theater	Starring Boris Karloff The Croupier	County Fair
10:00 10:15 10:30	The Big Story Curtain Time	News Mutual Newsreel Dance Bands	Lawrence Welk On Trial	Beat The Clock Capitol Cloak Room



EILEEN WILSON —female vocalist on NBC's *Your Hit Parade* started her vocal training in childhood. She has a B.A. degree from UCLA where she majored in music. After graduation, Skitch Henderson signed her as vocalist with his radio show. Later she became featured singer with the Les Brown orchestra when Doris Day left the band. Eileen is married to Ray Kellogg, singer with Les Brown.

T H U R S D A Y

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30 8:45	Do You Remember			Local Programs
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Honeymoon in N. Y. Clevelandaies Inside the Doctor's Office	Robert Hurleigh Tennessee Jamboree	Breakfast Club	CBS News of America Barnyard Folies
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	Welcome Travelers Marriage For Two Dorothy Dix at Home	Cecil Brown Faith in Our Time Say It With Music	My True Story Betty Crocker, Magazine of the Air William Song	Music For You Arthur Godfrey
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	Dr. Paul We Love and Learn Jack Berch Lora Lawton	Behind the Story Your Marriage Against the Storm	Modern Romances Pick A Date	Grand Slam Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45	Betty Harris Show Echoes From the Tropics	Kate Smith Speaks Double Jay Quiz Lanny Ross	Local Programs	Wendy Warren Aunt Jenny Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	Vincent Lopez Robert McCormick Jack Kilty	Cedric Foster Music Light Crust Dough Boys	Baukhage Nancy Craig Dorothy Dix	Big Sister Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone The Guiding Light
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Double or Nothing Today's Children Light of the World	Queen For A Day Ladies Fair	Bkfst. in Hollywood Bride and Groom	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason This Is Nora Drake The Brighter Day
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Road of Life Pepper Young Right to Happiness	Bob Poole Heatter's Mailbag	Ladies Be Seated 3:55 Ted Malone	David Harum Hilltop House
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Lorenzo Jones Young Widder Brown	Misc. Programs Hoedown Party	Galen Drake Tune Time Melody Promenade	Beat the Clock Winner Take All
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	When A Girl Marries Portia Faces Life Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell	Straight Arrow Capt. Midnight	The Green Hornet Sky King	Treasury Bandstand The Chicagoans Herb Shriner Time

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Lionel Ricau Clem McCarthy Sunoco News	Local Programs	Local Programs	Eric Severeid "You and—" Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	News of the World Echoes From the Tropics Richard Harkness	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date Gabriel Heatter I Love a Mystery	Headline Edition Elmer Davis Counter Spy	Beulah Jack Smith Show Club 15 Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Aldrich Family Father Knows Best	California Caravan Fishing and Hunting Club	The First Hundred Years Ozzie and Harriet	The F.B.I. In Peace and War Mr. Keen
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Screen Guild Jimmy Durante	Comedy Playhouse	Ted Mack's Original Amateur Hour Name the Movie Robert Montgomery Speaking	Suspense Crime Photographer
10:00 10:15 10:30	Chesterfield Supper Dagnet	News Mutual Newsreel Dance Bands	Name the Movie Someone You Know	Hallmark Playhouse First Nighter



JACK WEBB—has always been active in dramatics; he worked for California radio stations several years before entering the Army Air Force in 1942. In 1945, after his discharge, he resumed his career in San Francisco, originating the title role of Pat Novak for Hire. His current radio role is that of Joe Friday in *Dagnet*, NBC, 10:30 P.M. EST, Thursdays. He is married to Julie London, former actress.



ARMINA MARSHALL—daughter of an Oklahoma sheriff, she came to New York for an acting career. She not only succeeded, but became a successful playwright and producer as well. An associate director of the Theatre Guild, largest theatrical producing organization in the world, Miss Marshall is executive producer of *Theatre Guild on the Air*, which is broadcast Sundays, 8:30 P.M., EST, over NBC.

F R I D A Y

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30 8:45	Do You Remember			Local Programs
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Honeymoon in N. Y. Clevelandaies	Robert Hurleigh Tell Your Neighbor Tennessee Jamboree	Breakfast Club	CBS News of America Barnyard Folies
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	Welcome Travelers Marriage For Two Dorothy Dix at Home	Cecil Brown Faith in Our Time Say It With Music	My True Story Betty Crocker Magazine of the Air	Music For You Arthur Godfrey
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	We Love and Learn Jack Berch Lora Lawton	Behind the Story Your Marriage Against the Storm	Modern Romances Pick A Date	Grand Slam Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45	The Hometowners U. S. Marine Band	Kate Smith Speaks Doubleday Quiz Lanny Ross Heatter's Mailbag	Local Programs	Wendy Warren Aunt Jenny Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	Vincent Lopez Robert McCormick Jack Kilty	Cedric Foster Light Crust Dough Boys	Baukhage Nancy Craig	Big Sister Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Double or Nothing Today's Children Light of the World	Queen For A Day Ladies Fair	Bkfst. in Hollywood Bride and Groom	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason This Is Nora Drake The Brighter Day
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Road of Life Pepper Young Right to Happiness	Bob Poole Heatter's Mailbag	Talk Your Way Out of It Ladies Be Seated 3:55 Ted Malone	David Harum Hilltop House
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Lorenzo Jones Young Widder Brown	Misc. Programs Hoedown Party	Galen Drake Tune Time Melody Promenade	Beat the Clock Winner Take All
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	When A Girl Marries Portia Faces Life Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell	Bobby Benson Tom Mix	Challenge of the Yukon Jack Armstrong	Treasury Bandstand The Chicagoans Herb Shriner Time

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	News Clem McCarthy Sunoco News	Local Program	Local Program	Eric Severeid "You and—" Herb Shriner Time Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	News of the World The UN is My Beat H. V. Kaltenborn	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date Gabriel Heatter I Love a Mystery	Headline Edition Elmer Davis Lone Ranger	Beulah Jack Smith Show Club 15 Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Plantation Jubilee A Tree Grows in Brooklyn	Music	The Fat Man This Is Your FBI	Jack Carson Show My Favorite Husband
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Screen Directors Play House My Good Wife	Local Programs	The Sheriff	Ford Theatre
10:00 10:15 10:30	Dr. I. Q. Sports	News Mutual Newsreel Dance Bands	Fights	Philip Morris Playhouse Yours Truly, Johnny Dollar

S A T U R D A Y

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Coffee in Washington	Paul Neilson, News Misc. Programs	Shoppers Special	CBS News of America Barnyard Follies Garden Gate
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	Fred Waring Show Mary Lee Taylor	Magic Rhythm Jerry and Skye Albert Warner	Introduction to Music	Music For You Tell It Again
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	Frank Merriwell Smilin' Ed McConnell	Coast Guard on Parade Man on the Farm	Modern Romances	Let's Pretend Junior Miss

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

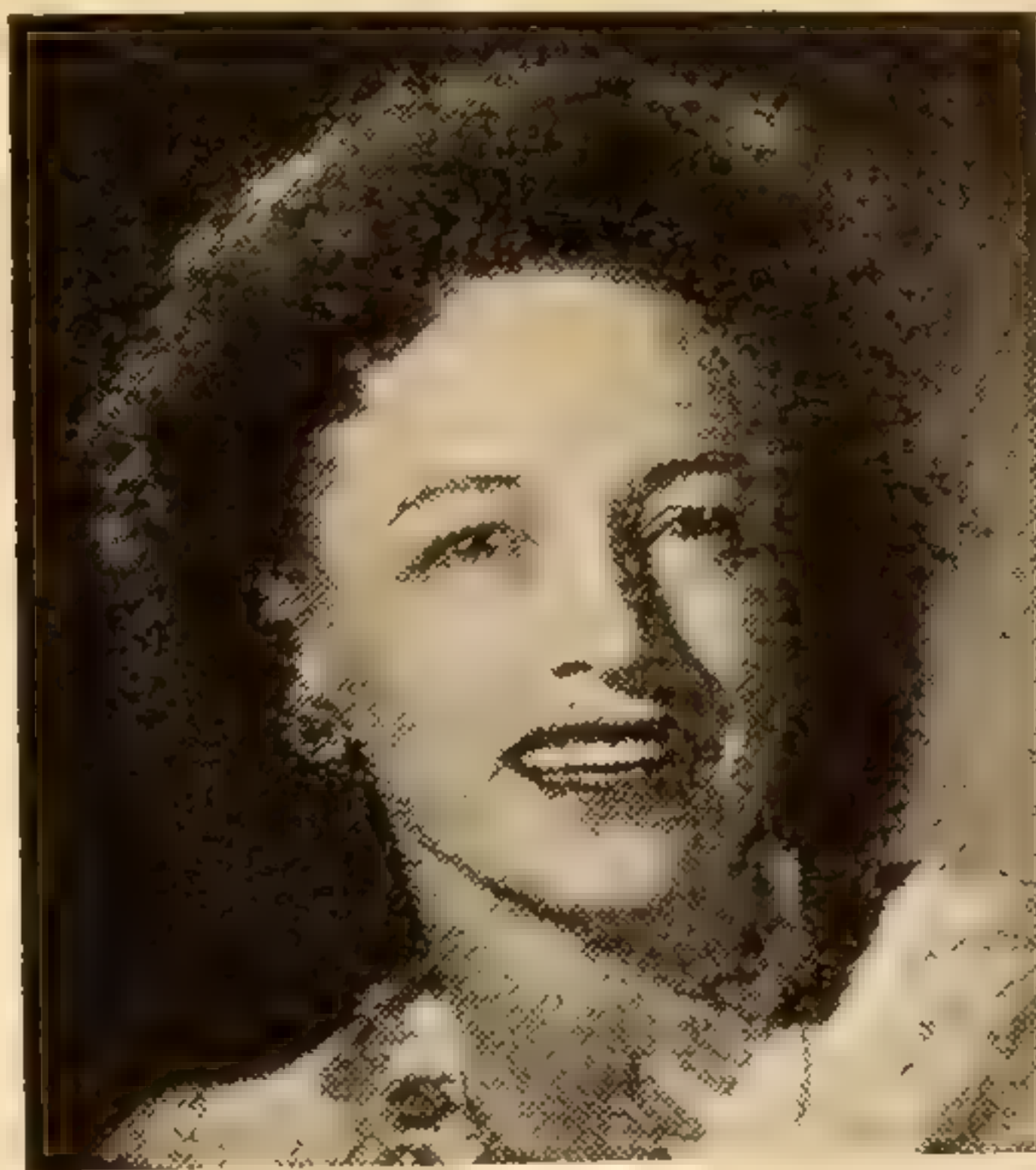
12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45	Arthur Barriault Public Affair Luncheon With Lopez	Man on the Farm Campus Salute	Girls' Corps American Farmer	Theatre of Today Grand Central Station
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	Nat'l Farm Home	Campus Salute Dance Orch.	Concert of America Jazz	Stars Over Hollywood Give and Take
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Musicana Edward Tomlinson Report From Europe	Football	Metropolitan Opera	Handyman Get More Out of Life Columbia's Country Journal
3:00 3:15 3:30	Local Programs		Metropolitan Opera	Report From Overseas Adventures in Science Cross Section U.S.A.
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Your Health Today Contrasts Musica'		Metropolitan Opera	Saturday at the Chase
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45		Concert Hall	Dance Music	Local Programs

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Bob Warren Religion in the News NBC Symphony Orchestra	Music Bands For Bonds Mel Allen	Albert Warner, News The Church and the Nation	News From Washington Memo From Lake Success Saturday Sports Review Larry Lesueur
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45		Hawaii Calls Quick as a Flash 7:55 John B. Kennedy	Here's Hollywood Bert Andrews Russ Hodges It's Time For Music	Spike Jones Camel Caravan with Vaughn Monroe
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Hollywood Star Theatre Truth or Consequences	Twenty Questions Take a Number	Let's Listen to Music Heinie and His Band	Gene Autry Show Adventures of Philip Marlowe
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Your Hit Parade A Day in the Life of Dennis Day	Life Begins at 80 Guy Lombardo	Tommy Dorsey's Orch. Musical Etchings	Gang Busters Tales of Fatima
10:00 10:15 10:30	Richard Diamond, Private Detective Grand Ole Opry	Theatre of the Air	Record Show Dance Music	Sing it Again



VINCENT PRICE—who plays the title role in *The Saint*, MBS, Sundays, 7:30 P.M., EST, received his first theatrical break, in 1935, playing opposite Helen Hayes in *"Victoria Regina."* An outstanding art authority of Southern California, Price's taste runs the gamut from Tintoretto to modern Orozco. And in literature, his taste ranges from de Maupassant to James Hilton.



HESTER SONDERGAARD

One of the busiest of radio actresses, Hester Sondergaard, still keeps up her active air schedule, although she no longer lives even near New York. A resident of Cleveland today, Hester flies to New York once a week, staying from three to five days as circumstances demand. A familiar voice to both daytime and nighttime listeners, she is heard regularly on *Portia Faces Life* (NBC, Mondays through Fridays, 5:15 PM, EST), *Road of Life* (NBC, Monday's through Fridays, 3:15 P.M., EST) and on *Wendy Warren* (CBS, Mondays through Fridays, at 12 Noon, EST). At night she has appeared on practically every major dramatic show. She is especially proud of the fact that ever since she played in the Experimental Theatre production of *"Galileo"* with Charles Laughton he almost always requests her to appear with him.

Miss Sondergaard was born in Litchfield, Minnesota. As a child, she played the violin well enough to travel with Chautauqua companies out in the Middle West. And when she entered the University of Minnesota she intended to become a public school music supervisor.

In her Junior year at college, however, she became interested in dramatics, but she was the younger sister of the then campus star, Gale Sondergaard, and she didn't think it would be fair for her to compete with her wonderful and talented sister. In fact, she didn't think she could. But friends practically pushed her into trying out for the part of Nina in the *"Sea Gull."* After her success in that, Hester was determined to make acting her career. Like a good daughter, she continued her schooling as a music major and eventually received her degree. But immediately after graduation she went off to the west coast with a theatrical company and she's been an actress ever since.

Around 1933, she arrived in New York, where she immediately registered with an agent for radio acting. Almost at once, the agent asked her to audition for the part of a Dutch girl. Hester knew nothing about Dutch, but she boned up on the dialect—she says her musical ear has always been a help in that—and got the job. Hester says she worked for the same director on an average of once a month for the salary of thirty-one dollars a show—and, she adds, she used to live a whole month on that.

However, little by little other work came to her, and she soon became one of the standbys in New York radio. Hester built up one of the largest repertoires of dialects of any actress and now she can play parts with an authentic Danish, Norwegian, Swedish, German, Czech, Italian, Spanish, Russian, Chinese, Japanese or French accent.

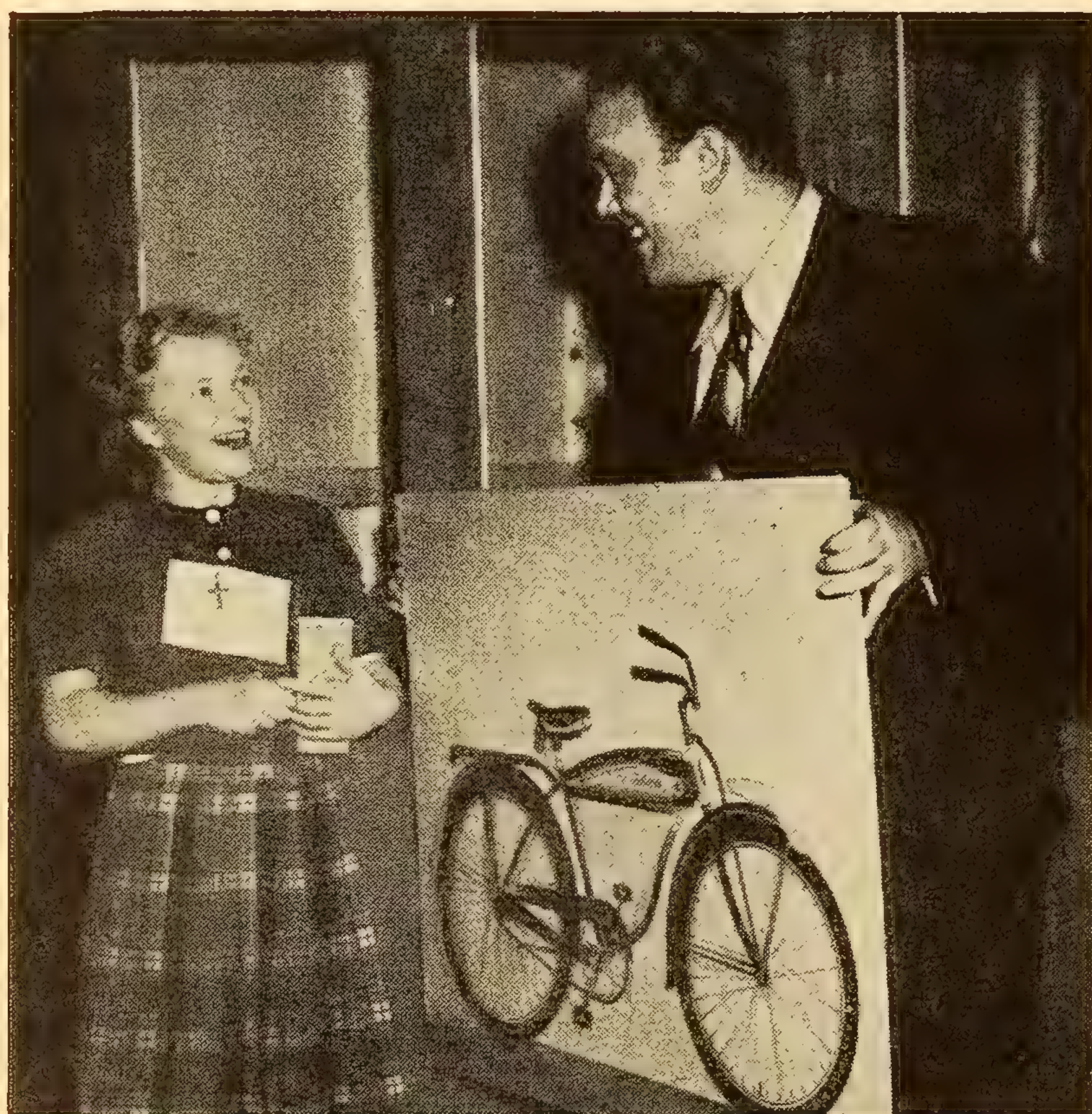
Her last theater appearance was as the grandmother in William Saroyan's *"My Heart's in the Highlands,"* a role in which she spoke only in Armenian. Armenians insist that no one but a native can speak their language so Hester was always being visited by incredulous Armenians, who had heard of the American girl who could speak pure Armenian, and who would come backstage to see for themselves. Hester, it seems, had learned her lines from hearing them read over and over by the wife and daughter of an Armenian restaurateur.

T TRAVELER OF

To the delight of hundreds
of Americans stationed in Europe,
emcee Tommy Bartlett himself
turned traveler—and wound up as
his own Traveler of the Month



It's "bumps-a-daisy" for Tommy and these American airmen,



Patricia Smith, awaiting transportation to the U. S., was the recipient of a bicycle (reproduced here) on one of emcee Bartlett's European broadcasts for NBC.

Traveling the air lanes as well as the air waves was Tommy Bartlett's thrilling experience recently when he and his Welcome Travelers staff were guests of the U. S. Air Force Command, Washington, D.C., on a 15,000 mile junket of Europe.

Reversing his usual routine of bringing travelers to his NBC microphone at the College Inn of Chicago's Hotel Sherman, Tommy and his working crew of twenty-nine—which included network representatives, writers, technicians and secretaries—flew to meet his guests in some of Europe's most historic and beautiful theaters.

The tour was started after the broadcast on Friday, August 12. At La Guardia field in New York, the plane landed just long enough to collect the Page Cavanaugh musical trio, which was featured in the hour-long variety bill that followed each broadcast. A C-47 carried the two-week supply of gifts—ranging from a string of pearls to a bicycle—which were to be given to the guests who appeared on the program.

From there the plane went to Chicopee Falls, Mass. and bright and early the next morning it headed for Stephenville, Newfoundland. Activities on this island base included the dedication of the 800-seat Ernest Harmon theater and two of Tommy's audience participation shows, highlighted by the first appearance of the Cavanaugh trio with the group.

The next day, flying eastward over Luxembourg

Tommy and his many interesting guests can be heard on

THE MONTH



guests of Welcome Travelers in Frankfurt, Germany.



W. T. staffer Betty Bean helps Tommy unload at one of the many European air bases visited by the show.

and Western Germany, the air strips at Weisbaden were finally sighted and the plane came down at 3:15 A.M., German time.

There, at Weisbaden's Schwarzer Bock hotel, the party enjoyed a three-hour rest before the first broadcast in Celle, Germany. Like a circus arriving, Welcome Travelers took over the Union Club in Celle. The "Blue Room"—named for the room in Chicago where the programs are planned and writers and secretaries hold forth—was established, typewriters and office equipment were moved in, work began and that evening, guests began arriving for the show.

Tommy never sees his guests before he interviews them on the NBC microphone. They are screened by the writers and the final decision of who is to appear on the air is made by the program's director, Bob Cunningham. When Tommy says, "Hi, what's your name?" to his guests, he really means it.

Celle was an important point in the career of Welcome Travelers. All of the staff wondered if a strange audience would be as friendly as studio audiences back home, but they were quickly reassured by the audience that night.

Days and nights telescoped from there on for two weeks. The next stop was Fassberg Air Force base, a busy spot whose roomy installations are crowded by British and American airmen. Fassberg's Cinema Theater, tucked away in a beautiful pine forest, was

packed with an audience which enjoyed the broadcast that brought a bit of home to them in the stories they heard, in the gifts they received stamped "Made in USA," and in the rarely heard (in Europe) commercials.

Berlin was next on the agenda and although there was little time for sightseeing, the bus ride from Tempelhof airport to Onkel Tom's theater—where W. T. was to hold forth—gave the group enough time to see the great devastation of the once beautiful city. Tommy and his gang settled down at the theater long enough to give a variety program in the afternoon as well as a regular broadcast in the evening. American correspondents were in the audience, in addition to the customary servicemen and airmen, their families and friends.

Time passed quickly in Berlin. It was 1:30 A.M. when the bus driver returned the group to the plane after making a circuitous trip under the Brandenburg Arch, past the ruins of the Reichstag, and the few remaining trees that once gave the name to its main boulevard, Unter den Linden. From Tempelhof to Weisbaden and the Schwarzer Bock, where comfortable rooms were waiting, was a short hop.

Returning to the hotel was a touch of home—almost. At least it was a familiar scene and the warm mineral baths, with the rectangular tubs which one walked into, rather than (Continued on page 99)

In a Man's World

(Continued from page 39)

These are combat planes."

Pauline answered, "If the men can stand it so can I."

Unhappily, the army allowed her to make the trip. She found the mission rugged. She was the only woman among a hundred and thirty-five men. Sometimes the planes stayed aloft for as long as fifteen hours, and there was only a hard metallic floor to sit on. The general in command, disapproving of Pauline's presence, scowled all the way down to South America. Pauline didn't once whimper.

"As a woman I was very conscious of my responsibility to be self-sufficient. And especially not to keep anyone waiting," she says.

For this reason she always wore her flying suit—a baggy pair of size forty coveralls—even when the B-29s stopped over at Puerto Rico. At that port she had to be flown to the east end of the island for a special broadcast to the states. The other reporters, all men, decided to go along for the ride.

When they returned, Pauline glanced at her watch, noted that she was back in time for the take-off and thought, "Thank goodness I won't keep the General waiting."

But the men, perhaps the same ones who frequently complain that women waste too much time in dressing, begged Pauline to wait for them.

"We can't go right to the planes," they explained. "We've got to go to the barracks for our clothes."

They had, of course, slicked up for the excursion. And when the whole of them finally rolled out to the airfield, the General was impatiently glaring at his watch.

"What could I say, being a woman?" Pauline asks.

Nevertheless, at the end of the trip the General admitted she had been a good sport, proposed a toast to Pauline and kissed her.

This is only one of many times that Pauline has been put on the spot for no reason other than that she is a woman. The situation she encountered in radio was by far the worst. When she asked the various networks for a job as a reporter the executive reaction was, "We don't like women reporters and won't have them—so stop bothering us."

Their specific objections were, and

still are, rather strange considering that most of these vice-presidents and directors are grown-up men. As children they must have known the guiding voice of their mothers, and as married men their wives certainly wield some power in the household. Yet the chief objection is, "A woman's voice does not sound authoritative." They describe women as being "emotional and non-objective in handling news."

To overcome these obstacles required the zeal of a crusader and heart of a fighter. Pauline believes she learned perseverance as a child. Born and raised in the vicinity of Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, her parents were industrious, church-going people who taught that life is real and earnest—and that anything worth having is worth fighting for.

"I had two ambitions as a child," she remembers. "First, I wanted to play a pipe organ—I admired the beauty and power of the instrument."

She didn't make much more progress musically than the average girl. In her home town, there was no pipe organ for a youngster to use so she compromised on a piano. She wistfully recalls that as a high school student she studied singing for about six months but felt extremely timid about singing a solo and never got further than the church choir.

Her second ambition, however, worked out much better. She wanted to be a news reporter. From her earliest school days she showed a lively interest in school publications—yet she found time to make excellent grades, win essay contests, become president of her class and editor of the school paper.

"But my first experience with a real newspaper," she remembers, "soured me on journalism."

The summer after graduating from high school Pauline took a job with the Harrisburg *Evening News* reporting society chit-chat—who had dinner with whom and what they wore and whom they were going to marry. Then she decided, "If this is newspaper work, it's an awfully silly way to waste your life."

So she quit and accepted a scholarship that fall to the American University in Washington, D. C., where she developed a school-girl crush on her

debate coach that almost threw her off course. The debate coach she admired so much was an attorney, and naturally teen-aged Pauline thought she should follow in the steps of her ideal. She graduated magna cum laude, then spent two years in law school.

It was a wise professor who took her aside one day and said, "Pauline, your heart is in newspaper work. Why are you studying law?"

She reconsidered—and discovered that her crush had long ago dissolved, and that she had no actual interest in practicing law. So with more confidence than experience she went out to hunt for a newspaper job. With the kind of initiative that has marked her career, she put the cart before the horse. She got interviews with wives of diplomats and then went out to sell the stories. The first editor she approached gave her a weekly feature assignment. She had officially entered the world of journalism.

Six years later Pauline made first contact with radio and got a part-time job with H. R. Baukhage, the newscaster, but even he warned her, "Stay away from radio yourself. It doesn't like women."

Pauline, who will bend a reasonable ear to good advice, found a great deal of nonsense in the explanations for a woman staying out of radio. She had never wanted to be judged as a woman reporter but only as a reporter.

"I guess they made me mad," she admits.

She stayed in Washington a few more years, but began to do more radio work with occasional network interviews for the program, *Let's Talk It Over*. In 1946 she took the short train trip to New York, the brain center of the four major networks, but found the brains slightly addled on the subject of hiring a woman.

"I'd quit my job," one vice-president told her, "before I'd hire a woman reporter."

She got a similar brush-off at the other networks—except in the news department of the American Broadcasting Company. Oddly enough, she got her first network assignment there because she was a woman.

"It was partly luck," she admits. "I happened to be at the right place at the right time."

The news chief surprised Pauline by welcoming her with open arms, then explained he needed a woman to report on a forum discussing the subject, *How to Get a Husband*.

Pauline, unmarried, comments, "Apparently I didn't learn much from that forum myself." But she did a good job and it earned her another assignment. The ABC news chief, unhampered by horse-and-buggy prejudices toward women, gave her more frequent features, such as the first post-war sale of nylons. But Pauline wanted to cover real news: politics, fires, floods, strikes. Actually, it was a truck strike that got her this break.

"I don't believe I'd better send you there," the news manager told her and explained, "There might be violence."

Pauline winced, but before she could answer he continued, "That means you'll have to cover the Big Four Foreign Ministers' Conference."

Pauline gasped. The Conference was the top story of the day. She well remembers how (Continued on page 76)

"People who tug at your heart..."

—So writes a regular listener to "MY TRUE STORY" Radio Program about the characters in these daily dramas. "It's the *realness* of the people in the true-to-life stories that's so refreshing!"

Listen to radio's *greatest* morning show and you'll understand why so many women are fascinated by it every week day Monday through Friday.

Tune in

"My True Story"


American BROADCASTING STATIONS



[adapted from the pages of **TRUE STORY** magazine]

Nothing lovelier and nothing finer...

New SPRING GARDEN

in silverplate than these patterns
that are sterling inlaid with two 
blocks of sterling silver at backs of bowls
and handles of most used spoons and forks.

LOVELY LADY

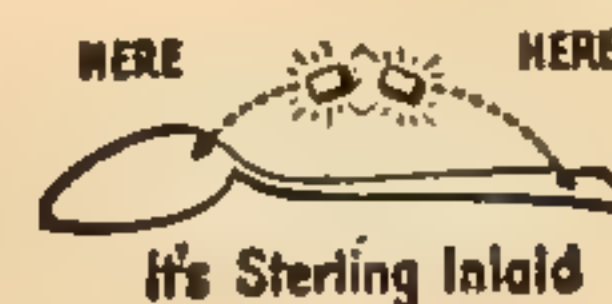
Naturally, sterling inlaid means
that these lovelier Holmes & Edwards
patterns will stay lovelier
much, much longer.

DANISH PRINCESS*

Particularly note Spring Garden,
the gay, new favorite. 52 piece
service for 8, chest included,
in all patterns, \$68.50.

YOUTH

HOLMES & EDWARDS
STERLING INLAID®
SILVERPLATE



*ALL PATTERNS MADE IN U. S. A.

Give it the "brush-off"
BEFORE THAT DATE TONIGHT!



SMOKE ALL YOU WANT!

New Listerine Tooth Paste attacks tobacco stain, off-color breath.

It may seem like such a *little* thing . . . so easy to neglect. But, Lady, take care!

That yellow film that you, yourself, may hardly be aware of . . . that heavy breath you may not even realize offends—they flash a warning to others: "Tobacco Mouth . . . Look Out"!

If you smoke a lot, play safe, especially before any date, and use the new Listerine Tooth Paste.

There's a reason: Listerine Tooth Paste is made with Lusterfoam—a wonderful new-type cleansing ingredient that literally *foams* cleaning and polishing agents over tooth surfaces. It removes yellow tobacco stain, while it's still fresh . . . whisks away odor-producing bacteria and tobacco debris.

Why not get a tube of the *improved* Listerine Tooth Paste, and see for yourself what a thorough job it does! Use it regularly and *know* they'll never say "Tobacco Mouth" about you!



TOBACCO MOUTH
... give it the "brush-off" with



"Feel that Lusterfoam work!"

(Continued from page 74) thrilled she was for it had been her ultimate goal to cover real news not merely human interest stories. She went on the air that evening with such an expert account of the Conference that she continued to cover the meetings and at their conclusion was assigned to the United Nations at Lake Success.

She came back not merely with news but exclusive interviews, scoops and correct predictions. She was the only woman radio reporter regularly assigned to the UN, and her male colleagues at Lake Success realized they had stiff competition in the dark-haired photogenic woman.

Since then she has had her own regular programs on television and radio, besides reporting on twenty-one other programs. She has traveled in twenty-six countries, covered war and murder trials, freaks and statesmen, elections and royal marriages with enough excitement, humor and near-tragedy thrown in to make her life a minor bedlam.

Today she works as hard as ever. When you hear Pauline report ten minutes of news on the morning program at 8:50, you may consider these facts. She was out on an interview the afternoon before to get information for a special story. She was up at four in the morning to go through two newspapers and all the stories that came over the teletype machines. From six to eight-thirty she was writing, boiling down and editing her script. But at 8:50 promptly you heard her smooth contralto voice say, "Good morning. This is Pauline Frederick reporting from New York."

The rest of the day may be just as hectic. She is "on call" for other news programs and there may be a ship docking with an important person or a meeting at the UN.

"At nine in the evening," she sighs, "I practically collapse in bed."

Pauline lives alone in the apartment in Manhattan's East Eighties. She has two rooms with a kitchenette, and a balcony the size of a postage stamp. She has decorated the rooms quietly for a feeling of relaxation. The bedroom walls are robin's egg blue with the ceiling a dark blue, to give her feeling of a sky overhead. By the side of her bed is a radio to help her relax.

"Hot baths don't work for me," she explains. "When I get home tense, I climb into bed and turn on some soft music. It's just distracting enough to keep me from remembering the things that worry me."

There is a Pullman kitchen behind a venetian blind off her living room with a good-sized refrigerator and stove. She won't go to much trouble to prepare a meal for herself and usually settles on ham and eggs. But she likes to entertain and frequently prepares dinner for friends. Chicken, broiled or fried, is her favorite dish and she has collected chicken recipes from all over the world.

"Tops on my list is French broiled chicken and it's very simple to make," she will tell you. "You rub a cleaned chicken with garlic, then take a pastry brush and coat it well with olive oil. While it's broiling turn it often and keep brushing on olive oil—it seals in the natural chicken juice."

Her living room has been painted hunter's green, except for the gray block over the fireplace. There are souvenirs from her travels on the walls: pictures, a Chinese mask and a handsome pair of black and white

marble bookends that come from Tibet.

"When I get in a strange city," she tells you, "I spend most of my time shopping for costume jewelry."

She prefers heavy bracelets and big rings that highlight her predominantly taupe-colored wardrobe. Like few career women and tall women she doesn't back away from bright colors and finds it difficult to resist a royal purple dress. Her hats are simple with little or no brim but when it comes to shoes she has a problem. On the job she accents her height of five feet, eight inches with high-heeled shoes but she has to keep well-stocked on low-heeled ones out of consideration for some of the men she dates.

Pauline shares her clothes with her niece, Catherine, who is a sophomore at Barnard College and Pauline's only relative in New York. Her closest living relatives, a brother and sister, live with their families in Pennsylvania. Two or three times a year she visits them to spend most of her time playing with her nieces and nephews.

"I'm really a family woman," she will tell you, "but I wouldn't get married just for the sake of getting married. It would have to be the real thing and mean enough to put my career second."

Casual friends speculate on why she hasn't married, for her week-ends are crowded with dinner and theater dates. Her most intimate friends alone know of the personal tragedy that enveloped the only man she ever cared for. But they keep hoping that sometime she will meet the "right" man again.

"She's so honest about everything," a friend said, "that she couldn't kid herself about marriage."

Pauline's friends speak of her seriousness and sincerity that sometimes get her terribly depressed, and Pauline admits it. She has covered the United Nations since the earliest charter-making days in San Francisco. When she sees hypocrisy and politics interfering with the supreme goal of a happy, peaceful world she feels as ill as if she herself had been suddenly struck by disease.

But ABC executives have nothing to be sorry about. They are proud to have one of radio's best reporters who incidentally happens to be a woman. Other networks may at last be wondering what they are thinking about when they say a woman doesn't sound authoritative, for Pauline is well respected as an expert observer and analyst of international events. At Colgate University recently, she made the keynote speech for the Conference on American Foreign Policy that also featured such prominent persons as Dulles, Eichelberger, Dewey and others. Pauline wishes that every woman in the world could become vitally interested in the work of the UN, for she sees in this body our only real hope for world peace. Although she has known and seen much petty politics, without cynicism she says, "There will be no hope for the United Nations until the Soviet Union and the United States get together. They are both equally at fault in not finding areas of agreement."

Why should a mother, a stenographer or any woman be interested in peace or war?

Pauline says, "If we put our trust in the atomic bomb instead of the United Nations, women know the story of what will happen better than the men themselves, for it is women who give their men to war."

Can They Stop the Music?

(Continued from page 24)

on Truth or Consequences, none of these programs involves a financial consideration on the part of contestants.

The FCC contends that the phrase "other consideration" does not of necessity mean financial consideration. It holds that merely *listening to or attending* a giveaway broadcast constitutes "consideration" on the part of the contestant (or would-be contestant), and, therefore, throws the program into the "lottery" classification. According to the Criminal Code, lotteries are illegal.

The second point, the extent to which the FCC should be allowed broadcasting censorship, is less clearly defined. Broadcasting companies grant the right of the FCC to protect the listening public from such things as obscenity, advice from quack doctors or from fortune-tellers. But they do not grant the FCC the right to determine what is or is not, in its opinion, cultural or generally worthwhile. Radio, according to the industry, is primarily a means of entertainment, and the form of entertainment should be left to the desires of the audience. If a person does not want to listen to Stop The Music, all he need do is turn the dial. The listener is a free agent, the networks point out, and as such should be allowed the privilege of selecting his own form of entertainment. Without an enthusiastic listening audience, a radio program cannot survive. Hence, contend the networks, it is the listener who keeps a program on the air—not the broadcasting companies.

Furthermore, claim the broadcasters, such far-reaching control over radio broadcasting is a real threat to free speech.

On the other side of the controversy, the FCC points out what it considers to be harmful psychological effects of giveaway programs. The commission believes that consciously or unconsciously the Stop The Music listener, for example, tunes in to the giveaway program not for entertainment, but rather in the vague hopes that his telephone will ring and he will become a contestant for fabulous prizes. By so doing, he will, sooner or later, lose his taste for worthwhile talent. Since the chances of any one person ever winning or even becoming a contestant is so infinitesimally small, the FCC feels that it is not only its right but its duty to protect the gullible radio audience from such a pitfall.

Countering this, the broadcasting industry points out the consistently high Hooper rating of the original giveaway show, Take It or Leave It, of sixty-four dollar question fame, a giveaway program on which only members of the *studio audience* can participate, and on which the prizes are comparatively low. Despite this, Take It or Leave It has outrated most of the jackpot shows on the air, proving, according to the networks, that people do not necessarily tune in for the awards, but rather for the entertainment value of the program.

During the coming months there will be many arguments, much polite legal name-calling, and assorted citing of precedents. RADIO MIRROR hopes that in pointing out the highlights of the case, we will have, to some extent, clarified the situation in your minds, thus enabling you to follow the progress of this controversy with more interest and understanding.



Are you really Lovely to Love?

try the test below

Have you ever wondered if you are as lovely as you could be—are you completely sure of your charm? Your deodorant can be the difference... and you will never know how lovely you *can* be until you use FRESH.

FRESH is so completely effective, yet so easy and pleasant to use... Different from any deodorant you have ever tried. Prove this to yourself with the jar of creamy, smooth FRESH we will send you.

Test it. Send 10¢ to cover handling charges to FRESH, Chrysler Building, New York, for a jar.





Kate's kids strew crumbs...

after she's just finished vacuuming the rugs. And Kate can't take it!



So do Carol's...

but her handy Bissell Sweeper gets those crumbs in a few easy swoops.

It's the *only* carpet sweeper with "Bisco-matic"* Brush Action. Adjusts itself automatically to thick rugs, or thin, with *no* pressing down on the handle.

Faster, Easier Clean-ups with

BISSELL SWEEPERS

A "Bisco-matic" Bissell even sweeps clean under beds and chairs, with handle held *low*! Get a Bissell® for daily clean-ups. Save vacuum for periodic cleaning.



GIFT HINT: Bissell's beautiful new "Flight" at \$9.45. Other Bissell Sweepers with "Bisco-matic" Brush Action as low as \$6.45. Prices a little more in far West.



Bissell Carpet Sweeper Co.
Grand Rapids 2, Mich.

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. Bissell's full spring controlled brush.

Come and Visit Bob Hope

(Continued from page 57)

It is not unusual to find Dolores Hope entertaining two or three hundred people at a parish bazaar on the front lawn, the four Hope children and assorted friends and pets making an unholy din in the play-yard, Bob dictating to three secretaries and conferring with a room full of writers in the recently completed brick cottage which houses his staff, while carpenters knock out a wall to add yet another room to the constantly expanding house, and at the bottom of the ravine which runs through the property a steam shovel begins excavating for the swimming pool Bob and Dolores have finally conceded is a California necessity.

If this description gives an impression of grandeur it is misleading, for the Hopes have chosen to live far away from the "swank belt" and built their permanent home in a modest suburban section where most of the residents commute to their city jobs from simple little two- or three-bedroom bungalows.

With the fortune he has amassed from his fabulous three-way career in radio, films, and personal appearances—to say nothing of baseball, and, recently, oil—Bob Hope could have built himself and his family a replica of Buckingham Palace if he had been so inclined.

But the Hopes aren't the kind of people who would feel at home in a formal house, and they have struggled—without complete success, but determinedly—to keep their home a place where they could live casually and simply.

When the two-story, stone and stucco Tudor house was built for the Hopes eleven years ago, its ten rooms seemed more than ample for Bob, Dolores and Baby Linda, and the two servants who were to keep the household running. And the suite of rooms over the three-car garage were perfectly adequate for Bob's professional staff.

But then Tony came along—only a year after Linda was born—necessitating a second nursery in the main house. Also, so that the children's nurse would not have to run downstairs to the kitchen at all hours of the day or night to make formula for the baby, a kitchen was installed on the second floor.

Since then, Dolores Hope explains, the house "like Topsy, has just growed."

Inch by inch, like a creeping vine, Bob's script files and correspondence files and cases full of trophies multi-

plied until they filled up every square foot of the office suite over the garage, until—if Bob's secretary were to have enough room for her typewriter—bigger offices were necessary.

So a second house was built, at the south end of the five-acre plot, a house big enough for a normal family to live in, and just a comfortable fit for Bob's secretarial staff. This gave Dolores and her platoon of carpenters yet another job of turning the suite over the garage into guest rooms—badly needed by this time since the arrival on the scene of two more babies, Kelley and Nora, now three, had absorbed the last inch of sleeping space in the main house.

The new office building was finished last winter, the new guest suites a few months later, and Mrs. Hope drew one relaxed breath.

Linda and Tony must have overheard this, she says, for they chose that exact moment to complain that their quarters were much too cramped. They liked guests, too, they said, and where on earth could they sleep? And where could they play, indoors, without spilling over into the grown-ups' territory?

So the prettiest room in the original house, the music room, was doomed—and when the carpenters get through this time, the older children will have a living room-playroom of their own.

Which would be fine—even final—except where would Dolores put the grand piano? Why, in a twenty-foot extension of the original living room, of course—this most recent addition should be finished by Christmas.

"It will never end," Dolores sighs, but not unhappily.

Bob held out long and grimly against the swimming pool, now almost finished. It was putting on the dog, he thought, and besides it was dangerous for the smaller children. But Kelley and Nora foiled him by learning to swim this summer, during their holiday at the beach and joined Linda and Tony in noisy agitation for a pool.

That campaign won, the two older youngsters began a new one—for a pony ring. They learned to ride during the summer.

"If I give in to all of that," Dolores says, and it is obvious that she will, "I suppose I'll have to put in a putting green for Bob."

"And that will be all," she adds.

You'll fall in love with...

DENNIS DAY

When he sings...mimics...acts

"A Day in the Life of Dennis Day"

★ Every Saturday Night . . . NBC

★ 9:30 p.m., EST



Read Dennis Day's life story in the December issue of **TRUE STORY** magazine . . . on your newsstand November 9th.

"That will be all," her golfing pal and personal secretary, Peggy Rutledge, puts in, "until Dolores decides to adopt a couple more children."

No one who knows her would be at all surprised if Dolores did just that. The same relaxed good nature and inner calm which equips her so perfectly for her arduous role as Bob Hope's wife make her a natural mother—she is bringing up four healthy, effortlessly disciplined youngsters without any sign of strain. Actually, they have given her a fulfillment very rare for women who must share their husbands with the public. She wouldn't have missed a moment of it.

"I knew when I met Bob that he was an unusual man," she says, "and the longer I'm around him, the better I know it."

No one who knows Bob Hope would argue about that. The apparently limitless springs of energy he continues to tap—for his thirteenth year now as a top ranking radio star, his tenth year in the big money brackets in motion pictures, for the strenuous personal appearance tours which would kill an ordinary man, for the junkets he continues to make four years after the end of the war to entertain servicemen all over the world—amaze all of his friends.

Dolores listens patiently to well-meaning people who urge her to make Bob slow down, but knows that she couldn't even if she would. Nobody could. Bob is made like that.

Dolores recognized Bob's tremendous inner drive—and accepts the complications it makes in their life together. More than that, she sees to it that in the private, non-professional area of his life, he gets the relaxation—the recurrent re-fueling that make it possible for him to go on.

But there are large areas of his life—and she accepts this too—in which she plays no part.

"I told myself from the beginning that it would be worse than useless to be jealous of my husband," she says. She has avoided that fate by living a full rich life of her own.

Bob is devoted to his family, and they to him. It is in his hours with Dolores and the children that he sheds the tensions that accumulate in the tremendous concentration of his work. Home is his escape and relief, the warm, friendly, loving place where he restores the well-springs of his energy.

Sometimes even home—six foot fence or no—gets too hectic, and at those times Dolores steps in and takes Bob out of the traffic. During the winter, they escape to Palm Springs.

There Bob really "falls apart," Dolores says, falling apart for Bob being the ability to just sit, to sleep, to read.

Last summer, after the final show of his radio series, Bob and Dolores, with Linda and Tony, went to Lake Arrowhead for a week.

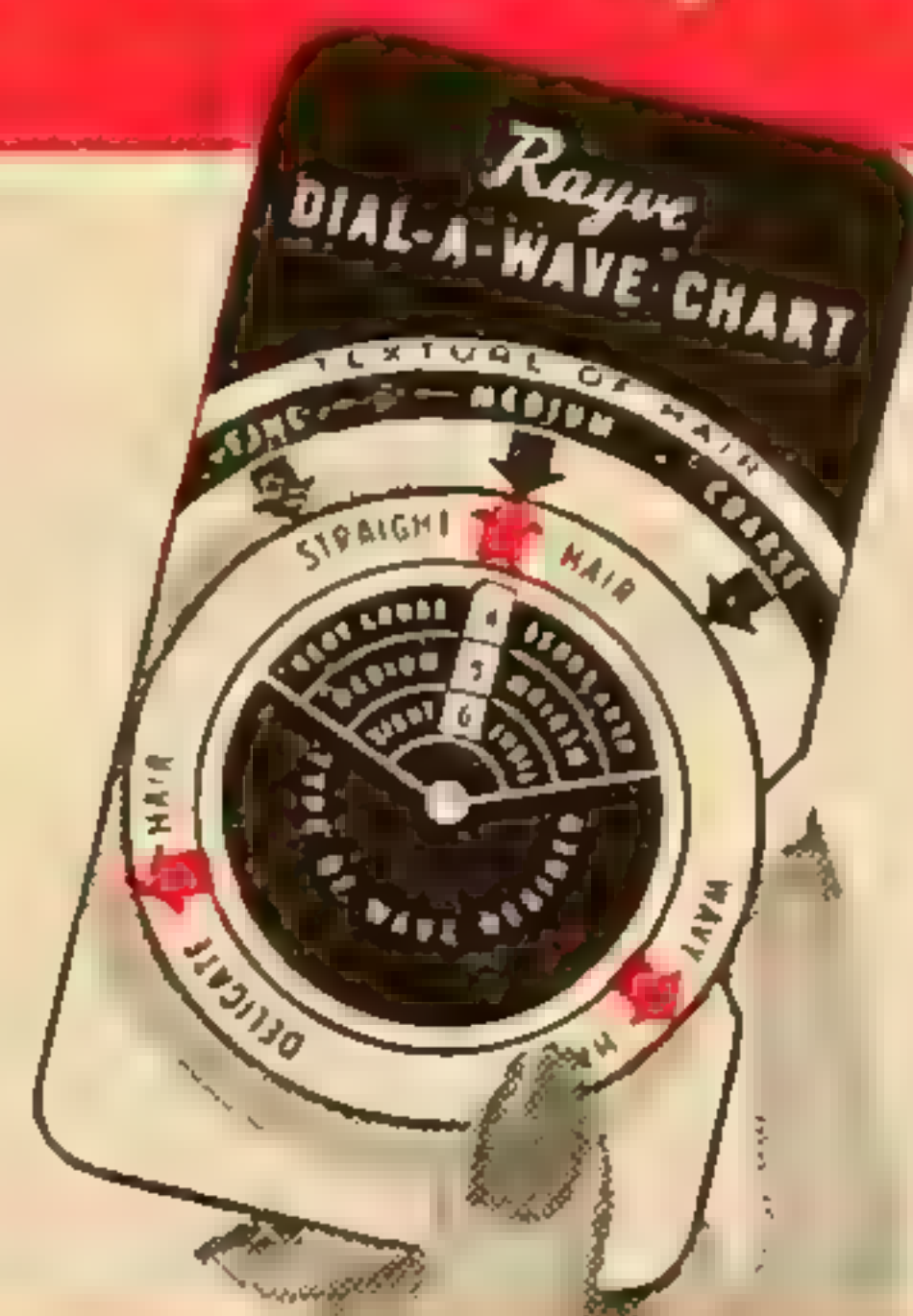
It was the first time in their sixteen years of marriage, Dolores says, that she had ever known Bob to go to bed before midnight.

"We had dinner together every night, went out for a short walk with the children, and were in bed by nine o'clock."

Bob slept fourteen hours one night. A record. He stored up so much vitality in this brief vacation that he began to think it would be fun to squeeze in a visit to the occupation forces in Japan between "The Great Lover," the picture he did this summer, and the beginning of his fall radio series.

With a flick of your finger... the Dial-a-Wave ends guesswork in your home permanent

Her Rayve Wave Number is 4. Find yours on the Dial-a-Wave... easy as dialing your radio! Be sure of getting the kind of wave you want... for your kind of hair!



Only Rayve—the new
HOME PERMANENT

has the Dial-a-Wave to give you the
one right wave for your hair!



RAYVE REFILL KIT \$1

COMPLETE RAYVE KIT \$2

with 60 improved "easy-wind" plastic curlers



NO OTHER WAVE IS SO SURE, YET SO FAST...

Rayve's exclusive Dial-a-Wave shows you instantly the *shortest* waving time in which you can be *sure* of getting the one right wave for *your* type of hair and exactly the amount of curl *you* want.

SO GENTLE, SO EASY! Rayve's new creme formula is noticeably *gentler-acting*. And everything's so *simple*... picture-booklet directions; no turban to wear.

LONG-LASTING—YET SOFTER, MORE NATURAL

—A Rayve wave is satin-soft, frizz-free from the very *first* day. And if you already have *any* kind of plastic curlers, all you need to buy for this lovelier cold wave is a \$1 Rayve Refill!

FROM THE FAMOUS PEPSODENT LABORATORIES

What's new in Feminine Hygiene?



New improved NORFORMS make feminine hygiene easier

Never before has an antiseptic and deodorant preparation for inner cleanliness been so pleasant and easy to use.

The New Norforms are small, dainty suppositories that form an antiseptic and protective film. Powerful, yet non-irritating new agents destroy germ life and eliminate (not mask) objectionable odors for hours.

Nothing to mix or measure—no worry about too much or too little. The New Norforms are safe to use on delicate tissues. They melt at internal body temperature without greasiness or odor.

The new formula and a new method of packing—individually sealed in foil—prevents spoilage—makes the New Norforms usable in any climate.

Get new, improved Norforms and discover how simple feminine hygiene can be. At all drug stores.

Send for booklet, "Feminine Hygiene Made Easy." The Norwich Pharmacal Company, Norwich, New York . . . Famous for Dependable Drugs.

NORFORMS
are simply wonderful

Because he dashes off to the far corners of the globe at every let-up in his work in Hollywood, Bob has little time to spend alone with his family.

But what time he has, he makes the most of.

With Dolores, he loves to play golf. As everyone knows, Bob is a demon golfer, and Dolores is no slouch herself. Her handicap which used to be a four, has risen to a nine. Now when Bob's work takes him traveling, she can go along happily, and play tournament golf while he meets the people.

Dolores pulled a muscle in her right arm early in her stay at Newport, and it broke her heart. "I was just beginning to hit my stride," she says, "and here I was grounded, with the Santa Ana golf course only five minutes away."

Bob was making a picture during the summer months but he came down to the beach place over Sundays.

He loved swimming and boating with the children. If there were guests around, and there usually were, Bob would relax in the evenings by turning chef, making aromatic roasts of lamb or veal—sometimes even a turkey—on the electric rotisserie the beach house boasted.

If there were no guests, he and Dolores would walk with the children and Chuckie after a family supper, and go early to bed.

Chuckie is the children's devoted mongrel dog. Where the Hopes go, Chuckie goes, and thereby hangs a story more revealing than most about the personal life of that remarkable family.

When Linda and Tony were little, Bob had a thoroughbred Great Dane named Red Son whom the whole family adored. The children had a cocker spaniel of their own, and Red Son adored the cocker spaniel.

One unhappy winter, the little spaniel came down with spinal meningitis and died very suddenly, leaving Red Son stricken with grief. The big Dane refused to eat, grew thin and gaunt. The veterinarian said that he was suffering from a disease which in a human being would be ulcers, brought on by a broken heart. He might pull through if he had another dog for a playmate.

It was almost Christmas, and Bob and the children went dog-shopping and came home with Chuckie, who was only a few weeks old. Chuckie was in Red Son's stocking on Christmas. The Dane rallied briefly, but it was too late. He died soon after. In the meantime, Chuckie was growing up—really up. He

turned out to be an indistinguished combination of German Shepherd and police dog.

The children loved him, but Dolores felt that Bob should have another Dane. They would find Chuckie a good home somewhere.

The new Dane arrived, in due course, and despite his gilt edged papers, turned out to be a bum of the dog world. He ate chickens, knocked down the mail man, was generally unpleasant.

The Hopes decided to send him to a training school to learn his manners. In the meantime, Chuckie could stay on.

That was two years ago. The Dane is still a boarder at the training school and Chuckie is master of the house.

When the family went to Palm Springs last winter, Chuckie went too.

The first day there, Bob was scheduled to lead a rodeo parade, and the rest of the family went downtown to watch the celebration, leaving Chuckie behind.

Chuckie isn't used to being left, and he didn't like it. When the Hopes returned, no Chuckie.

The family tore out of the house in all directions beating the brush for Chuckie. They looked for two hours, with no luck. They called the police and the radio stations. Bob was due back in town for a broadcast but he decided to have one more look. He was gone for twenty minutes, while the children and Dolores wept and paced the floor. He came back, dusty and thoroughly mussed up—but he had Chuckie, who had been wandering lost and frightened in the desert brush.

The children have a nurse—according to Chuckie, unnecessarily. Watching the children is his job. His place in the family is secure, so he needn't really work too hard. There never was a thoroughbred like Chuckie.

In all the areas of their life together the Hopes keep their eye on the deeper values. They are much happier keeping things simple.

When the new office building was finished at the North Hollywood place, and Dolores was ordering the furnishings, she decided to surprise Bob by buying him his first real executive's desk. It is an imposing creation nine feet long.

Bob looked at it for a long minute and shook his head.

"I'm not that successful," he said. But he is, and not just as America's unofficial ambassador of goodwill.

He is a successful man in any light, in no role more remarkable than in his private one—husband and father.

The Life of a Glamorous Woman Reporter!



Listen to

"Wendy Warren and the News"

Monday through Friday CBS Stations

Check Paper for Time

Read the fascinating feature,

"Woman's World"

reported by Wendy Warren each month in **TRUE EXPERIENCES** magazine now at news-stands.

Coast to Coast in Television

(Continued from page 51)

"Outfits suitable for stage appearances were completely taboo for video. I've always worn deep, dark colors and suddenly I had to go scurrying around for medium blues and greens. These are the most desirable colors for the television cameras to pick up. Dark shades photograph white and pastels just create a blurred effect.

"Colors aren't the only problem," Maggi explained, "styling of clothes and fabrics are of importance. For example, if I were to wear a tailored suit with shoulder pads, I would look like the star halfback for Notre Dame. On the screen I would have a squat, pushed-in look—not very chic."

It didn't take Maggi long to learn that soft and extremely simple lines did the most for her. Deep cut necklines are the most flattering (off the shoulder effects still better). If she wants to wear collars or closed-top outfits, they must be severely cut and follow the natural lines of her shoulder and throat.

Television could start a complete "dressing-down" trend in clothes, Maggi feels. "And it wouldn't be bad at that. As a matter of fact, most jewelry is a 'do not' for TV. Glittering baubles are completely out because they pick up reflections from the studio lights. I leave off jewelry entirely, except pearls sometimes. It looks better and there is no chance for sudden flashes of light blurring the screen because I turned my wrist a certain way and a bracelet sneaked into the act.

"This should be a tip-off to women because since the advent of fairly simple clothes, they have been trying to dress it up with too much jewelry, thus completely marring the effect of the wonderful new simplicity."

The fabric problem was another facet that had to be worked out. Taffetas, silks and rayons cause harshness and reflections, while the softer fabrics photograph best of all. Maggi feels that velvets and failles are especially smart and flattering too.

Once nicknamed "The Hat" (she never was seen without one) fans were amazed to see Maggi minus chapeaux on television. Maggi herself feels that she will be dubbed "Lidless Maggi" now, and it is especially upsetting to her that hats are still another taboo. "I felt as if I lost something very important," Maggi says, "when I lifted the lid."

Maggi explained that hats cause distortions. Brimmed hats cast shadows on the face. Off-the-face hats "make your head look as if it comes to a point on top." The camera does not distinguish between your hair and the hat and the effect is ghastly.

As for make-up, Maggi says that the panchromatic brown was rejected and now a regular pancake make-up is used in a light suntan shade. Her lipstick is now quite light, with a pinkish tone favored. As a matter of fact, it is more comparable to street make-up than all other theatrical forms.

"All in all," Maggi summed up, "television is creating a new high in simplicity for American fashion. Becoming soft shades, feminine fabrics and flattering natural and dramatic make-up. If the women follow along these lines, what a wonderful looking group they will be."



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Have You Heard?



JOAN LANSING

WHAT'S COOKING?

This time I don't pose this culinary question carelessly, because the slightly staggering sum of \$153,985 is being whipped into this beautiful batch of batter. Our philosopher friend GALEN DRAKE is awarding this luscious loot to lucky housewives skilled and (if you're like me) unskilled with the skillet. It's all part of Pillsbury's "Grand National Recipe and Baking Contest" with 109 cash prizes. There's certainly nothing skimpy about the Pillsbury measure being dished out in this super contest. First prize can reach \$50,000 (what a windfall!!!) and 100 other winners will demonstrate their kitchen concoctions at New York's Waldorf Astoria Hotel during a 2-day, all-expense trip. Rig up those recipes you're always complimented upon (it can be for pies, cakes, breads, cookies, entrees or desserts) and maybe get in on this frankly fabulous fiesta. There's gold in that dough, ma'am! GALEN DRAKE, the mellifluous man who makes 4:00 PM (EST) on your local ABC station such good listening every weekday afternoon, adds more contest "happy talk" to his usual delivery of home-fed philosophy.

****O.K., Lucy, drop the phone, time to listen to TED MALONE!** It may not be good poetry, but I want you to know-etry that the terrific Ted, sponsored by Westinghouse, makes 3:55 PM (EST) a high spot on the American Broadcasting Company day-time dial for me.

MORE FOOD-FOR-THOUGHT-DEPT. . . . How to look lovely and live lively is the duty of a real expert, Serutan's VICTOR H. LINDLAHR. With his diet tips and food advice, Victor has beautified more women than the combined efforts of the great Ziegfeld and Earl Carroll . . . and makes it easy as ABC—which just happens to be the network bringing you Lindlahr Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 10:45 AM (EST), Sunday at 11:00 AM (EST). Anyway you spell it Serutan's VHL leads the ladies to loveliness.

****SOCIAL NOTES:** Think I'll accept ART LINKLETTER's hep and happy "House Party" invitation to join him weekdays at 12:00 noon (EST). He's such good company . . . and he's presented by Pillsbury.

****LATE NEWS:** It runs in the family! Mother's "mad about him," my 15-year old sister, Sue, finds him "divine" and I'm faintly a-flutter myself after a session with handsome, versatile CHARLES "BUDDY" ROGERS. The "Dream Boy" is back . . . and ABC's got him as M.C. on the new program sensation "Pick A Date," 11:30 AM (EST) daily.

Joan Lansing

The Greatest Story Ever Told

(Continued from page 37)

the recordings were on their way to President Truman, Joseph Stalin, and Trygve Lie of the United Nations.

The inspiration of The Greatest Story Ever Told has had a remarkable effect on the most varied listeners, not only at this season, but throughout the year. The reports of its influence are many.

Not long ago, for instance, in a medium-sized, Midwestern city, Mrs. T's car was stolen. It had happened within five minutes, because that was as long as she had left the auto parked. As she reached home where she planned to call the police, her phone was ringing.

"Your car seems to have been returned," she was told.

Sure enough, it was standing right where she had parked it—a note jammed into the windshield.

"I turned on the radio in your car and heard The Greatest Story Ever Told. It made me realize how wrong I was. I'm sixteen years old, and I guess it's not too late to lead an upright life."

As the Greatest Story Ever Told has spun out its reverent and forceful theme, other lives have been changed. A spinster who had been listening in the Far West one Sunday sat down afterward and wrote to someone who had offended her. She had never intended writing to that friend again.

A husband and wife decided to take a Christian attitude toward the man's business partner, with whom they have been in a bitter dispute, after hearing one of the programs. Their first impulse had been to take vindictive and vengeful action, the wife explained. "We don't know yet how it will turn out, but we're sure it's going to be all right," she said.

And for a tormented woman who had been going through a period of mental and spiritual anguish, something like a miracle happened. Still consumed by a gripping sense of bitterness and defeat, a feeling for which she had found relief nowhere, she tuned in The Greatest Story Ever Told. The next day, a newfound peace moved her to write:

"Last night, I listened to your program, and though it made me weep, it took away the feeling of resentment and rebellion which had tortured me so completely I felt I had to thank you for your great inspiration."

Inspiration is a big word, but it fits The Greatest Story Ever Told. From the first there had been a dedicated spirit behind the undertaking. The men who conceived it wanted to do much more than entertain, much more even than merely retell the events of the New Testament. They wanted to bring home with an immediate impact the way in which the two-thousand-year-old lessons of brotherhood and faith which Jesus taught apply to everyday living here and now. They wanted to produce a program which would affect the actions of those who heard it.

This is what they hoped for—that listeners would say afterwards: *The people in this drama have the same problems I do, and the answers they found make sense for me, too.* Apparently, they have accomplished what they were after.

The man who started the whole idea was Fulton Oursler. A noted writer and editor for many years, he had become a profound student of Christianity after a visit to the Holy Land in the

1930's. These studies had decided him to retell the miraculous life of Jesus in a manner that would take it out of the remoteness of ancient history and lead people to read the Gospels at first hand. Mr. Oursler had been at work on the manuscript for several years when he realized that the stirring material he was dealing with could be even more powerful over the air. He suggested a dramatic series to Waddill Catchings, head of a firm which produces radio programs, and got an enthusiastic approval.

After that the next step was to work up a sample script. The man Mr. Oursler asked to do the actual writing was Henry Denker, one of the top-flight radio writers in the business. Besides that, Mr. Denker was an expert on the Bible. He had studied the Old Testament from beginning to end in Hebrew three times, and had carried on intricate researches into the New Testament. He knew the material and he knew the problems that faced the project.

The first problem was interpretation. Different Christian denominations not only interpret Christ differently, they have varying shades of belief about the miracles related in the Gospels. To overcome that obstacle, Mr. Denker held long, probing discussions with Protestant ministers of many different churches and with the best scholars of the Roman Catholic church, as well as with persons prominent in the Jewish religion.

Today, a board of representative clergymen serves as an advisory group in order to insure universal acceptance of the material in the dramas. Every script goes to them and must have their approval before it is put into production. There are plenty of times when objections are raised, but agreement has always been possible. "It is . . . a very clear lesson in the real brotherhood of man," as Henry Denker has declared.

One of the knottiest problems was the question of using the figure of Christ as a character in the dramas. This had been done on the stage and in the movies, but never over the air. Doubters were firm on this point.

"You can't represent Christ's voice in a radio play. People won't stand for it," they said with finality.

But men with a purpose will find a way. First of all, it was agreed that when Jesus spoke, He would utter only the actual words which appear in the New Testament. Next, a device was adopted that appears in famous religious paintings, which always mark the figure of Our Lord by a halo. Only in this case, the halo became a musical motif, which sounds its shimmering, lofty tones before and after Christ is heard. To put His words even more definitely on a plane by themselves, there is a slight pause before other characters follow Him, and the performer pronouncing His words speaks from an isolation booth which produces a cathedral-like echo effect.

Listeners have reacted with wholehearted approval from the beginning. In addition to the reverent spirit and manner with which the words of Christ's figure are handled, something else has made the approval possible. The program, an unusually expensive one which costs close to a million a year to produce has not the slightest hint of

any commercialism about it at all. From the first, it was clear that The Greatest Story Ever Told would need a sponsor. No network could afford to carry a program calling for an average of fourteen actors a week, a thirty-two-piece orchestra and a sixteen-voice chorus. Sponsors, however, generally take on the cost of a radio production in order to sell a product, and as far as this one was concerned, commercials were unthinkable. In order to be heard without arousing resentment, the program would have to find a sponsor willing to forswear any use of the time for selling his wares.

The program found a sponsor who went further than that. He didn't even want his company's name mentioned. Unfortunately, there is an iron-bound FCC ruling which requires two mentions of the buyer's name whenever air time is paid for, and Paul Litchfield had to give in. He managed, however, to put the required credit into about the fewest words ever accorded a sponsor over the air. At the opening and close an announcer says—"This program is presented by the Goodyear Tire and Rubber Company"—and that is all.

This company wasn't the first to be offered The Greatest Story nor the first to be impressed by it. It was, however, the first to be willing to back a radio series based on Christ's teachings despite the danger of recrimination and without hope of gain. The man responsible for that willingness was the chairman of Goodyear's Board, Paul W. Litchfield.

A man over seventy, Paul Litchfield had been concerned for a long time with how Christ's message of brotherhood could be demonstrated more forcefully. As a boy, a Unitarian schooling which required him to attend the services of other denominations in order to learn how others worship God, had given him a broad religious viewpoint. He had learned indelibly then that the essence of Christianity is understanding of God and one's fellows and the practice of brotherly love.

In the face of warnings from some of his closest business associates, Paul Litchfield took on the responsibility for sponsoring the broadcasts. It was he more than anyone else who insisted on the most rigid precautions against commercialism. No advertising was to be heard on the program; no local dealers were to promote it. As a matter of fact, when word first went around that the company was buying a network program, several of their dealers did buy time for local spot announcements before and after the half-hour. All of these commercial tie-ins were cancelled at once.

It is most of all the letters which come in, telling of the effect the program exerts on the everyday lives of his fellow-Americans that has caused Mr. Litchfield to say: "This is the most satisfying experience of my life."

Praise has poured in from all sides—from individual clergymen, as well as the public. Religious bodies of all denominations have offered congratulations and given active support. They have sent out letters urging members to listen in; they have endorsed the program from the pulpit. One Jewish group, with the purpose of combatting anti-Semitism, sent out three hundred thousand communications asking people to listen to the Easter trilogy. The accurate historical and religious treatment of the crucifixion story, they felt, would correct the ideas which breed prejudice.

More than a thousand ministers have

LITTLE LULU



My, my... strong, like Kleenex*!

Little Lulu says: NATCH - YOU GET EXTRA SOFTNESS WITH KLEENEX TISSUES, BUT DON'T LET THAT SOFTNESS FOOL YOU! STURDY KLEENEX HAS PLENTY OF WHAT IT TAKES TO CATCH BIG-TIME SNEEZES - WHISK OFF MAKEUP.

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RELIEF FAST SO S-O-O-T-H-I-N-G FOR

IRRITATED SKIN

Satisfied users of Sayman Salve told others—so sales have grown into millions! Proven *prescription* ingredients quickly relieve discomfort of Rashes, Eczema, Pimples, Chafing, Athlete's Foot and other externally caused skin and scalp irritations. Guaranteed relief or money back. Buy 35c jar and apply today.

Sayman SALVE AND SOAP



Blondes! Want Lighter Shinier Hair SAFELY?

New home shampoo made specially for blondes contains Andium. Washes hair shades lighter, gives it lovely extra luster SHINE. Called BLONDEX, it takes only 11 minutes at home. Safe for children.

FREE-Trial Package

Send postcard to Swedish Shampoo Labs., Dept. 116; 880 Broadway, N. Y. 3, N. Y. or get regular size at any 10c, drug or toilet goods counter.

CAN'T SLEEP

due to NERVOUS TENSION

Try MILES NERVINE



If jittery nerves occasionally keep you awake, try MILES NERVINE. Use only as directed. All drug stores—two forms—Liquid Nervine or effervescent tablets.

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Be Your Own MUSIC Teacher

LEARN AT HOME THIS MONEY SAVING WAY

Simple as A-B-C. Your lessons consist of real selections, instead of tiresome exercises. You read real notes—no "numbers" or trick music. Some of our 850,000 students are band LEADERS. Everything is in print and pictures. First you are told what to do. Then a picture shows you how. Soon you are playing popular music. Mail coupon for our illustrated Free Book and Print and Picture Sample. Mention your favorite instrument. U. S. School of Music, 43912 Brunswick Bldg., N. Y. 10, N. Y. (51st Anniversary)

FREE BOOKLET

U. S. School of Music, 43912 Brunswick Bldg., New York 10, N. Y. Please send me Free Booklet and Print and Picture Sample. I would like to play (Name Instrument).

Instrument..... Have you..... Instrument?.....
Address.....
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so absorbent!



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NOW FINER THAN EVER

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WANTED BROKEN JEWELRY
HIGHEST CASH PRICES!
 Top prices paid for gold teeth, rings, jewelry, watches, diamonds, spectacles, etc. Cash mailed promptly. Bonded.
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WRITE FOR FREE SHIPPING CONTAINER

JOLLY TIME
FOR YOUR HOLIDAY FUN
JOLLY TIME POP CORN

ITCH CHECKED IN A JIFFY
 Relieve itching caused by eczema, athlete's foot, scabies, pimples and other itching conditions. Use cooling, medicated **D. D. D. Prescription**. Greaseless, stainless. Soothes, comforts and checks itching fast. 35c trial bottle proves it—or money back. Don't suffer. Ask your druggist today for **D.D.D. Prescription**.

Tired Kidneys Often Bring Sleepless Nights

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, a stimulant diuretic, used successfully by millions for over 50 years. Doan's give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

written declaring that the dramas are more effective than a sermon.

"The story preaches a better sermon than I could ever hope to do even with my thirty years' experience," wrote one of them.

Many report that the program is bringing people back to a religion that they have rejected. One clergyman told about a man who was so interested in the life of Christ as he heard it on The Greatest Story that he began to read his Bible after years of neglect.

The minister said: "This program convinced him that the Bible must be an interesting and thrilling book."

Thousands tell of the concrete good which The Greatest Story has brought about in their lives, but no practical result has been more dramatic than the full-page advertisement which appeared throughout the country in thirty-eight leading Sunday newspapers on May 4, 1937. The ad had been inserted by a rival of the sponsor and it was headlined: "We suggest you listen to The Greatest Story Ever Told." The copy went on: "This is an unusual advertisement. It invites you to listen to the radio program of a competitor of ours."

There are many reasons for the program's unique success in bringing home eternal truths with the immediate impact of current events. The masterly writing technique is an important one. It combines modern, straightforward English with an occasional, ancient phrase or unusual sentence structure, so that the dialogue fits its centuries-old background, yet has the freshness of face-to-face talk. Another is the music. Written by an authority on religious music, its blend of intense spiritual emotion and dramatic mood builds up the stories' suspense and reverent feeling to a high pitch.

Equally important is the acting. There is little earnestness like this in radio. Chosen from the best, the actors give everything they have to their roles. None of the actors will win fame through their performances, because their names will never be announced. Every member of the cast stays anonymous, so that the hallowed figure he portrays will suffer no identification with any characters which the actor may play on other programs, or with the actor himself.

They regard it as a privilege to work on the program in spite of this. If some resent the lack of recognition at first, the feeling vanishes quickly. As one puts it, "Working on the program is something like going to church."

Unlike the usual sponsors of the usual radio program, Mr. Litchfield and the men associated with him discourage publicity about the show, because of the constant worry of diminishing Christ's message of brotherhood by any hint of exploitation.

During one of last year's holiday rehearsals, however, a community leader from the Midwest was given special permission to watch a rehearsal. This is what he says about it:

"It is not 'radio acting' you see. It is something more serious and solid. . . . As I gazed into the studio, the modern dress of the players, the musical groups and the sound effects men all faded. . . . And I admit, unashamed, that there were moments during the rehearsal when my eyes were moist."

The sincerity of the men and women who produced The Greatest Story is matched by the enthusiasm of the people who hear it. There is the young mother who said: "If I hear many more programs of this type, I will undoubtedly become more serious in my attitude toward Christian thinking and Christian attitudes. . . ."

There is the young husband who wrote, "Our family can't seem to do without it, for no matter where we are on Sunday afternoons, my wife and I make a point to be at home in time so as not to miss the program."

Children seem to love the dramatizations. "My children can't wait to hear it," a mother wrote. "Sunday afternoon seems long to them for they are always asking how long before The Greatest Story is on."

It's after the Christmas programs that listeners have really spilled over with thanks. One letter that came in after last year's Yuletide dramatizations is a favorite of the producers. It was written by a little boy of six, who said, "I love your program. It is making people want to be good."

The most important point of all about the meaning of the Nativity was made by a veteran of the recent war. "You did a swell job telling the story of Christ's birth and making the big thing about peace and good will come right through good and strong. You're socking home the Christmas message of peace on earth, good will to men, not only at Christmas time, but the rest of the year too. And speaking as a veteran, as well as a guy who believes that a person's race, religion or color has nothing to do with the kind of person he is—keep up the good work."

That is the idea—exactly.

\$1,000 EVERY SUNDAY!

Not a contest. . . . Nothing to buy . . .

"TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES"

is offering \$1,000 for information leading to the arrest of wanted criminals. Listen Sunday afternoon for complete details.

Taken from the pages of True Detective magazine, "True Detective Mysteries" is a thrilling dramatization of a true, authenticated crime case.

Tune in

TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES

Sunday afternoon at 4:30 p.m. EST 3:30 p.m. CST
 2:30 p.m. MST 1:30 p.m. PST
 over 480 Mutual Stations — the world's biggest network

The Sheriff and Mr. Mittens

(Continued from page 45)

Exposition days. It turned out to be a stranger who greeted him with "Bob, will you please let me have one of those badges you send out to the kids, so I can sleep again nights. I lost my little boy's badge and he has been crying for three days." The officer had taken his family to the beach on his day off and told the child he couldn't wear the badge because he might lose it. "I'll take care of it for you," he promised. It had disappeared somewhere in the sand and frantic searching failed to turn it up.

"I let him put on my badge," the father said. "He doesn't think it's any good. He only wants his Chuck Wagon badge."

Bob gave him two of them. "One for your little boy, and one for you to lose," he told the policeman.

He got one of his biggest kicks one other night recently when he grabbed a cab to catch his train home after The Singing Lady Show. The driver turned around and asked, "Aren't you Mr. Mittens?" Bob admitted he was, and handed over a bill to pay the fare. "Oh, no," said the driver. "My little boy wouldn't let me in the door tonight if I told him I drove Mr. Mittens and let him pay for the ride. It's on the house, compliments of my son," he grinned.

Mama

(Continued from page 49)

Service in New York) even when she isn't acting. "Mama," called director Ralph Nelson, "we need you now—" Without thinking she answered, "Ya."

Papa says he doesn't find himself doing that so much these days as in the beginning, but during the weeks when his part has many "sides" and he studies a lot he's more apt to talk like Papa both on and off the set.

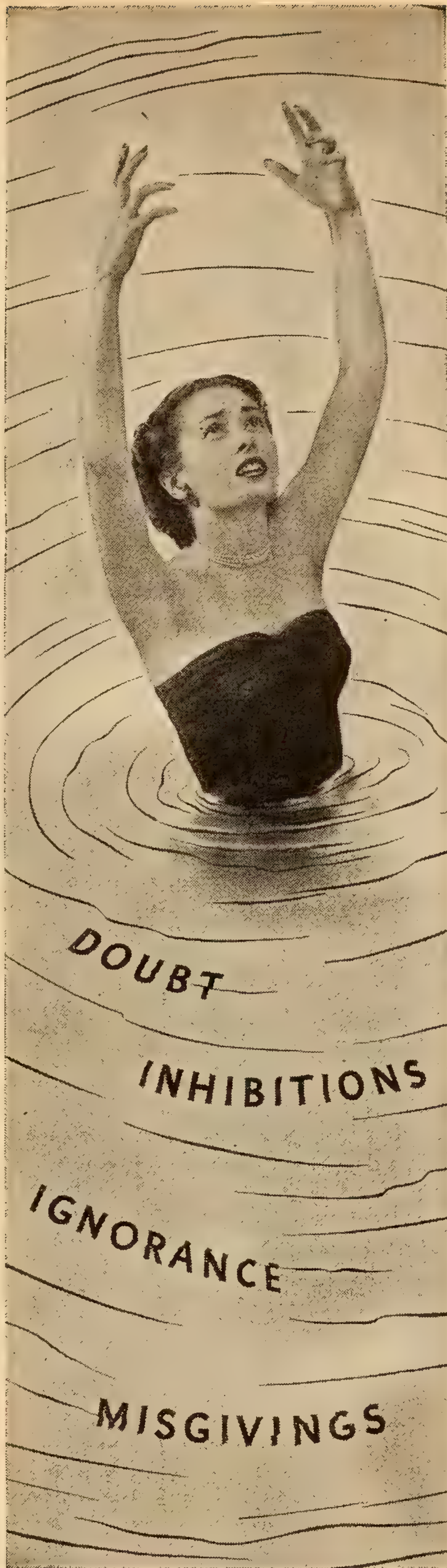
The set itself is built all around the big studio, so everyone has to be alert to dodge the booms and cameras as they turn from one room to the other, out to the back porch where the dish towels are drying on the line, up to Nel's little room under the eaves and back to the bright shining kitchen with its aroma of fresh coffee.

Rehearsals start on Tuesdays and run from 10 A.M. to 1 P.M. for three days. On Fridays they start at 11 A.M. and everyone brings lunch, so no time will be lost. These are rehearsals on camera, and the dress rehearsal before they break for the family style dinner down in the huge Grand Central building that houses the CBS-TV studio.

On Friday the cameramen and crew come on the set. They see the show with a fresh outlook. "We listen for their laugh," Mama said. "They're as much a part of the family as the rest of us."

Right after saying that Mama went into a scene with a neighbor's little girl, Sarahanne, played by a talented ten-year-old, Rosalie Alter. As the scene ended, the floor manager gave a great shout of laughter at a bit of dialogue between Mama and Sarahanne.

"See what I mean?" Peggy Wood asked, as she came off the set. "I've been wondering if that was as funny as I thought it was. Now I know."



TOO LATE TO CRY OUT IN ANGUISH!

Beware of the one intimate neglect that can engulf you in marital grief

TOO LATE, when love has gone, for a wife to plead that no one warned her of danger. Because a wise, considerate wife makes it her business to *find out* how to safeguard her daintiness in order to protect precious married love and happiness.

One of the soundest ways for a wife to keep married love in bloom is to achieve dainty allure by practicing *effective* feminine hygiene such as *regular* vaginal douches with reliable "Lysol."

Germ destroyed swiftly

"Lysol" has amazing, *proved* power to kill germ-life on contact . . . truly cleanses the vaginal canal even in the presence of mucous matter. Thus "Lysol" *acts* in a way that makeshifts like soap, salt or soda *never can*.

Appealing daintiness is assured, because the very source of objectionable odors is eliminated.

Use whenever needed!

Gentle, non-caustic "Lysol" will not harm delicate tissue. Easy directions give correct douching solution. Many doctors advise their patients to douche regularly with "Lysol" brand disinfectant, just to insure daintiness alone, and to use it as often as they need it. No greasy aftereffect.

For feminine hygiene, three times more women use "Lysol" than any other liquid preparation. No other is more reliable. You, too, can rely on "Lysol" to help protect your married happiness . . . keep you desirable!

For complete Feminine Hygiene rely on . . .

"Lysol"
Brand Disinfectant

A Concentrated Germ-Killer

Product of Lehn & Fink



NEW!...FEMININE HYGIENE FACTS!

FREE! New booklet of information by leading gynecological authority. Mail coupon to Lehn & Fink, 192 Bloomfield Avenue, Bloomfield, N. J.

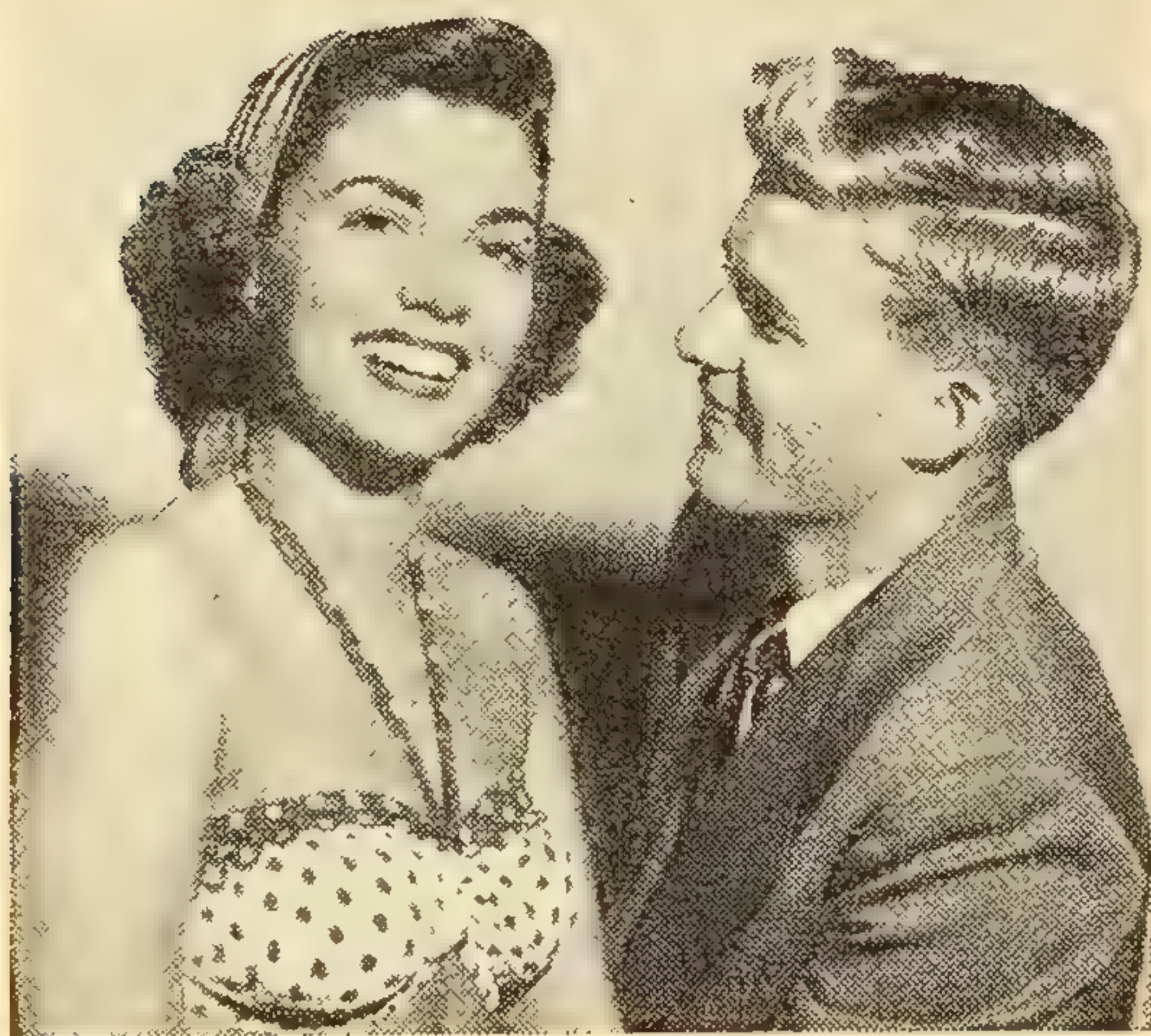
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R.T.M.-4912

Winner



Marilyn Hampton, beauty queen crowned "Miss College All-Star of 1949" says, "For soft lovely hands, use Italian Balm daily."

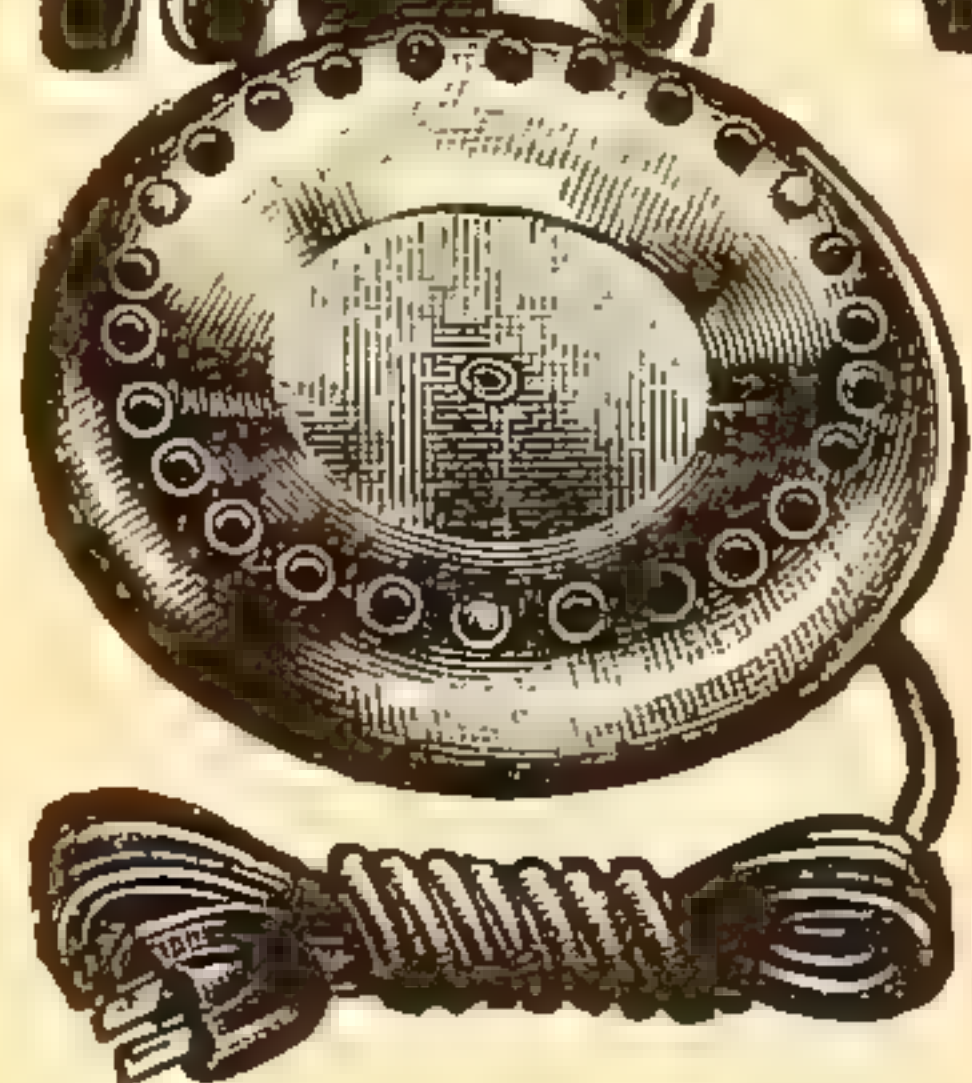
In winter especially, your hands need the extra-protection of Italian Balm. Where less effective lotions fail, this famous Canadian lotion provides sure protection against winter weather. Italian Balm prevents chapping—softens roughest, driest skin overnight. Rich, widespreading; one drop serves both hands! 25c, 50c, \$1 per bottle.

Campana Italian Balm for CHAP-FREE HANDS

OWN YOUR BUSINESS

Make greaseless doughnuts at home. New amazing electric machine. No smoke. You'll coin money selling grocers, cafes, hamburger stands. Low cost will surprise you. Lifetime business. Send for free recipes and plans.
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QUICKLY! only \$1.98 complete
NO FIRES TO BUILD
SAVES FUEL BILLS
SAVES TIME & WORK

New low priced Electric Water Heater works like a charm. Just drop in water and plug in. Amazing quantities of hot water to bathe, shave, wash, hundreds of other uses. Handy size and shape fits every basin, tub, sink, etc.

Send No Money! Clip This Ad!
Mail ad on post card or letter. We'll ship C.O.D. for only \$1.98 and postage on 10-day money-back guarantee offer.

ILLINOIS MERCHANDISE MART
Dept. 6744, 1227 Loyola Ave., Chicago 26, Illinois

TREASURE CHEST of bargains!

\$25 FAMILY PARADISE FOR \$5

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Our Happy Christmas Story

(Continued from page 35)

wood. No snow, no bitter winds—except when we have some of that "exceptional weather" you read about in the papers—and the grass is green and even the swimming pools look just about the same way they do in the summer!) Anyway, there we were, and I got to thinking how much the child is like Phil. They have, for instance, the same instinct when it comes to money!

You see, Alice gets a dime from the Fairy every time when she loses one of her baby teeth and puts it under her pillow at night. If she loses track of a tooth before bedtime, so she can't sleep on it and make a wish, she loses the dime as well—and that is what is known as a major tragedy in her young life.

One of the jobs connected with being a grandfather is that I have the honor of helping her part with each tooth as it gets to that annoying, waggly stage. Usually she comes running to me with a piece of string and we go to work on the rocky rascal till it pulls loose. Alice guards her tooth carefully till bedtime, when the Fairy takes over.

That's the usual ritual. But last Friday she inadvertently knocked out a lower front tooth while she was in swimming, and though we both scoured the shallow end of the pool it looked as though we were getting stiff knees for nothing. That trusting light in Baby Alice's blue eyes was beginning to blur into tears when I hit on the idea of checking the filtering system of the pool. Sure enough, there was her tiny white tooth!

"Thanks, Granddaddy," said the little minx, grabbing for it. "I thought I was going to have to pull out another one and we're having corn on the cob tonight. If I lose one more tooth, you're going to have to cut off the kernels for me!"

That I have promised to do, when the time comes that my gap-toothed granddaughter needs my help. I used to do the same for Phil when he was Alice's age. He got a dime for each tooth. And by the time he was seven he had saved up enough money to buy a mouth-organ.

Seems like only yesterday that Phil was a kid. When he was only a bit older than Baby Alice is now, he was touring the South with me and my band. Then, when he was fourteen he was earning his own keep by playing the drums and cymbals.

We used to play the motion picture

houses in those days, providing background music of the most stirring sort to accompany the silent movies. We played Tschaikowsky's Fourth, and "Samson and Delilah" and stuff like that. Young Phil with his lanky legs like animated saplings would writhe and twist on the uncomfortable chair waiting for his cue to come in with a couple of drum rolls once in a while, and half the time he got so bored with the whole thing that he would forget to come in at all.

I decided that he needed disciplining. I had always talked to him as though he was a grown man—actually, there is only a matter of seventeen years difference in our ages. That Saturday night I called him to the stand and told him that if he made just one more mistake he was through—fired—finished. (Just what I would do with him after that hadn't entered my mind at all.)

"Okay," said Phil, sturdily thrusting his hands into his pockets. "I want all my back pay in cash. I'm a union man, and I know the rules. Give me my forty-five a week, and we'll call it quits!"

He had me there. I looked at my curly-haired kid with the outthrust jaw and the gangly legs, and I knew he was growing up.

"You're through, all right." I told him, making a quick decision. "And you are going to finish high school and then take up law. No more band-playing for you."

Of course I might just as well have told Phil to stop eating as stop playing, but I really did try to keep him in school. I escorted him to the school door every morning at eight o'clock. I pushed him through the front door and waited a while to see he didn't come out. Everything seemed to be working out fine until one day I got a message from the principal.

Dear Mr. Harris, the note said, If your son Phil is not coming to school this semester, would you kindly return his books to the textbook department?

I put down my baton and went looking for a thicker stick. Then I went looking for Phil. You know what that kid had been doing? After I'd pushed him through the school door every morning, he'd headed out the back door, across a vacant lot, and down to the river to go fishing. Did it every day. Never saw the inside of a classroom for three months.

Now that's where his daughters are different from Phil. They love their

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school. They go to a private school called Buckleys, where they lay up learning as though it was vanilla ice cream. I've seen them trotting off to meet the school bus in the morning like a couple of angels on their way to learn a new hymn. They are surely different from Phil. When these kids go through a schoolhouse door, they stay inside.

But when it comes to mischief, they can think up more stunts than Phil ever did. And when it comes to retribution, their Mother is right there on the spot with a swift spank that teaches the girls not to indulge in that particular prank again—they have to think up other ideas.

For instance, when we had that amazing snowfall in California early in the year my little leprechauns were enchanted. They'd never seen snow before, but they'd heard about "white Christmas" and they decided they ought to store some up for the holiday. They raided the kitchen for all the paper sacks they could carry, and they filled the sacks with slushy snow and stacked the stuff in the garage. Nearly flooded the place. Alice made them get brooms and sweep it all out, then she kept them shut up in their room for three days with the sniffles.

Alice is usually the one to discipline the kids, and Phil wants it that way. He knows that her intuition is seldom wrong, and that while they are both babies their mother is best suited to coping with their little naughtinesses. But Phil is always there to offer advice when they need it, and the girls look forward to their daily story hour with their daddy, the highpoint of their day.

Could be that I'm prejudiced, but I think that Alice and Phil are as good a set of parents as you could find anywhere in the whole world. That's partly because they're very happy. I suppose—and happiness shows more out in these parts because it seems to be a scarcer commodity here than it is in most places.

First time I saw the lovely blonde girl who was to become my son's wife was when I was working at Twentieth Century-Fox as an actor. (I still act in pictures, doing small parts and extra work.) Well, this particular day I was playing the part of a beer-drinking customer in a saloon, watching a fancy floor show consisting of a pretty fair-haired girl in a gown with a tight, slit skirt and a lacy top. She was crooning a throaty number in that warm, charming way of hers, and I was impressed with the sweetness of her personality. I'd seen Alice Faye in pictures before, but never in the flesh. Now I could see how really lovely she was with her peach skin and her blue eyes and a sort of inner radiance that didn't come just from good lighting.

The name of that picture was "Alexander's Ragtime Band," and the girl who was to be my daughter-in-law didn't even know who I was. Matter of fact, she didn't even know Phil at that time. The whole thing was just a coincidence.

When she had finished rehearsing her number she didn't go off by herself to that sumptuous trailer dressing-room that they had for her on the set. No sir! She drew up a chair at the table next to mine and started to play gin-rummy with one of the hair dressers.

That's what I love about Alice. She's so downright sweet. It's this quality of

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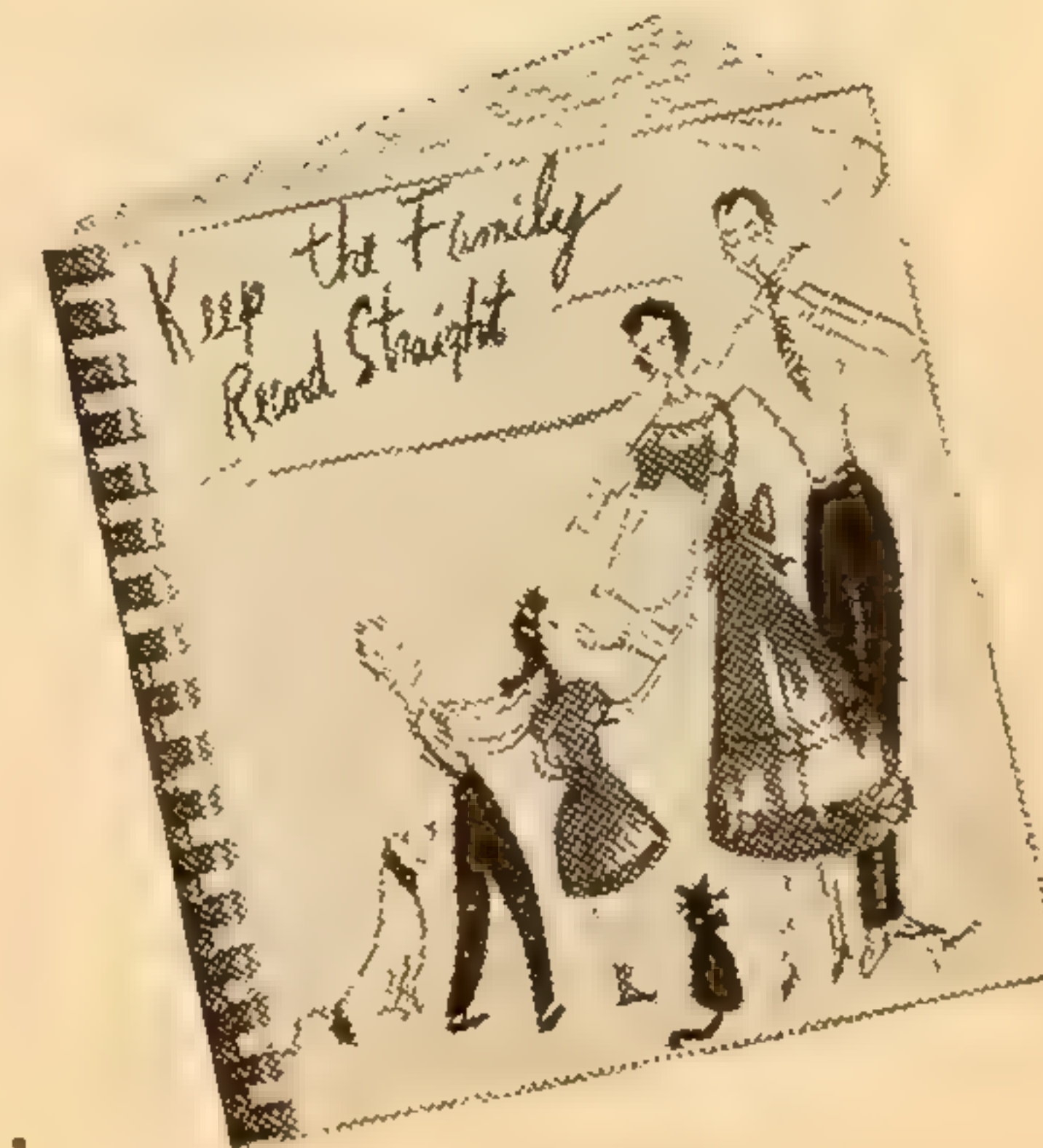
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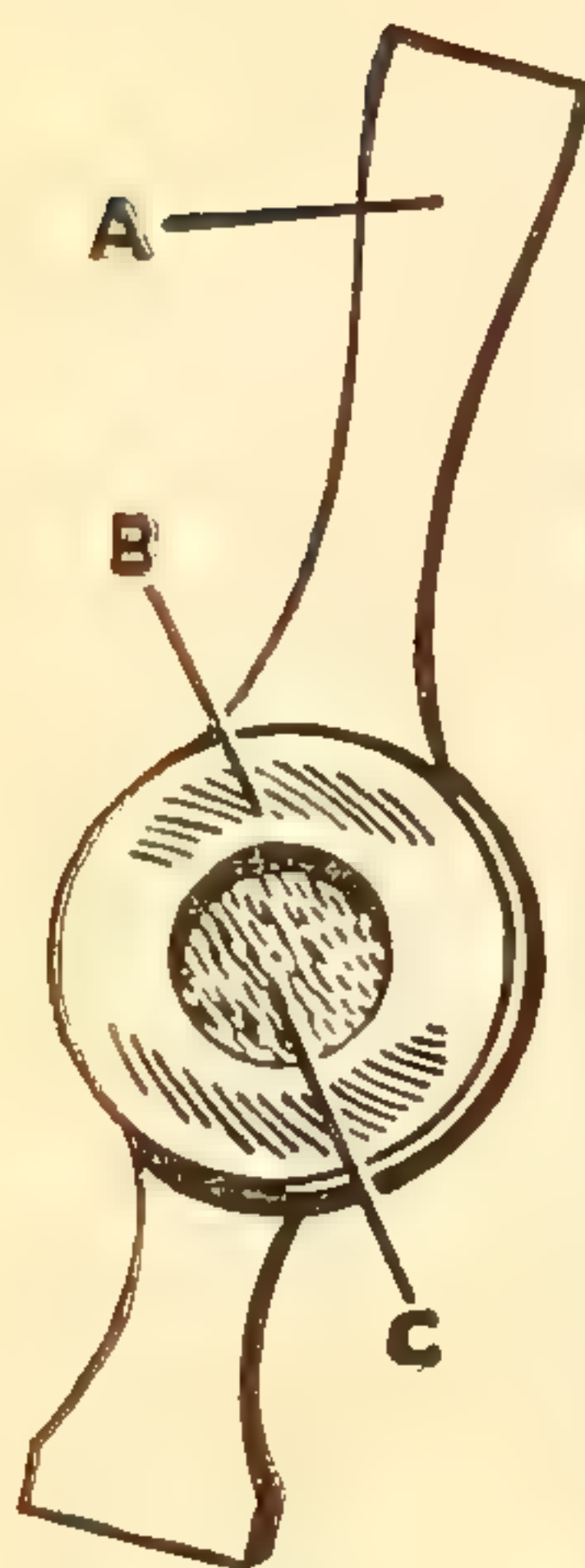
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sweetness and femininity of hers that strikes everyone on meeting her. That's what must have made Phil love her, for if ever two people complement each other's personalities, it's Alice and Phil. He's the high-strung, dynamic one. Always on his toes, always planning what's best for Alice and the kids. He gets ideas so fast you just can't keep up with him. Alice is right behind him, sifting his ideas, attending to the details. He acts as if life were a woods, and he had to hack a path through it. Alice is the one who follows along and builds a house with the timber.

When Alice and Phil decided to re-decorate their house, and to make an entire wing over to the children's use, they provided the youngsters with two of everything. The kids have twin washbasins, twin dressing-tables, twin wardrobes. Alice confided in me that by doing this she hoped to find out who was the tidy one, since with their own facilities, they couldn't blame each other for disorder and breakage. But Alice never did find out. Things were just twice as untidy as before! She says they are both pretty impossible—but they are learning!

Baby Alice and Phyllis both make their own beds in the morning, and are learning to cook on their own nursery stove, under the supervision of the nurse, Miss Roclaire. They invite small friends to dinner, and offer them lamb chops and jello desserts that they have cooked with their own small, tanned hands. At the moment there is fierce rivalry over young Frankie Remley, aged seven, whom Alice and Phyllis both admire to the extent of trying to out-do each other in concocting fancy desserts.

My grandchildren and young Frankie spent last summer at Malibu, at the house which Phil maintains for the use of all his gang. Mrs. Remley, who looked after the kids with Miss Roclaire, young Frankie Remley and a host of other friends had a wonderful time while Alice and Phil had a chance to take their vacations.

Baby Alice thought up the idea of a wayside flowerstand and instructed Frankie and young Phyllis to pick flowers from the neighbors' fences and to bring them to her. Then she rigged up a stand out of a plank and two paint barrels and stuck the flowers in Coke bottles which she offered for sale to passing motorists. She did a roaring trade at ten cents a vase, and made one dollar and fifty cents which she divided three ways with Phyl and

Frankie. That little Alice is sure like her Daddy... or did I say that before?

I guess the best times of my life have been spent at Alice and Phil's house. The living is so informal there, with old friends dropping in for laughs and good food every hour of the day. In summer we gather at the swimming-pool, or round the barbecue in the red-brick patio. We all have year-round suntans, because we love outdoor living so much so that it takes a snowstorm to drive us inside—and that only happened once that I can remember. Phil is the best cook I ever knew, for an amateur. When he takes over to whip up a tasty dinner, I wouldn't miss that meal if I had to drive in all the way from location in Arizona. It isn't surprising that he is such a good cook, I tell myself, for I was the guy who taught him.

In the early days when I took the boy on tour, and his mother stayed home, he learned to cook his own supper in true Tennessee fashion. We made corn pone together, and turnip greens and fried chicken and sweet potato pie. If I worked late and couldn't get home for supper, Phil made his own meal. He *had* to cook or go hungry. Now he is such a darn fine chef, and I'm jealous of his fancy Italian dishes. Seems like every time I come out to a party at the Harris's, that Phil is in the white-tiled kitchen and there is a delicious cooking smell wafting through the swing door.

Yes, the Harris home is a happy one, and I'm proud to be considered a part of it. Especially around this time of the year, I'm mighty glad that I'm a father and a grandfather, mighty grateful that I live close enough to my son and his family so that I can spend the holidays with them. Christmas, if you're alone, is the loneliest day in the year, but if you're with your loved ones it's a different story.

I keep thinking of how those youngsters will look on Christmas morning, how their eyes will light up and their faces shine with the kind of happiness you can experience only when you're a child. I keep thinking of what a lucky guy I am to have such a family, to be with them at Christmas. And I keep hoping that everyone who reads this has the same kind of happy, friendly, homelike holiday that we're going to have, that everyone of you experiences, this season, that warm and wonderful feeling of loving and being loved, which is the best Christmas present anyone on the face of this earth could have!

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When a Girl Marries

(Continued from page 43)

Dear Mrs. F. S.:

Yes, I'm afraid I do think you would be wrong in attempting to force your in-laws to assume some responsibility for their mother. Under the circumstances, it would be a childish display of petulance on your part—and, if I may be very frank, a cruel one. Consider what you are proposing: in order to gain one paltry week of freedom from your mother-in-law's presence in your own home, you would have her—an elderly and infirm woman—jogging about from house to house once in every twenty-four hours, resting in a different bed each night. If there were any possibility of arranging for more extended visits, perhaps periods of one or two months at least which might be spent with her other children, you might be justified in creating a family issue and pointing out that you feel you are carrying an unfair burden. But the gaining of a single week of freedom for yourself absolutely does not justify your subjecting a woman of seventy-seven to the discomfort (which at such an advanced age might be very serious) of the series of visits you propose.

Try to remember that she is indeed "a very good mother-in-law in most respects." Train yourself to meet the strain of her constant presence in the same quietly unemotional way in which you have evidently met the problem of her interference in the disciplining of your children. Thousands upon thousands of people must look after elderly relatives who have much less claim to gratitude and affection than does this mother-in-law who—look back to your own words—sees to it that you get anything you want or need. Review your problem, and I think you'll agree that a sense of humor, a more relaxed attitude, a friendly but firm refusal to allow any interference in your personal affairs, will see you through.

Double-Edged Question

Dear Joan:

I am separated from my husband but have been awarded custody of our little six-year-old daughter. Since our separation I have obtained a very good job and can well afford to employ a competent governess to look after my daughter. However, friends have advised me that I would be cheating the child of her mother's care, understanding and love and replacing all this with a sort of mechanical caretaker. Should I go back to my husband for our daughter's sake, so that I can stay at home and mold her into the kind of a young woman we want her to be?

Mrs. R. S.

Dear Mrs. R. S.:

If you go back to your husband, do please face the truth honestly: you will be going not for your daughter's sake but for your own, because you want to. If your separation was a carefully considered action, based on a genuine inability to create a happy and successful family unit, would it not be the height of foolishness to return to your husband? If, on the other hand, you regret the separation and would welcome a second chance to make your marriage work, it would be fairer and more creditable to admit this frankly, instead of using your child as an excuse. For surely you must realize that the advice of your friends is superficial. You point



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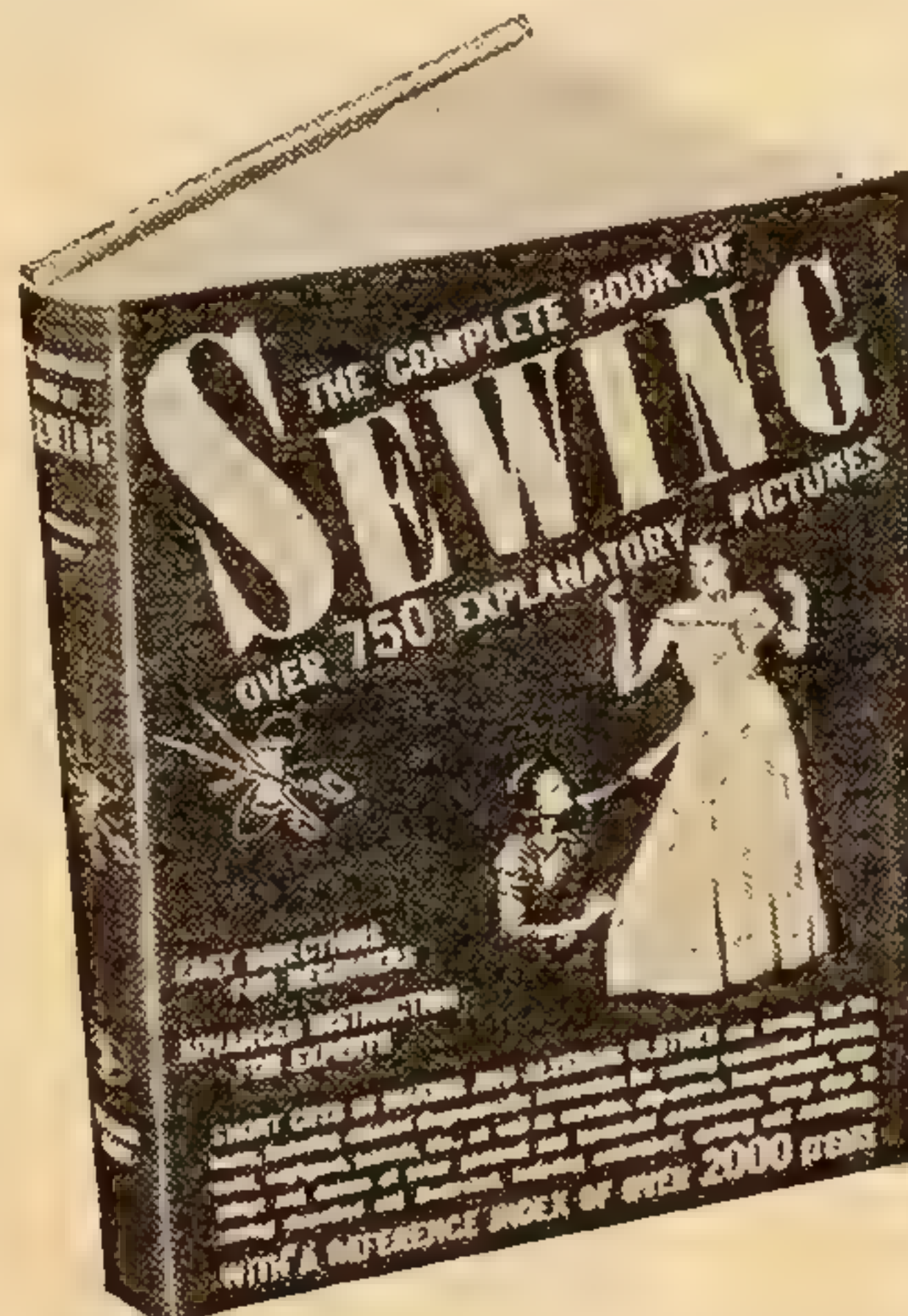
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But perhaps you want—in your heart—an excuse to go back to your husband. Have you faced, and answered, that question?

The Weapon of Laughter

Dear Joan:

I have a very attractive and intelligent daughter of twenty. Many boys come to the house but there is one in particular whom she thinks she loves. He is very vain and weak, and I tell her that her love is only a mother desire to protect him. Danny—that's his name—pleaded with my daughter in my presence to dye his hair black, and only last week he borrowed money to have his ears "pinned back" by surgery. When my daughter asked him why he didn't get a job he said "statistics prove that jobs are very hard to find." How can I convince my girl that no good can come out of a marriage of this kind? Am I doing the right thing in asking her not to see him again? I love her very much.

Mrs. B. B. H.

Dear Mrs. B. B. H.:

It's heartbreakingly true that there's nothing much that can be done by any parent, however loving, in such a situation. The young man sounds indeed vain and weak—and rather foolish—but don't allow your fear to guide you to do the very thing that might prove most disastrous to your daughter's happiness. Make no attempt to curtail her liberty, or to hedge her round with promises! If you forbid this young man the house, be quite prepared to have your daughter meet him outside. It's been done in the past by the most affectionate and obedient of children, and will be done as long as there are youth and the words "my parents don't understand me" abroad in the world—which probably means forever.

Does your child really respect you? Do you really have faith in her intelligence? Then your best weapon is your sense of humor. Don't allow her to see that you are perturbed to any extent by Danny. Make it clear that you can't for a moment take serious notice of a young man whose major energies are occupied in having his hair dyed and his ears "pinned back." As subtly as you can, encourage the other young men your daughter knows; youth is cruel, and Danny must be a bit of a clown to his contemporaries. And youth is clannish—your daughter would have to be madly, unreasoningly in love to flout the opinion of her "crowd." But a heavy hand on your part—a serious appeal, a threat, an attempt to prevent her from seeing Danny—may force her into rebellious action which may bring sorrow to all of you. Don't be tense; put a gay, humor-

ous face on the fear which you quite naturally feel, and I think that you will find that you can gently laugh your daughter out of this unsuitable attachment.

Some Day

Dear Joan:

Since our marriage in 1934 my husband and I have prayed, wished and longed for a child. At times I cry for a baby. My dreams are filled with them. I live in hopes that some day I will have one of my own. I have not been to a doctor for fear he will say I can never have any children—then even my hope of "some day" will be gone. My husband has never mentioned a divorce but I feel I should ask him, for maybe another wife may give him children. I want his happiness, for I love him so much.

Mrs. H. B.

Dear Mrs. H. B.:

When we are very young, the words "some day" are full of hope and rich promise. But as we grow older, we begin to learn the bitter truth that "some day" never comes. Unless we acquire the ability to live in the present, we are not really living at all... and too often, for the vague, illusion of "some day" we must substitute the grim reality of "too late." Don't let this happen to you!

Your tears and dreams exhaust you, but they will not solve your problem. A doctor is the only one who can do that. As you know, I do not as a rule answer any letters involving questions of health, for I believe that it is highly improper for anyone but a qualified physician to do so. However, I am going to relax my rule just a little in your case—to urge you as strongly as I can to seek out a competent doctor, preferably one who specializes in obstetrics, and tell your trouble to him. There are, it's true, many women who are physically incapable of motherhood. But there are others—an increasing number of others—who seem unable to bear children, but who can be helped to do so by expert medical treatment. You may be one of these women... and your cowardice may prevent you from finding out until it is too late. That's the combination of facts you must face, and face immediately, if you truly desire a child and are not merely indulging in the dubious luxury of self-pity.

After all, what's the worst that can happen if you see a doctor? He may tell you that, in his opinion, you will never bear a child. Will this certainty be any worse than the tormenting doubts you are now suffering? On the contrary... you may discover that those words, instead of being a death knell to your hopes, may be your passport to happiness. You may be ready to consider adopting a child.

Have you known many children? If you have, then you know that it is impossible to resist any normal, healthy infant. Take care of a friend's child for a week, and you will love him as though he were your own. Suppose you can't bear one. Adopt one! Sometimes—again, with the help of an accredited physician—it is possible to acquire custody of a child a few hours after birth. If you are lucky enough to make such an arrangement, you'll find that in a few months—in a few weeks, in fact!—that child will be as much a part of you and your husband as either of you could wish.

But again, a word of warning. Don't

delay. Adoption agencies are not eager to award children to couples whose age makes it likely that their habits will be too set, their patience too short, to give a child a happy home. Stop worrying about a divorce. Take the only positive action that can lead you out of the pit of misery into which you're falling. See a doctor . . . and go on from there, in whichever direction his opinion indicates.

One Year to Go

Dear Joan:
I am a seventeen-year-old girl and a junior in high school. I would like to stop school and get a job. My mother thinks I should at least finish high school. Of course I respect her advice, but what do you think I should do?
N. N.

Dear N. N.:
I think you'll probably regret it for the rest of your life if you don't finish your high school education. I wish you could read the letters that come to me each month—the many, many letters that say “I never finished high school, so of course I was never able to get a well-paid job” or “I have fallen in love with a man but I do not feel good enough for him as I never even went through high school.” The level of education in this country is going up every year, you know, and competition for every sort of prize—social success, good jobs—becomes harder and harder for those who have too little education, because there are always so many better-qualified people who are trying for the same prizes—and winning them. What kind of a job can you get, after all, without a high school diploma? Not one you'd want to keep for very long! As a junior, you've only one more year to go. Be patient that much longer; take your mother's advice. You'll not regret it!

In Mrs. J. R. K.'s letter below there is outlined a very delicate problem in family relations . . . a problem which Mrs. K. has been unable to answer for herself. Can you suggest a solution? Your answer may win \$25.

Dear Joan:
A few months ago my sister introduced me to her new beau, Fred. He was a charming, happy-go-lucky fellow. Neither John, my husband, nor I approve of going out with single couples, but when Fred and my sister urged us to go out skating one night we saw no harm in accepting. There, much to my consternation, Fred confessed that he loved me, telling me we were well suited and that my husband was too old and dull for me. Naturally I was indignant, told him he was very young and acting it. This made him very angry, and shouting that he was older than I (which he is by a few months) he rejoined my sister. Late that night they came in to us to announce their engagement. My husband and I were shocked but said nothing. She kept saying how happy she was, and had stars in her eyes. What shall I do? My husband says don't tell her, but can I let her marry a man like that?

Mrs. J. R. K.

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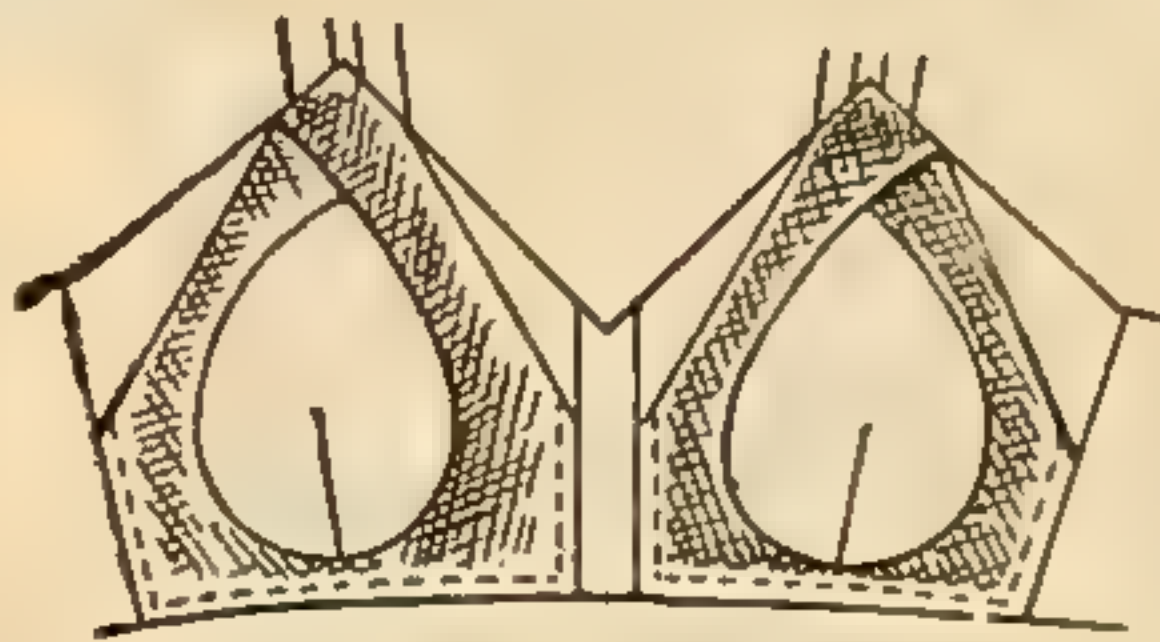
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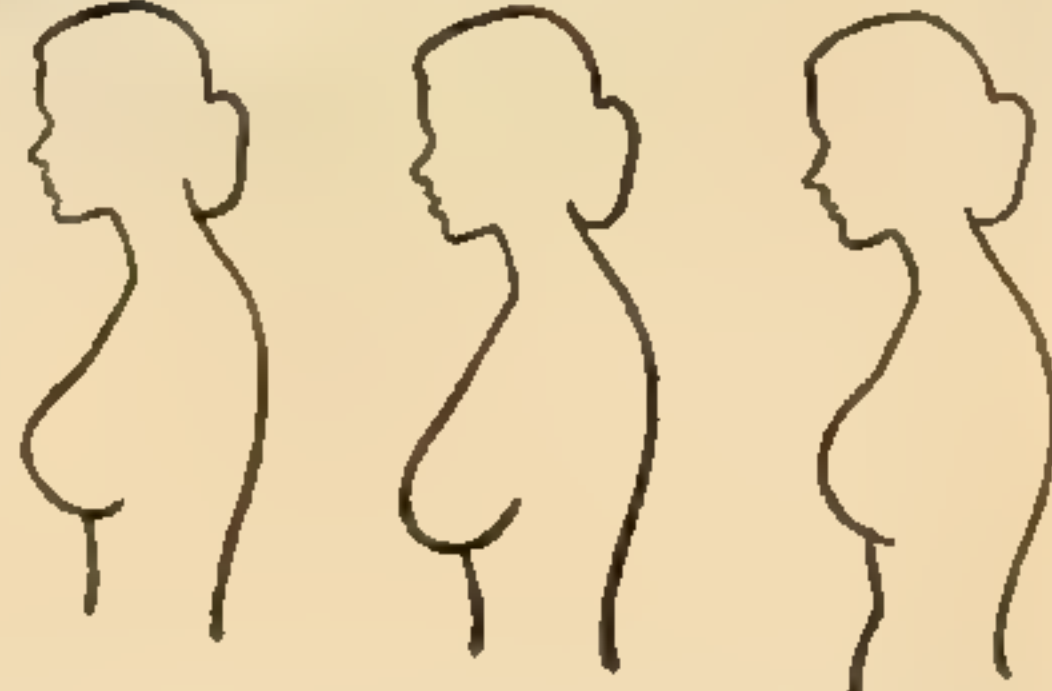
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*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Q as in Lewis

(Continued from page 27)

To which the astonished lady replied, "Why, Bobby hasn't been to Sunday School for a year!"

This, Mrs. Lewis decided, needed looking into. When she got home she asked her young son where he had been spending his Sunday mornings. Said he, in the manner of one stating the obvious, "I've been on the Children's Hour on the radio, of course!"

With only one exception, the business of broadcasting is the only business Robert's ever been in. That one exception came when, at the age of eight, Robert began collecting stamps. (He still does.) Two years later, feeling that he had enough experience under his belt, Robert launched the Waldorf Stamp Company—an enterprise which flourished until his father received a very embarrassing letter from Uncle Sam, marked curtly OFFICIAL, demanding to know just what and where was the Waldorf Stamp Company and how dared it use the U. S. mails without proper authority. The Waldorf Stamp Company was dissolved on the spot, and Robert went back to his first love. He's stuck to being funny on the air as a means of livelihood ever since.

(To get back to this middle name business for a minute, a man with a dignified hobby like stamp collecting should have a name in keeping. Something like Quackenbush. Or Quimby. Or Quisenberry. How do those sound?)

Anyway, while Robert was going to schools—plain, dancing and (sometimes) Sunday—he had a girl. A little girl named Eileen, whose books he toted home from school and with whom he always had the pleasure of the last waltz at dancing class parties. They were, they promised each other, going to get married when they grew up. Meanwhile, they grew up together.

Summers Robert spent with his family at Rockville Centre, on Long Island. There, in the garage back of the house, Robert organized and operated a kids' theater—more preparation for that career he'd already chosen. The biggest production one season was a circus, the attractions of which included a tattooed lady (it's easy, with ink), a worse-for-wear old horse, and some kittens who were tenth cousins once removed to ferocious jungle cats. The attractions were supposed to include as well, according to enthusiastic but injudicious advertising by Robert, an elephant. At the last minute, the young producer was forced to make a substitution, however. An old foot locker was put on display, and when those who had paid hard cash to see the elephant inquired for its whereabouts, this was pointed to.

"The elephant is sick," the explanation ran. "He's only showing his trunk."

A few years later, Robert still had preparation for his chosen career in mind. That's why he picked the University of Michigan for his higher education—they had wonderful radio and theater courses there. About this time, too, Robert felt that he and Eileen were grown up enough to do something about that marriage business. Eileen's father, however, had a few thoughts on the subject, and he expressed them. They boiled down to this: were Robert a shoe salesman, a bookkeeper, or even, at least by inference, a race track tout, Papa would have no objections. But his

daughter marry a radio actor—? Better death than dishonor!

To Robert's dismay, Eileen backed Papa up. She wanted, she said, a "normal" life. The last Robert heard of her, she was married to a nice, normal guy with a normal job and had a pair of normal children and was normally happy. Robert is still a bachelor.

Just about this time, the war came along. Hoping to get some actual radio experience under his belt before the Army beckoned, Robert began deluging stations from coast to coast with letters of application and finally landed a job with WTRY, in Troy, New York. An "all around character" is the way he describes his duties there—everything from announcer through program producer and writer down to "Uncle Bob," who told stories for youngsters to keep them quiet in that hour while Mother got dinner ready.

Then Uncle Sam called, and Robert was shipped out to Sioux Falls, South Dakota, ostensibly to train as a radio operator. But the Army, in its all-knowing way, had heard about his show-business proclivities and put him to work to entertain the boys. The climax of this activity was a big show which Robert produced—and which he came down with pneumonia just two days too soon to enjoy.

It was shortly after that—in 1943—that he was discharged on a medical release. Of course, Robert hied himself right back to New York and to radio where, at a local station, he disc-jockeyed himself into a network job.

"As a network humorist," he reports sadly, "I was a failure on my first attempt. I tried to do too much on my own—writing, producing and acting in more than six shows a week. You can't accomplish anything that way. I didn't—until—"

The "until" marks that night when Robert got tired of having no middle-part for his name, and added the Q.

(Quentin? Quiggle? Quincy? Queensboro? Quinn?)

"The luckiest thing that ever happened to me," he says emphatically. "The luckiest ad lib in the world! It helped people remember me. Fan mail began to roll in from the four corners. Everyone wanted to know what the Q stood for. Fan clubs, calling themselves *The Robert Qs* started to spring up. Things were really moving...."

They've been moving along very satisfactorily ever since. The Robert Qs, for instance, now number forty some clubs, devoted to touting the fame of their star and to lightening the tedium of his bachelorhood with female touches. Touches like a flower for his buttonhole and a cake, handsomely inscribed in whipped cream, "Hi, Robert, We Love You!" at the end of one program, a weekly pint of homemade ice cream left at his apartment by a New York member; flowers from her garden each week from a New Jersey Robert Q-er. Recently there's been a rash of knitted goods—sweaters, socks, hand-crocheted ties and an antimacassar or two.

These last items, obviously in the nature of a tactful suggestion, lead back to the question: Why doesn't Robert get married? This is a question he often, when he can manage a spare moment, asks himself. But, after the experience with Eileen he's twice shy—not of girls,

but of prospective wives. There are, he will tell you, a number of qualifications a girl must have before she can begin to think of herself as a candidate Mrs. Robert Q. Brains and beauty count, but they're a lot farther down on Robert's list than they are on most men's.

First and foremost, she has to be in the same business—in radio. That's so she'll understand (and believe) that a man in radio can't always keep appointments, get home to dinner on time, that, in short, he can't keep nine-to-five hours five days a week, like the men on the commuters' special.

Find Robert a girl like that—along with certain personal attributes that Mr. L. would find appealing—and he'll start thinking in terms of marriage. Meanwhile, he struggles along with a secretary for his business affairs and makes out tolerably well as his own chief cook and bottle washer at home.

As a relief from his own cooking, or from Room Service, which he more frequently resorts to, Robert has dinner very often with his parents—the Lewises are, as they were in Robert's childhood, a very closely-knit family. But, saddled with his own housekeeping or no, Robert loves his apartment.

Home is a penthouse, with a living room thirty feet by thirty feet, and an enormous, ten-foot fireplace. Besides this miniature Madison Square Garden, there's a bedroom, a bar, a kitchenette and two terraces. It's impossible to describe the decoration of the place, for it has a disconcerting, here-today, gone-tomorrow way of changing, Robert being a handy man with a paint brush. For example, a recent stage had two walls of the living room painted black, the other two gray; the furniture and draperies were in various tones of gray, green, black and white, with a little chartreuse here and there. The back of the bar was hand-papered—Robert's hand—with old theater programs and old sheet music.

This bachelor's haven houses Robert's collections, for he's a demon collector of practically anything that comes to hand. Like those theater programs, that sheet music. Then there are records—thousands of them—everything, as he puts it, "from Sinatra to Sibelius, from Beethoven to bebop. And besides the records, cylinders—about three hundred of them—for a cherished old phonograph, early-Edison-with-horn. Most of those are early American vaudeville songs—Nora Bayes, Van and Schenck, and such. I love old-time vaudevillians, and I wonder if I wasn't

born fifty years too late—?"

More collections: the stamps, of Waldorf Stamp Company fame and still going strong. And, less usual hobby, totem poles. Big ones, little ones, medium-sized ones, from a twelve-foot-tall giant down to a hand-carved, hand-painted Hopi Indian doll less than an inch in height.

"They collect dust as assiduously as I collect them," Robert mourns. "What wife would stand for that? But she'd have to—my totem poles go with me as part of the bargain, good or bad."

The bargain also includes some non-collecting hobbies. Swimming, golf and tennis are Robert's games. He also likes to make movies on the terrace with his 8 mm movie camera.

Sleep, too, is something of a hobby with the young man in the horn-rimmed glasses. Once every week, by way of catching up or getting ahead, as the case may be, Robert lays him down to sleep for fifteen to eighteen hours at a stretch. Aside from that weekly marathon he can sleep anywhere, at any time, for any length of time.

It's obvious, from all this, that his middle name cannot be Quiet, and that Quixote might possibly be a good one. Add the fact that the man who is and does all of these things earns the wherewithal to do them by being funny, and it occurs that perhaps a nice, solid middle name for him might be Quadrumanna. Or possibly Quadricipital—this would be a nice change, as rumor has it that most comics are equipped with only two, rather than four.

But those are (meant to be) suggestions in line with Robert's profession—in which it's both legendary and safer to kid yourself as well as your public. Perhaps the ideal solution, seeing that the dictionary doesn't provide any proper words with the right letter, would be for Robert to start again with a new middle initial. Like F, for funny, or D for down-to-earth, or even just N, for nice—an old-fashioned, well-worn word which everyone knows and which describes him perfectly. Or P, for popular, which he certainly proved himself, even more than before, last summer when he substituted for Arthur Godfrey.

But, in final analysis, why doesn't he just drop the Q? It's served its purpose. He could now, anywhere, any time, stand before a microphone and say, "This is Robert Lewis," and there wouldn't be a doubt in a single listener's mind as to who was speaking!

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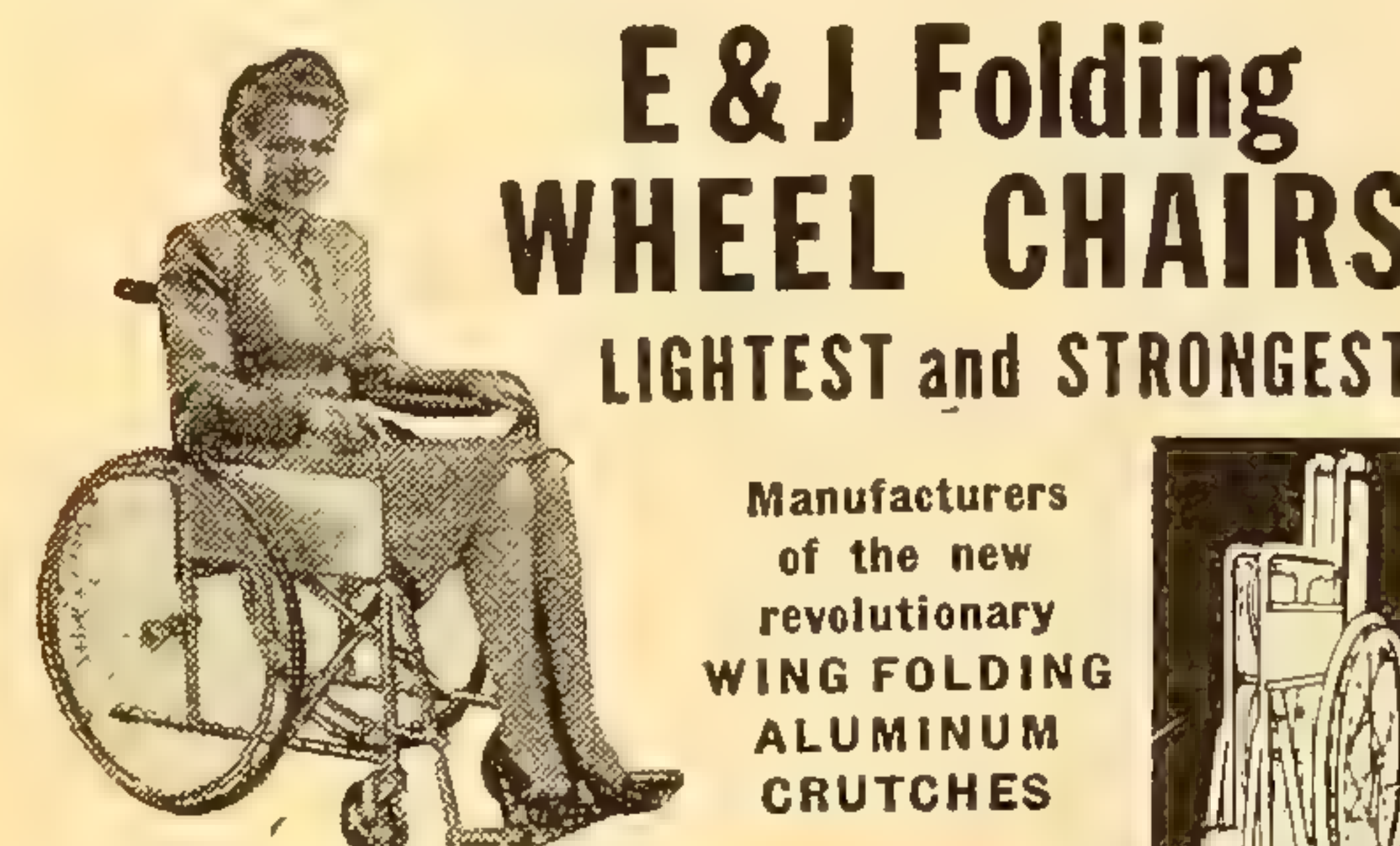
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Sugar Plum Christmas

(Continued from page 59)

from Dolbie. Outside the wind died down; and up above the children too seemed to have settled into silence that felt as though it might be more than temporary. Abruptly Julie stood up.

"How about a walk, Michael? It's not blowing any more."

Resignedly, Michael looked up as she paused beside him. "If I'm going to be a good Lion, I'd like to get just a little further with this history of the Lions' Clubs that I've been trying to read all night. However—are you restless, darling?" Julie nodded mutely, and Michael, looking at her more closely, perceived a worried expression that brought him immediately to his feet.

"Right with you," he said. Following him into the hall, Julie was warmed by the knowledge that once again she and her husband had exchanged a message without words. It might be a small thing—even accidental; but every time it happened between them it made Julie glow with the sense of their togetherness, their rightness for each other. Tonight it confirmed the decision she had already made to bring her uneasiness out into the open for Michael to look at; he'd know how to help... if there was any help.

Buttoning themselves into heavy jackets, they stepped out into the moon-bright night. Cold air hit them sharply, and Michael, raising his head, sniffed it like a dog. "Christmas air," he said happily. "It's full of that cold-outside, cosy-inside feeling. Do you get it too?"

"Oh, I get it," Julie wriggled inside her jacket. "What I'm worried about is the children, Michael. I think they're beginning to smell Christmas in the air, too. They can feel it coming. And it's always such a problem here."

Michael's glance was puzzled. "Problem, how? You've always given the Hilltop kids a wonderful Christmas, for an orph—"

"Michael, please don't use that word!" "Sorry, darling." Michael found Julie's mittened hand and squeezed it apologetically. "I don't blame you. It's like making the kids wear a badge. I saw you wince when Dolbie used it too. But to get back to Christmas, you've got the usual holiday budget, haven't you?"

"The usual." In spite of herself, Julie spoke bitterly. "One dime-store toy apiece—maybe—and clothing. Kids don't want clothes for Christmas, Michael!" She stopped, turning to him with a vehemence that surprised them both. "Kids want toys—even kids like ours, who've learned to do without so many important things. Oh, they're always angels about it—but every year we give them packages that look as if they came straight from fairyland, so that they're wild with excitement over what can possibly be inside—and what is it? An undershirt. A pair of heavy socks." She sighed and moved on again. "And that's not all."

"I thought not," Michael said gently. "You've been doing this work too long to get so upset over what you can't help. What's up?"

"Clementine." The single word was eloquent with Julie's uneasiness.

"The poor kid." From his tone, Julie knew that in the veiling darkness Mike's face was grim. "Is it her father, Julie—she's still hoping? I thought we did a grand job of explaining that many

soldiers just never got back and that it looked as if her Dad was one of them. As nearly—" the grimness was unmistakable, now—"as you can explain that to a six-year-old."

"Six and a half," Julie corrected automatically. She recalled Clementine's earnest brown eyes beneath the straight fringe of dark hair, the almost adult gesture with which she'd touched her small pointed mouth to hide the fact that it was trembling, when they'd told her. And afterwards, she'd said, "Yes, Julie, but please would you write again?" And they'd written—again—to the War Department, to the Red Cross. No answer yet.

She shook her head. "No, not her father. Though she still hasn't lost hope, I know that. No, this happened when Butch was adopted. You remember how she kept saying that he was going to be her little brother when her father got back. She filled her whole lonely little heart with him. And then he was taken away. I've thought lately that it was a worse shock for her than we realized at the time."

She felt Michael swing her around to walk back to the house, and was grateful for his silence. Maybe he'd have some ideas about Clementine. He didn't have formal child-care training, but he had a gentleness and a love for small, helpless creatures that gave him an insight you couldn't learn in classrooms. "I think Clem's stealing," she said unhappily.

Michael stiffened in surprise. "You mean those things Dolbie was muttering about?"

"I've been worrying about them for days. I hoped I'd get to the bottom of it before there was a fuss, so I didn't say anything. But maybe I'm doing the wrong thing. When I was upstairs a while ago I asked Clem for the shirt she'd worn today and she—she pretended to be too sleepy to know what I was saying. I couldn't find it anywhere."

"But what's she doing with the stuff?"

Julie shrugged. "That's the question. Oh, she's not stealing in the ordinary sense—I used the wrong word. When I missed the overalls I remembered that some time ago she had asked to borrow a pair of overalls. I think she asked for a sweater too, and a couple of other things. But she said borrow, and I just assumed when she'd finished playing with them she'd put them back."

Michael was silent, and Julie hesitated before going on. She wasn't sure just how to phrase the possibility that was really bothering her—wasn't sure how strongly she wanted to put it. Finally she said, "You see, ever since Butch went, Clem has become more intense about her 'family'. She's got herself an imaginary playmate she talks about all day long, and she sounds as if the child were right there at her elbow, to be felt and seen by anyone who wanted to. But it's not like the usual imaginary playmate a child invents. And she seems to be avoiding the other children... what worries me, Michael, is that if Clem is really hoarding those clothes for her make-believe friend, she's beginning to get reality and dreams mixed up in a way that—well, that's not too healthy."

"I see what you mean," Michael

agreed. In silence they retraced their steps, only when they reached Hilltop did Michael speak again, thoughtfully. "You know—I can still remember the fellow I invented. He was a little man named Mr. Oldface, and his chief function was to tell me things—mostly how to answer people back. But you're right—I knew all along he wasn't real."

Julie's laugh was softened by a sudden tenderness that sent her into Mike's arms for a brief, warm moment. She murmured against his cold cheek, "And so you grew up to be a lawyer. Still answering people back."

"And telling them what to do," Michael amended. He held her close before releasing her to open the door. "I'd say leave Clem alone for a while, Julie. She's awfully young. Maybe she'll wake up tomorrow with a new game on her mind."

Not Clementine, Julie thought. Not any Hilltop child. Physically happy as they all were, secure on the surface, nobody knew better than Julie that in each of her charges was a little hollow of darkness and fear that she and Dolbie, with all their love, could never reach... The knowledge that they were not, like other children, bulwarked by parents who were theirs alone, so that they all made a little island of *belonging* in the midst of a moving world of strangers. And the fear that nobody would ever want to belong to them... no. Hilltop's children didn't go lightheartedly from game to game. A mental game like the one Clem was playing filled a real need, and she would cling to it.

Two things happened the next day that removed the last doubt from Julie's mind that Clementine's problem was serious. One was the disappearance of a pair of shoes, more precious than rubies at Hilltop. The other was the disappearance of Clementine.

Since it was Saturday, with no school to keep the children's comings and goings in regular pattern, Julie hadn't been too conscious of their whereabouts except at breakfast and lunch. They could always be trusted to keep to the boundaries she and Dolbie had set for them, the younger ones were safe under the eyes of Conrad and Pixie. But late in the afternoon, as she was ransacking for the third time the closet where the shoes should have been, twelve-year-old Conrad brought her the news about Clementine.

"I'm not telling tales," he emphasized, looking worriedly at Julie. "But you know Clem—how excited she gets about things. She told us she'd have a surprise for us this afternoon, and I just got to thinking maybe the surprise was that she was running away. She's been funny lately."

Startled, Julie sat back on her heels and stared at Conrad. But—it wouldn't do to let him see how worried she was; it would make all the children nervous and excited. Calmly she said, "I'm sure it isn't that, Conrad. Maybe Clementine just wanted to be alone. We all have to be alone, sometimes."

"Okay, I can take a hint," he said, grinning forgivingly as he left.

Julie's words held no reassurance for herself. Dropping her search for the shoes, she went out on the porch and looked anxiously down the hillside toward town. Conrad had said she'd been gone more than three hours. Where could Clem go that would take three hours?

If a little six-year-old fell down and hurt her ankle, for instance, wouldn't she call for help? Or if she were lost

—but that was nonsense. Clementine traveled up and down that hill to school every day; she knew its brown, rocky side as well as she knew Hilltop itself. With a last look down the deserted slope, and with Conrad's words buzzing in her mind to fortify all her own worries about Clem, Julie made up her mind. Dolbie had better be told.

But just as she turned to go back into the house the doorway was blocked by Hannah, the cook, who motioned urgently. "Come and look, Miss Julie," she whispered hoarsely. Hannah's rich voice didn't take well to undertones. "But quiet, or you'll scare them off."

"Scare whom?" Julie wondered, following the tiptoeing Hannah through the long hall to the kitchen. It was probably field mice. The last batch who had been intelligent enough to choose Hannah's nice warm kitchen to nest in had been so appealing that, with the children's pleas loud in her ears, she'd almost been tempted to let them remain. But the thought of a possible visiting Board member discovering them there had made her firm.

But it wasn't field mice. . . . A jerk of Hannah's head guided Julie to the glass-topped door that opened on the back porch, and there, backing up the steps and tugging at something as she came, was Clementine. "Oh, there—" began Julie. But her own palm smothered the exclamation as Clementine stepped aside and what she'd been tugging at came into view.

What Julie saw first were the clothes. As she told Michael later, half laughing, half—the hidden half—weeping, "It was like a grab-bag of all the things we've been missing." The overalls, the shirt, the heavy sweater Dolbie had mentioned, the shoes Julie hadn't been able to locate—every item. And they were draped, folded, tied and otherwise fastened, with a kind of desperate ingenuity, around the much-too-small figure of a little blonde girl who, fast as Clem coaxed her up a step, would sit down on it as though this one, for sure, was as far as she was coming.

Beside Julie, Hannah stirred. "Never seen a child so scared, and we've had some scared ones." Julie's mind seconded Hannah's muttered words. Not only scared, however—but so thin, so tiny, her little pipestem of a throat so fragile against the blue collar of the familiar shirt. "And that's only a size four," Julie remembered. "What have they been feeding her?"


Cautiously, she eased the door open. It was like trying not to frighten off a deer, or a tense little sparrow already perched for flight. At the slight sound she made, Clementine glanced backward and smiled eagerly. "Oh, Julie," she said with relief. "Look, she's afraid. I told her there was nothing to be scared of."

Holding the door wider, Julie asked softly, "What's your friend's name?"

Silence. The tangled top of a little head was all Julie could see now, for the child had curled into a tight little ball, crouched and waiting for doom.

Clem sighed like a disappointed mother. "Well, I guess she won't tell. It's Mary Ann. She's only four. Hey!" The sound of her own name had snapped Mary Ann's last thread of courage. Wrestling her hand from Clementine's, she scrambled swiftly along the step toward escape. Clem flung herself downward and after a short tussle came up with a firmer grip on the overall straps and began urging her victim into the kitchen.

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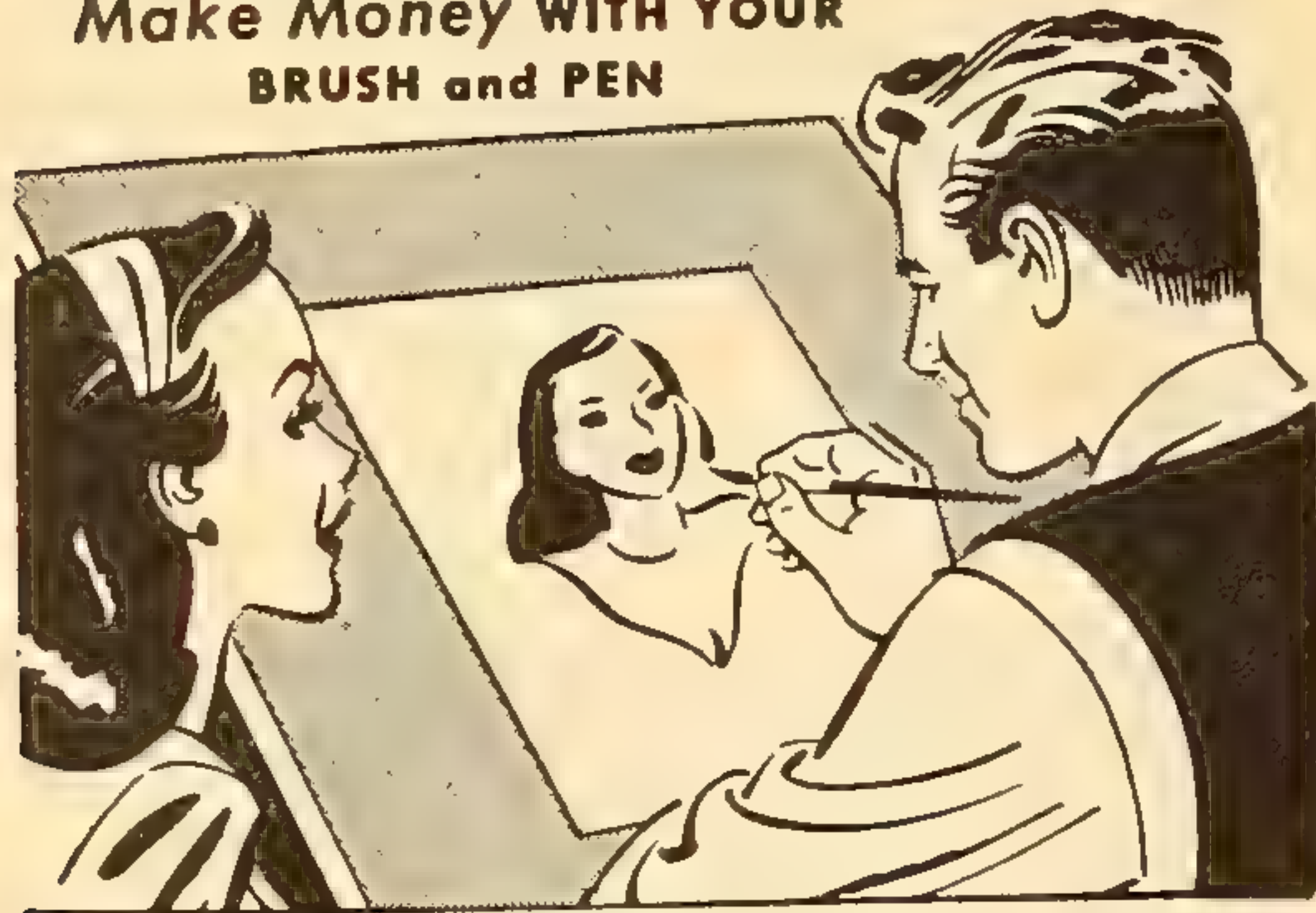
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Hannah, lips tightly folded, had already set up two glasses of chocolate milk and a plateful of cookies, and toward the welcoming feast Clementine and Mary Ann advanced. "Is that for us?" Clementine asked, and received Julie's nod with a grateful grin. "Come on, Mary Ann, don't be a scarecat," she hissed. "See, they're glad you're here."

By silent consent, Julie and Hannah busied themselves in the far corner of the kitchen. Whoever Mary Ann was, and whatever trouble they were going to have with Clementine over her, it could be faced better after the child was calmed somewhat and Clementine was ready to talk.

From the corner of her eye Julie saw that Clementine, having made short work of her own milk, had coaxed Mary Ann's fingers around her glass and gotten her to take a few sips. She waited another minute and then, with a glance at Hannah, went over and slipped into the chair beside Clementine's.

"Have you been visiting with Mary Ann all afternoon?" she asked.

Clementine nodded. "She lives down there," she explained, waving toward what Julie judged would be the foot of the hill. "All alone, like me—except of course she has a gramma. So I'm taking her instead of Butch, Julie—a little girl will be better anyway, 'cause she can wear my clothes when I . . . oh, Julie." A violent blush came up under Clem's freckles, and her eyes widened in confusion. "The clothes, I wasn't stealing, Julie, honest—but she hasn't got *any*! No shoes and no sweater. Her gramma has to keep her inside all the time when it's cold and it's getting colder every day, Julie."

Hannah, who had approached within hearing distance, touched Julie's shoulder. "I think I know who it is," she said, low so Mary Ann couldn't hear. "Tell you later." Nodding, Julie turned back to Clementine, who was waiting anxiously for the look she knew would mean forgiveness. Evidently she saw it in Julie's tell-tale eyes, for she began to pat Mary Ann's hand and smooth the dark-blond tangle over her forehead as though exhibiting a prized new toy. "She's so little," she gloated. "She makes me feel like a nelephant."

"Have you and Mary Ann known each other very long?" Julie pursued her gentle inquisition. Perhaps here was the secret of Clem's solitary rambles—and surely it was the "surprise" she had promised Conrad.

"Weeks and weeks. Since when we sent the letter to Check-o-sokia about my father, Julie. Oh, and since when Butch got taken away. I was lonesome." Julie suppressed a smile. The letter had gone with the other letters about Clementine's father, no more than ten days before. Weeks and weeks!

"So," Clementine went on, "I was chasing a tiger one day—not for real, of course—and I went past this little house, and Mary Ann said she'd like to be my family. So we are. I go down there every day. And I—what, Mary Ann?" The little one had evidently signalled some urgent question, to which Clementine, head bent, listened carefully. Then she nodded and turned back to Julie.

"It's what I brought her here for today," she interpreted. "She didn't believe about all the books we have, Julie, with pictures and colors. She got scared when we got here, but she isn't scared any more. Are you?"

Briefly the tiny head ducked up and down again, leaving with Julie the im-

pression of a pair of blazing-blue eyes and a miniature nose and mouth in a face so dead-white there seemed no blood running beneath the delicate skin.

Clementine's explanation set Julie's mind temporarily at ease. At least for today there were no momentous plans afoot—just a visit to the library. She'd been afraid for a minute that Clementine, who already had a rather sweeping approach to life, might have counted on moving Mary Ann, bag and baggage, into permanent residence at Hilltop. Seeing that the glasses were empty and the cookie plate cleared, she rose. "Go along, then, Clem, and if there's anything you can't reach I'll get it for you," she said, and was gratified to see that Mary Ann's eyes rested on her with lessening fear as she slipped from the room.

When the children were safe in the library, she came back to Hannah. "Now," she demanded. "Tell me."

Hannah nodded sagely. "That's Mrs. Polly Nelson's granddaughter, for sure, the poor little thing. Haven't seen her since she was an infant. Father killed in the war. Mother," she compressed her lips with unmistakable meaning, "they don't talk about her. She went when the baby was a few weeks old and hasn't been heard hide nor hair of since. And poor!" The supper dishes Hannah was stacking clattered on the table. "I don't know when that child has seen a glass of milk like she had here. . . . Shall I set for the little one, Miss Julie?"

Julie hesitated, but only for a moment. "Yes. Just this once. And I'll have a talk to Clem about the clothes. The Board would . . . yes, Clem, what is it?"

"Please, Julie," said Clem, who had appeared in the doorway "I can't reach the Christmas book."

The Christmas book! Going with Clem into the library, Julie's fingers selected the worn copy of *The Night Before Christmas* almost by feel alone. She'd been right, then, talking to Michael . . . the children had already sniffed the holiday in the air just as he had, and were beginning to build up that terrible, wonderful anticipation. The holly, the bells, the satiny ribbons. The almost painful holding of the breath as the brilliant paper crackled and curled back from the promise it concealed. And then . . . Julie's heart sank. The humdrum cotton shirt. The socks . . . the things they had to have.

Still—at least Hilltop's children *had* the things they had to have. It might be worse. But you always wanted something more for them, somehow . . .

Taking Clementine aside, she told her that she might invite Mary Ann for supper, and went back to the kitchen still smiling at Clementine's grateful "Oh! I'll tell her right now!"

But it turned out, oddly, that one didn't just tell Mary Ann. She had principles of her own that even Clem couldn't persuade her to relax. After the library session had been succeeded by a tour of the upstairs rooms and a visit to the porch corner from which, at a safe distance, Mary Ann could peer in awe at the older children, the two appeared before Julie, obviously with something on their minds. Clem, not without pride, announced, "She wants to tell you something."

There was a pause. Then, somewhat to Julie's surprise, Mary Ann spoke. "Thank you very much. But Gramma . . ." Here she bogged down, looking to Clementine for help.

"She means her Gramma wants her home at mealtimes," Clem explained. Julie had the quaint certainty that the child had been coached in that old-fashioned rule of politeness by which you didn't under any circumstances, take a meal in a house where you were visiting for the first time. Impulsively she drew Mary Ann toward her, pleased that the child's fear had gone and that she evidently considered Julie no stranger, but a trustworthy friend. How frighteningly sharp were the little bones of her arm beneath the skin! Even one good meal might help.

But she couldn't interfere with family discipline. She told Mary Ann she was sorry, and hoped her grandmother would allow her to stay another day, getting in return a timid, but brightening smile and a look of such overwhelming thanks from Clementine that she was startled and worried anew. Watching them go down the hill together, Clem's sturdy body looking indeed almost like a "nelephant's" beside the doll-like little one, Julie wondered how to handle the situation. Clementine so wanted someone to love—and yet, she mustn't set her heart on the impossible . . .

Julie waited until the next morning to have her talk with Clem about the clothes. It was hard going, for while Clem agreed that she had taken something that didn't belong to her, she came back relentlessly to the one point that seemed to her so vastly more important than any other that she didn't see how Julie, having once heard it, could continue the argument. Again and again, like a patient tutor, she repeated, "But Julie, she hasn't any, nothing that fits her. She couldn't come out."

"I know Clementine. But our clothes are bought with money that—it doesn't belong to us, you see. And there's just enough of it to go round here at Hilltop. We haven't the right to give them away, dear, because they belong to the children that may be coming here in the future."

Clementine nodded. "Yes, I know. But I won't take clothes again, Julie. Julie let her keep the ones she has. Please?"

Julie sighed. "Bring back the shoes," she said resignedly. "I'll find a pair that fit her. But mind, Clem—nothing more."

And now, Julie thought, I must really tell Dolbie all about it. At this point it would be unfair not to. She sought out the supervisor and, having shielded Clementine as much as possible, waited nervously for her reaction. "I don't think we ought to make a fuss right now," she added. "Clementine's so queer lately—she might run away, just as Conrad hinted."

Dolbie said drily, "What I think is that Mike better make room in his office for an assistant. Clementine talks better and faster than plenty of lawyers I've known. I guess this means we'd better get her Christmas gifts in size three, since she'll be giving them away anyway."

"Dolbie! Have you started to worry about Christmas too?"

"I worry from July Fourth on," Dolbie admitted. "Every year a few more ornaments get broken. Every year I want to get them all a little something wonderful—and every year it has to be clothes, plain ordinary clothes. That budget just won't cover the makings of Christmas."

Relieved at being able to share her worry, Julie pulled up a chair to

Dolbie's desk and the two of them went over the budget together. After lunch they came back to it again, this time calling Michael into consultation. But nobody could squeeze the smallest "extra" out of the inexorable list of necessities that ate its way down toward the too-small total.

"It can't be done," Mike said decidedly. "If Conrad needs new corduroys and Shirley has outgrown her moccasins—and so on and so on—St. Nick will really have to contribute the toys to Hilltop this year or there won't . . ." He frowned suddenly, stood up and began to pace the room. "Say, that's a thought," they heard him mumble. "Now I wonder . . ."

Julie, opening her lips for an eager question, was cut off by a call from the back of the house. It was Clem's voice, and urgent.

Going to the door, she said, "Here, Clementine. Is something the matter?"

Clementine stuck her head out of the library. "Please, Julie, could we see you? It's terribly important."

"All right," said Julie, with an attempt at sternness. "If Dolbie will excuse me." Smiling an apology at Dolbie, she went into the library, aware that Michael, who'd been waiting for a look at Clementine's small friend, had followed her in. But the children were too preoccupied to notice him. They set themselves before Julie like quarreling citizens before a judge.

"It's Christmas," Clem said irately. "She doesn't believe it. You tell her, Julie. Tell her I'm not lying."

The belief that she was being told a "story" had given Mary Ann the courage of a lion today. The blazing blue eyes met Julie's without flinching. "What's Christmas?" she demanded, evidently preparing to check Julie's version against Clem's and thereby catch her friend red-handed in a lie.

What's Christmas? A muffled snort from Mike's corner didn't help Julie much, but it did put her on her mettle. There must be some way to convey Christmas to a four-year-old.

"Well," she began, "Christmas. It comes at the end of the year, on the twenty-fifth of December. That is, there's Christmas Eve on the . . ." She halted, confused. This wasn't going to mean anything to Mary Ann. Clem shuffled impatiently. Who cared about dates? What about Christmas?

Julie had an inspiration. "Mary Ann," she said, taking the small hand in hers, "whom do you love?"

"Gramma." There was a dreadful pause. Then, very low, came the confession, "I love Clem too," with a look that seemed to add *even though she lied to me about Christmas.*

"That's part of Christmas," Julie said triumphantly. "The way you love your grandmother and Clementine. Christmas is all the love in the world, Mary Ann. It's loving other people so much you want to share what you have with them."

"What's share?"
"Share . . . well, it means giving part of what you have to somebody else because you know it will make her happy."

Mary Ann's face became suddenly brilliant with comprehension. "Clem gave me her bear!" she said eagerly. "Is that Christmas?" She flashed from the room and returned so swiftly that the teddy bear she brought back must have been parked beneath the stairs. Tenderly placing it in Julie's lap, she caressed its fuzzy belly. "Little feet,"

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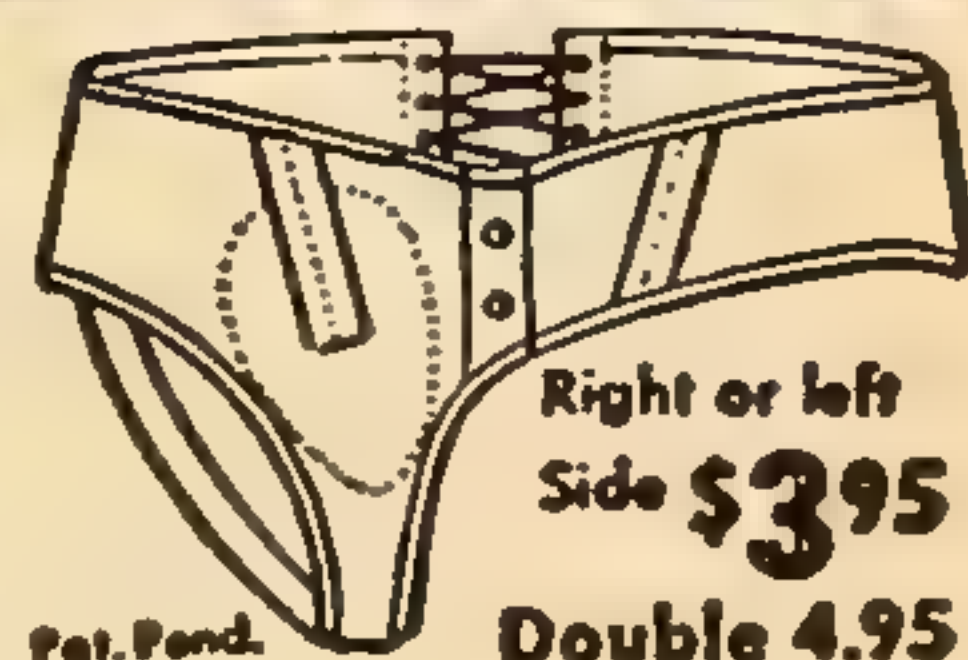


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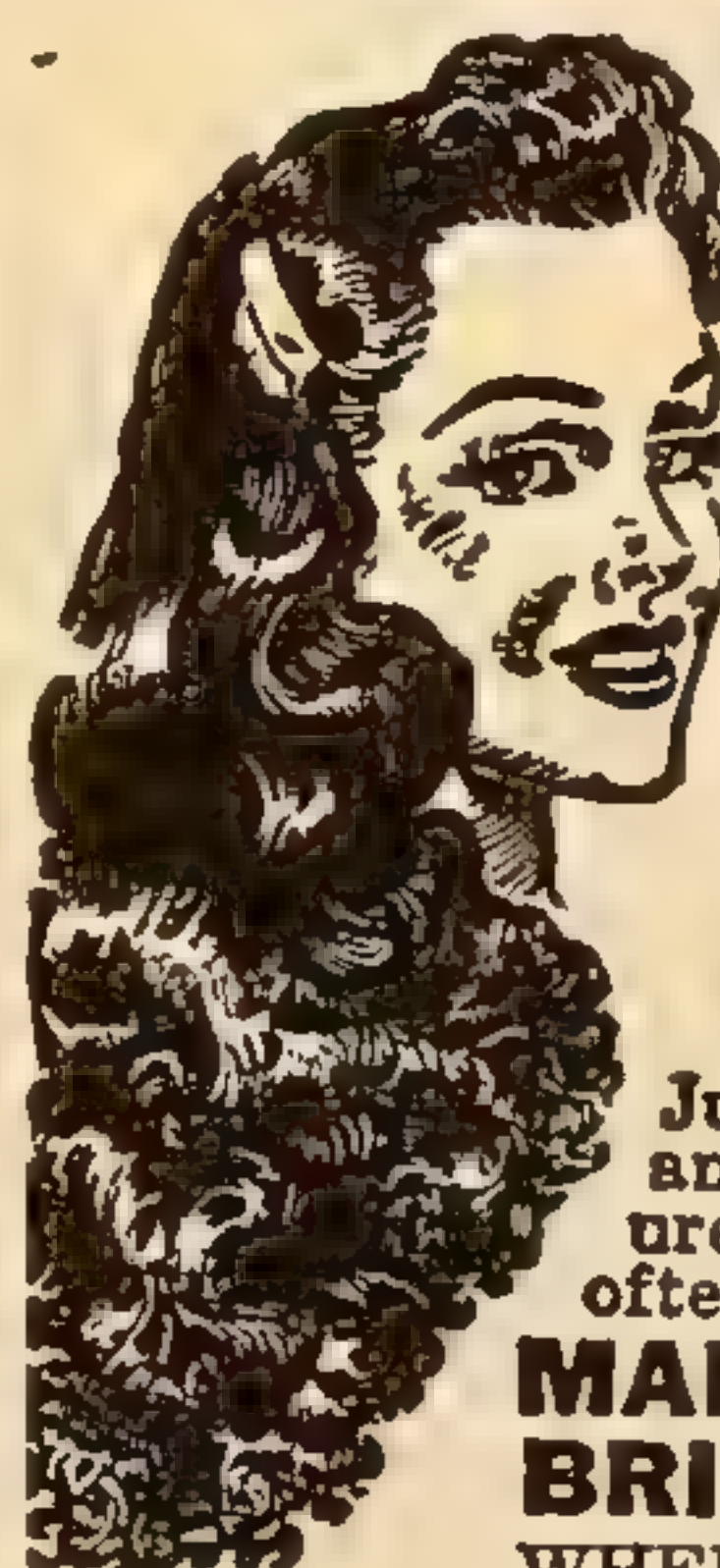
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she crooned. "Little eyes." She touched them proudly. "Clem showed me."

Avoiding Julie's eyes, Clementine said unhappily, "She never had a whole one. Her dolly has only one foot and the hair is pulled out. I gave it to her before yesterday, Julie." It was as close as Clementine would come to a plea for forgiveness.

Help came to her from an unexpected quarter. Mike, striding forward, said, "Yes, that is Christmas. When you give something that really matters, that really is going to make happiness for the ones you love." His defiant look warned Julie: if you scold Clem for this, I'll beat you.

Quick-witted Clementine seized on his interruption to steer the talk into safer channels. Running to the shelf between the windows where stationery was kept, she brought back a pad of typewriting paper and a green pencil.

"Draw it," she said excitedly. "Draw the Christmas tree. Then she'll believe me, if you draw it the way I said it was."

Draw the Christmas tree. Draw the magic symbol, the enchanted key that once a year, every year, opens the world of fairies and gnomes before the dazzled eyes of children. "Of course," Julie thought ruefully. "That's Christmas to a four-year-old. Why didn't I do that right away?" With an absorbed audience of three crowding around her, she began to draw.

"Put in plenty of sugarplums," murmured Michael, as she carefully shaped a fat, pointed evergreen and sketched in the branches.

Mary Ann turned an inquiring look on him. "You want to know what sugarplums are?" he asked. She nodded solemnly, waiting. Michael cleared his throat. "Well, they're—I think they're sort of stuffed prunes, aren't they, Julie?"

"Oh, no!" Clementine's scorn was crushing. "They're shiny and bright, like bubbles. And all colors, glittery like—like rubies and emralls. And they dance—don't you remember, 'sugarplums danced in their heads.'"

Gravely, Julie sketched in some Christmas balls on her branches, and nodded. "I think Clementine is right. These must be sugarplums."

Under her fingers the tree became more glamorous than any ever seen before. When her audience dwindled to two, she didn't notice. Nor did she hear Mike's quiet movements as he took his coat from the hall closet and let himself out of Hilltop. She finished the first tree and made a second, giving them to Clementine and Mary Ann to color in the ornaments she had lavishly created—more lavishly, she was afraid, than she or anyone could conjure up for Hilltop's real tree at Christmastime. But at least Mary Ann believed now. Trust restored, she and Clem were "sisters" again, and side by side they set to work on their trees. Julie's departure went as unmarked as Mike's.

It was a long time before Michael returned. Mary Ann had been escorted home, the children had been fed and put to bed, and Dolbie and Julie were worrying about him over their second cups of coffee when they heard him come in. Julie hurried out into the hall.

"Mike! Where on earth—without telling anyone whether you'd be home for dinner—"

Mike, looking smug, ushered her into the living room and closed the door

with elaborate caution. "I had my reasons," he said mysteriously. Julie felt a sudden excitement. She remembered now what he'd been saying when Clem and Mary Ann had interrupted their budget conference, and unaccountably she was convinced that Mike had somehow found a way to help. "Tell me!" she demanded. "What have you been up to? Is it about our Christmas, Michael? Oh, tell me!"

"Well, it's going to take work, Julie," he cautioned. "Lots of work and plenty of organization. But—it suddenly struck me, while we were talking, that if anyone on earth is set up to play Santa Claus, it's an organization like the Lions' Clubs. They're nationwide, they've got tremendous influence in every American community, and they're made up of the kind of people who want to help where help is needed. We know that—it's why I wanted to become a member in the first place." Julie nodded, beginning to see what Mike might be driving toward.

"I went down to see Fairley, the chairman of our Christmas Committee," he went on. "And he says—subject to membership vote, of course, but he thinks that'll be all right—that he doesn't see why we can't have a huge toy drive—call it a Toy Turnout, maybe—right here in Glenwood, to collect toys for kids who won't get any for Christmas. Not money or clothes—just toys. Our kids can have some then, and kids like that little one of Clem's . . . and all the others who might have to look at Christmas through a store window, otherwise. . . . What do you think?"

The plan began to spread in Julie's mind. Already she saw a gigantic Toy House in Glenwood Town Square, with trains and dolls and animals pouring into it, games piling up on the floor, books and paintboxes hanging from the chimney . . . Christmas! They'd have it at Hilltop, really have it, this year!

"Mike, it's wonderful. And why couldn't they do it all over the country—a Toy Turnout in every town where there's a Lions' Club, so that all the children who are like ours can have a little magic in their Christmas, instead of—"

Mike laughed. "A sugarplum Christmas, instead of a cotton-shirt one?"

Julie laughed with him. "Mike—you know, you're probably right. I think they are stuffed prunes, really."

"They are not," Mike denied. Drawing Julie to him, he kissed her ceremoniously on the forehead. "I refuse to believe that there can be such a thing as a stuffed prune at Christmastime. I was quite mistaken. They're colored and bright and they shine like rubies and emralls. At least ours at Hilltop will."

"Yes, they will," Julie said softly. "You know, Michael . . . kids need more than cotton shirts to grow up on, and more than food. They need a little something extra. A little extra love, and excitement—a little extra reason to think the world might turn out to be a wonderful place after all. I was so awfully afraid we couldn't give it to them, this year. But now," she smiled radiantly into her husband's eyes, "now we can give them a wonderful Christmas at Hilltop, to make memories for them for years to come."

"That's what grown-ups are for," Michael said. "To turn on the lights and show the kids what fun the world can be. Anyway," he finished, catching Julie's hand in his own, "that's what I think they're for—at Christmastime."

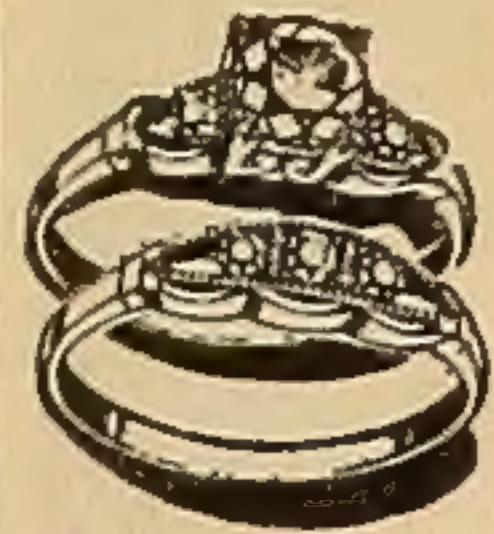
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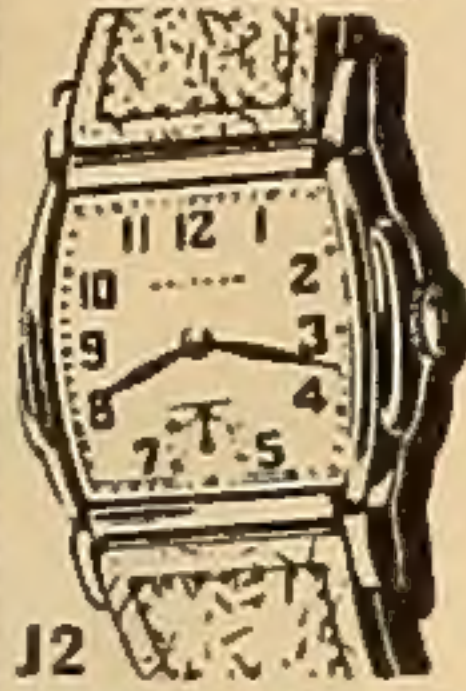


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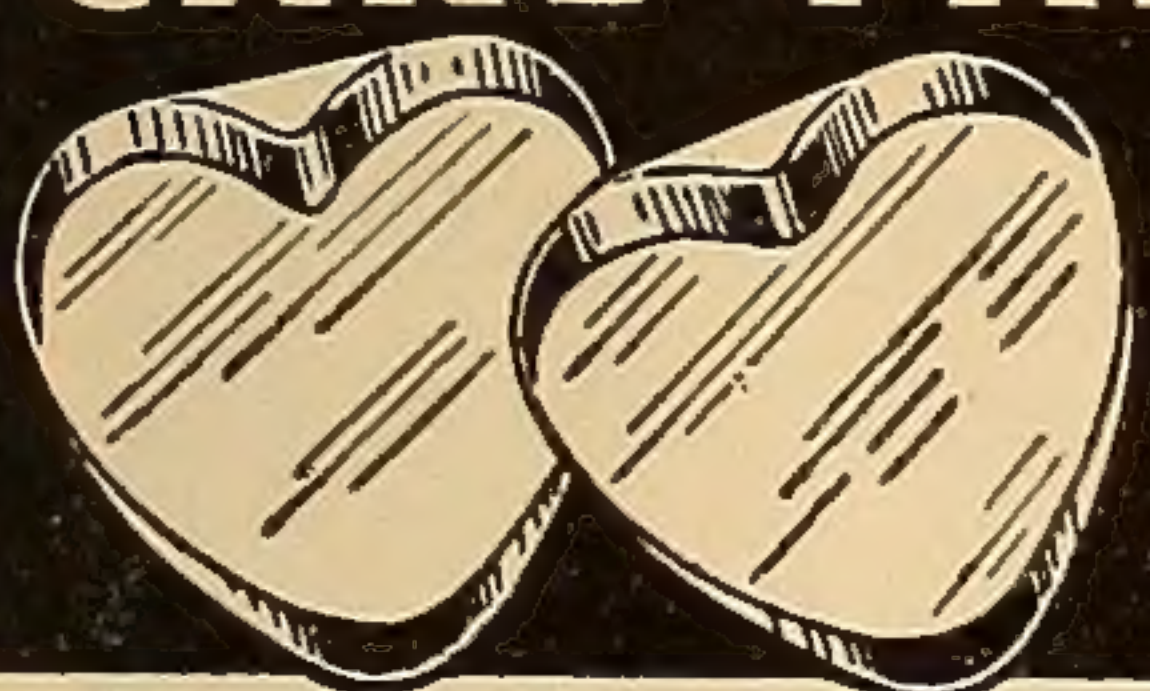


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Traveler of the Month

(Continued from page 73) climbed into, were a luxury.

The show that evening at the Weisbaden Opera House was a gala occasion and everyone felt it a privilege to appear in so beautiful a theater, which has long been home for one of Europe's most popular opera companies. In fact when Tommy and his staff arrived, rehearsals were going on, complete with musicians, ballet and singers.

Another bus ride a few days later took the group to beautiful and famous Heidelberg, where they were welcomed by officers from the military base at the Special Service center, which formerly was Stadt-Halle, the Heidelberg city hall. It spacious theater, with its crystal chandeliers made all think of Heidelberg's former glories.

No matter where Tommy stopped, the greeting was the same . . . Yanks howled with glee. They liked Tommy Bartlett, his brand of humor, his good spirits . . . the tales told on the broadcast and the gifts from home.

On succeeding days the show originated at Nuremberg and Neubiberg, the largest military post in the world. From one high spot to another was the order of the day. This was certainly the case at Fuerstenfeldbruck, where the AAF now has a jet fighter base. A hole still remains in the ceiling of the theater which was hit on April 9, 1945, by some of the 867 tons of bombs that made a shambles of the base.

Later, in Paris, all realized they would say goodbye to Europe the next night with the last broadcast originating at the Isle of St. Germain, where a theater had been hurriedly constructed in a warehouse.

Tragedy touched the little group, when, on the way back, they were joined by a young sergeant on an emergency leave. He had received a message that his seven-year-old son had been killed and his wife seriously injured in an automobile accident in his home town of Brownsville, Texas. The Air Force was hurrying him home to comfort his grief-stricken wife.

In New York once more, Lt. Colonel Goetz bade the group farewell, adding the good news that Welcome Travelers had played to the largest audience of any show sent to Europe since the war—a record of which all concerned with the show were very proud.



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Christmas in the Kitchen

(Continued from page 61)

CHEWY FUDGE SQUARES

- ½ cup sifted flour
- 2 tablespoons cocoa (or 2 squares unsweetened chocolate)
- 1 cup sugar
- pinch salt
- 2 egg yolks
- ½ cup butter, melted
- 1 teaspoon vanilla
- ¾ cup chopped pecans
- 2 egg whites

Mix flour, cocoa, sugar and salt. Stir in egg yolks, then butter and vanilla. Add nuts and combine. Beat egg whites until stiff but not dry. Fold into egg yolk mixture. Spread in well-greased 8-inch square pan. Bake in moderate oven 20 to 25 minutes, or until toothpick inserted in center comes out clean. (Do not overbake—they should be on the chewy side.) Let cool, cut into squares.

LIGHT FRUIT CAKE

- ¾ cup (6 oz.) candied citron, chopped
- 2 cups (12 oz.) sliced candied cherries
- 1½ cups finely chopped blanched almonds
- 1½ cups white raisins
- 2 cups sifted flour
- 1 cup butter or margarine
- ½ cup sugar
- ½ cup light corn syrup
- 5 egg yolks
- ½ teaspoon orange extract
- ½ teaspoon lemon extract
- 2 tablespoons rum (or ½ teaspoon rum extract)
- 5 egg whites

Mix together citron, cherries, almonds, raisins and flour. Cream butter until soft. Add sugar gradually, creaming until light and fluffy. Stir in corn syrup. Beat egg yolks until thick and lemon-colored. Add gradually to creamed mixture, beating until thick. Add flavorings. Gradually stir in flour-fruit mixture. Beat egg whites until stiff, but not dry. Fold gently but thoroughly into batter. Fill pans ¾ full. Cover with waxed paper or parchment paper. If you make tidbits in 2 ounce souffle cups, place them close together in a pan 1½ inches deep. Tie, steam, then remove cover and bake as below:

Size:	Steam:	Bake:
2 oz. souffle cups	1 hour	45 min.
3 pound loaf (7½ x 5 x 3½)	3 hours	1½ hrs.
5 pound cake (10" tube pan)	3½ hours	1½ hrs.

Makes one 5-pound cake or one 3-pound loaf, plus 15 tidbits.

ALMOND BUTTER CRUNCH

- 1 cup butter or margarine
- 1 cup sugar
- 3 tablespoons water
- 1 tablespoon corn syrup
- ½ cup chopped toasted almonds

Melt butter in a saucepan over low heat. Add sugar and stir until dissolved. Then add water and corn syrup. Cook slowly, stirring constantly to prevent burning, until a small amount of the mixture is brittle when dropped in cold water (300° F.). Remove from heat, mix in toasted almonds, saving some for top. Turn into buttered 8-inch square pan. Sprinkle with almonds and mark into squares immediately. Makes 20 pieces.

POPCORN BALLS

- 1 cup sugar
- ½ cup corn syrup
- ½ cup water
- ¼ teaspoon salt
- 2 quarts salted, popped corn
- red vegetable coloring

Combine sugar, corn syrup, water and salt in a saucepan. Cook slowly until a hard ball forms when a little syrup is dropped in cold water (300° F.). Pour syrup into small saucepan. Add red coloring. Mix well and pour ⅓ into popped corn. With fork, toss corn lightly so it all becomes coated. When slightly cool, butter hands and press popcorn into balls. Return syrup to hard ball stage (270° F.) if necessary and repeat. Makes 12 balls.

SPRINGERLE

- 4 cups sifted flour
- 2 teaspoons baking powder
- 4 eggs, very well beaten
- 2 cups sugar
- 1 tablespoon boiling water
- 2 tablespoons anise seed
- confectioners' sugar

Mix and sift flour and baking powder. To well-beaten eggs, add sugar, beating until thick. Pour boiling water over anise seed; add to egg mixture. Stir in flour. Chill 3 hours. Roll out ¼ inch thick. (Use a mixture of flour and confectioners' sugar, or plain confectioners' sugar to dust board, pin and press board.) Press in designs, using springerle pin or board. (Cutters are

also available which make individual cookies with modeled faces.) Cut along indicated lines. Place on ungreased cookie sheet. Let dry six hours or overnight. Bake in moderate oven (375° F.) 12 to 15 minutes, or until pale yellow in color. Remove to racks at once. Makes 4-5 dozen cookies.

COFFEE COCONUT MERINGUES

- ¼ teaspoon salt
- 2 egg whites
- 1 tablespoon instant coffee
- ½ cup sugar
- 1 cup shredded coconut
- ¼ teaspoon vanilla

Add salt to egg whites and beat until foamy throughout. Mix instant coffee and sugar together and add to egg whites 2 tablespoons at a time, beating after each addition until sugar is well-blended. Continue beating until mixture will stand in peaks. Fold in coconut and vanilla. Drop from a teaspoon on well greased cookie sheet. Bake in a slow oven (250° F.) 30 minutes or until done. Makes 30 meringues.

DATE NUT BARS

- ¾ cup sifted flour
- ½ teaspoon baking powder
- ½ teaspoon salt
- 1 cup chopped nuts
- 1 cup chopped dates
- 1 cup brown sugar, firmly packed
- ¼ cup cooled melted shortening
- 2 eggs, well beaten

Mix and sift flour, baking powder and salt. Combine nuts and dates with part of flour mixture. Combine remaining flour with sugar. Add cooled, melted shortening to eggs; combine with dry ingredients. Add chopped nuts and dates. Turn into well-greased pan (7 x 11 x 2). Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) 30 minutes. Makes 20 bars.

MIXER DIVINITY

- 2 cups sugar
- ½ cup water
- ½ cup light corn syrup
- 2 egg whites
- dash of salt
- 1 teaspoon vanilla
- ¾ cup chopped candied cherries
- ¼ cup chopped citron

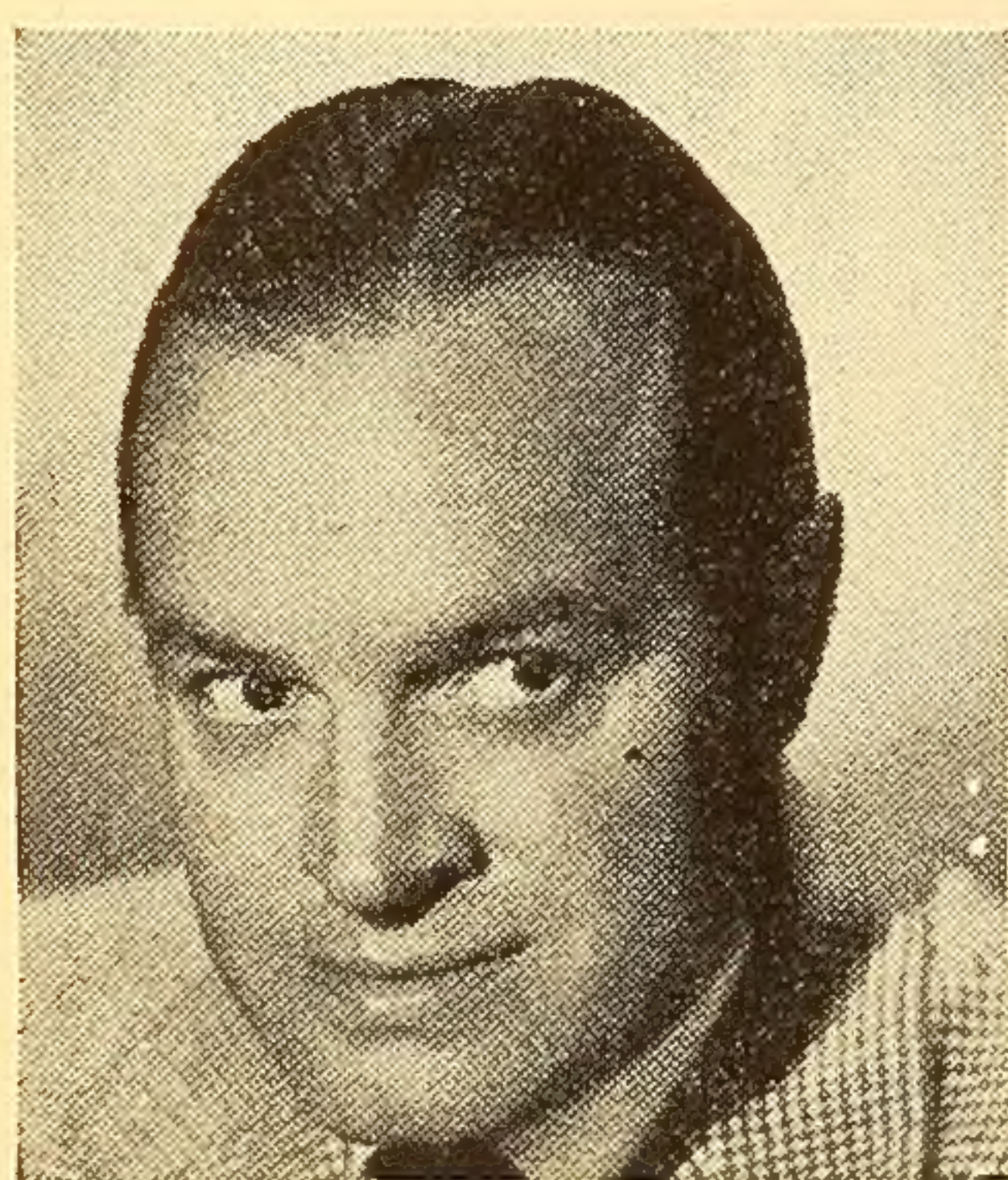
Cook sugar, water and corn syrup, stirring till sugar dissolves and mixture boils. Place egg whites and salt in bowl of electric mixer. Continue heating syrup until it forms a hard ball when a small amount is dropped in cold water. Beat egg whites and salt until stiff but not dry. Slowly pour syrup over whites, with mixer running at medium speed. Continue beating until candy holds shape when dropped from a spoon. Mix in vanilla and fruit. Drop by teaspoonfuls on a greased pan. Makes 50 pieces.

MOLASSES BROWNIES

- 1½ cup sweetened condensed milk
- ¼ cup molasses
- 2 cups graham cracker crumbs
- 1 cup chopped nuts

Cook milk and molasses over low heat 5 minutes or until mixture thickens. Remove from heat. Add graham cracker crumbs and nuts; mix thoroughly. Spread in 6x10 pan lined with greased waxed paper. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) 20 to 25 minutes. Strip off paper; cut into squares. Makes 2 dozen.

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